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MAY 23, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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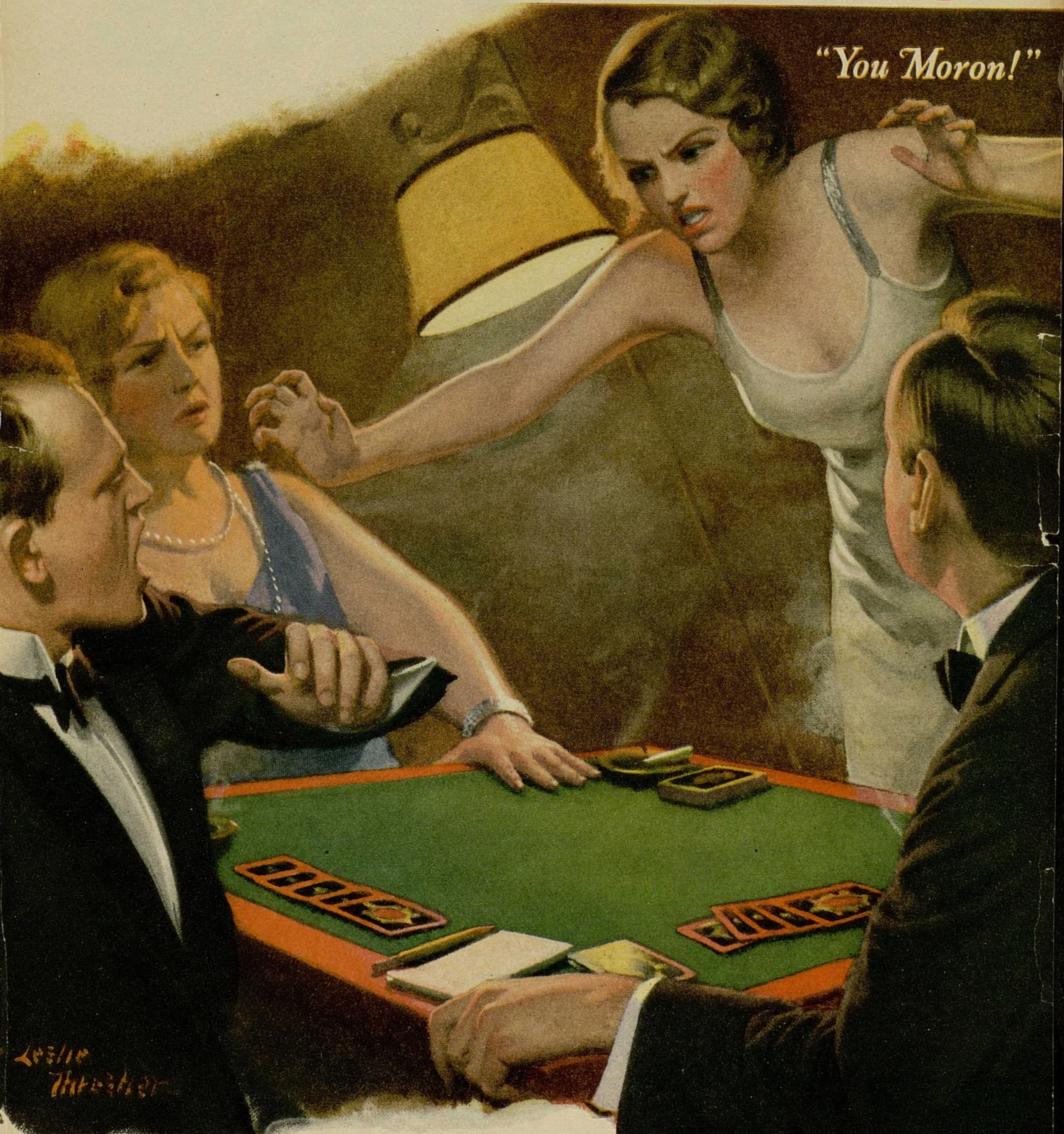
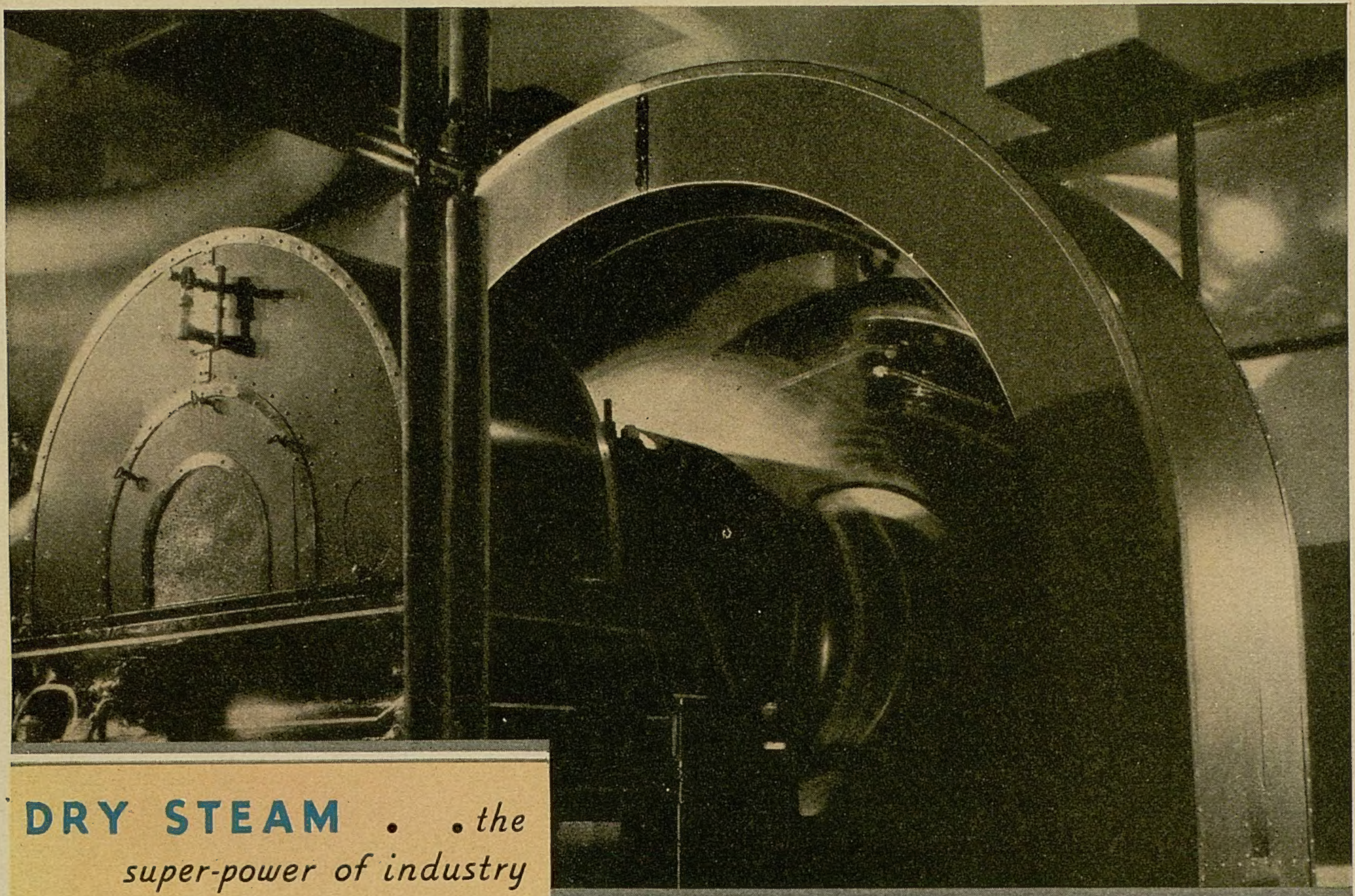

"You Moron!"
Leslie Thrasher

PHILIP WYLIE · **MARIE BEYNON RAY** · **GEORGE S. BROOKS** · **URSULA PARROTT** · **FRANK CLARKE**



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TEXACO-ETHYL *is the*

"DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

DRY steam gives almost a third more driving power to the giant machines of modern industry. Likewise dry gas releases every ounce of its potential power in the cylinders of your car.

In Texaco-Ethyl, the dry Ethyl gasoline, there are no globules of raw, wet gasoline to resist the spark. Texaco-Ethyl enters the cylinders as a perfectly vaporized mixture—all power—ready to ignite.

This uniform dry mixture assures an even charge of the Ethyl compound to each of the cylinders. Result—an *instant* surge of smooth anti-knock power that shows itself in the brilliant pick-up, speed and extra mileage that dry Ethyl gasoline alone can give.

Stop at the silver Texaco pump for the super-power anti-knock gasoline. The only Ethyl gasoline sold in all our 48 States.

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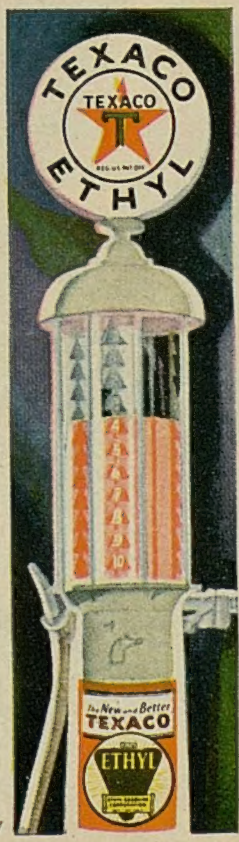

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THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE © 1931, The Texas Company

Why do so many women prefer this tooth paste?

THE answer is simple and logical. Listerine Tooth Paste is kinder to the teeth.

This delightful thrift dentifrice contains remarkable cleansing and polishing agents—noted for their gentle action. We searched for years before discovering them. They are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious tooth enamel and are therefore harmless to it.

So, teeth cleansed by Listerine Tooth Paste retain their natural health, firmness, and brilliance.

If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.

More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

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Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you $3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
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Listerine TOOTH PASTE

Buy gloves with that $3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Gloves are merely a suggestion.

MAY 23, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

ARE WE FOR PROHIBITION?

To some the ideals behind the prohibition law are commendable. They feel that when the injury resulting from alcoholic stimulation is once thoroughly understood there will be no need for such a law. Liquor of all kinds will then be automatically discarded.

Great numbers of people believe that alcoholic liquors are beneficial. They feel the need of their stimulating influence. You cannot expect such people to stop drinking at the behest of a law that they consider foolish.

Education should in all cases precede legislation; and in this instance we are trying forcibly to stop people from continuing a habit that has been in vogue for centuries.

Governmental edicts should be practical; they cannot always be idealistic.

That is the main reason for divorcing Church and State. Governments guided solely by religious idealism usually fail.

And you cannot treat a free people as though they were bonded slaves.

This is an age of freedom. We have much to say about the liberty of the people and the importance of democratic government; and yet we try to enforce a law which has the principles of enslavement behind it.

But the damning feature associated with Volsteadism is the very definite fact, admitted by everybody, that it has brought us the gangster. It has fabulously enriched these criminals. It has made them millionaires and multimillionaires. And they are using their ill-gotten gains to buy influence. They have become a mighty power in the land. Politicians, government officials, even newspaper editors have to follow their orders in some instances.

Whatever benefit that might have accrued from the prohibition law has been many times outweighed by the lawlessness and criminality brought into being by the gangster, this law's direct product.

We hear so much about the elimination of the saloon. But how about the speakeasy? It is many times worse than the saloon; and there are more speakeasies than there were saloons.

Some saloons harbored criminals, encouraged vice. But all speakeasies are illegal dens of vice. There are few if any exceptions.

But this prohibition question is made more serious because of the fanatical prejudice, resentment, and hatred that it engenders. Many of its advocates cannot talk reasonably on the subject. They have made up their minds and no array of facts one way or the other can change their attitude.

Legislative measures should not be brought into being by such biased influence. Clear, hardheaded reasoning should be back of all governmental edicts.

And when the prohibition question is attacked intelligently, and those who advocate it realize that it cannot be eliminated except by appropriate educational measures, then some progress will be made.

This educational procedure, furthermore, should teach people to respect their own bodies. The prurient prudery of bygone generations should be swept out of existence.

The Holy Scriptures say: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" We should learn enough about our home of flesh and blood to give it due reverence.

We will then realize the necessity of acquiring some knowledge of the human stomach. The body must be constructed of whatever we pass into this important organ. The tissues of the body, including the brain, are healthy or otherwise, depending upon what we eat and drink.

Supermanhood, splendidly vital womanhood, must be given a proper appreciation before the ideals of the prohibitionists can be accepted everywhere.

The policy of allowing our states and counties to decide for themselves the liquor question was reasonable and properly efficient. It was gradually drying up the country. And associated with it was an educational campaign that was wonderfully effective.

Under the influence of this system the ideals of teetotalism were rapidly advancing, and it is our belief that adherence to similar measures would destroy the liquor traffic more quickly than Volsteadism.

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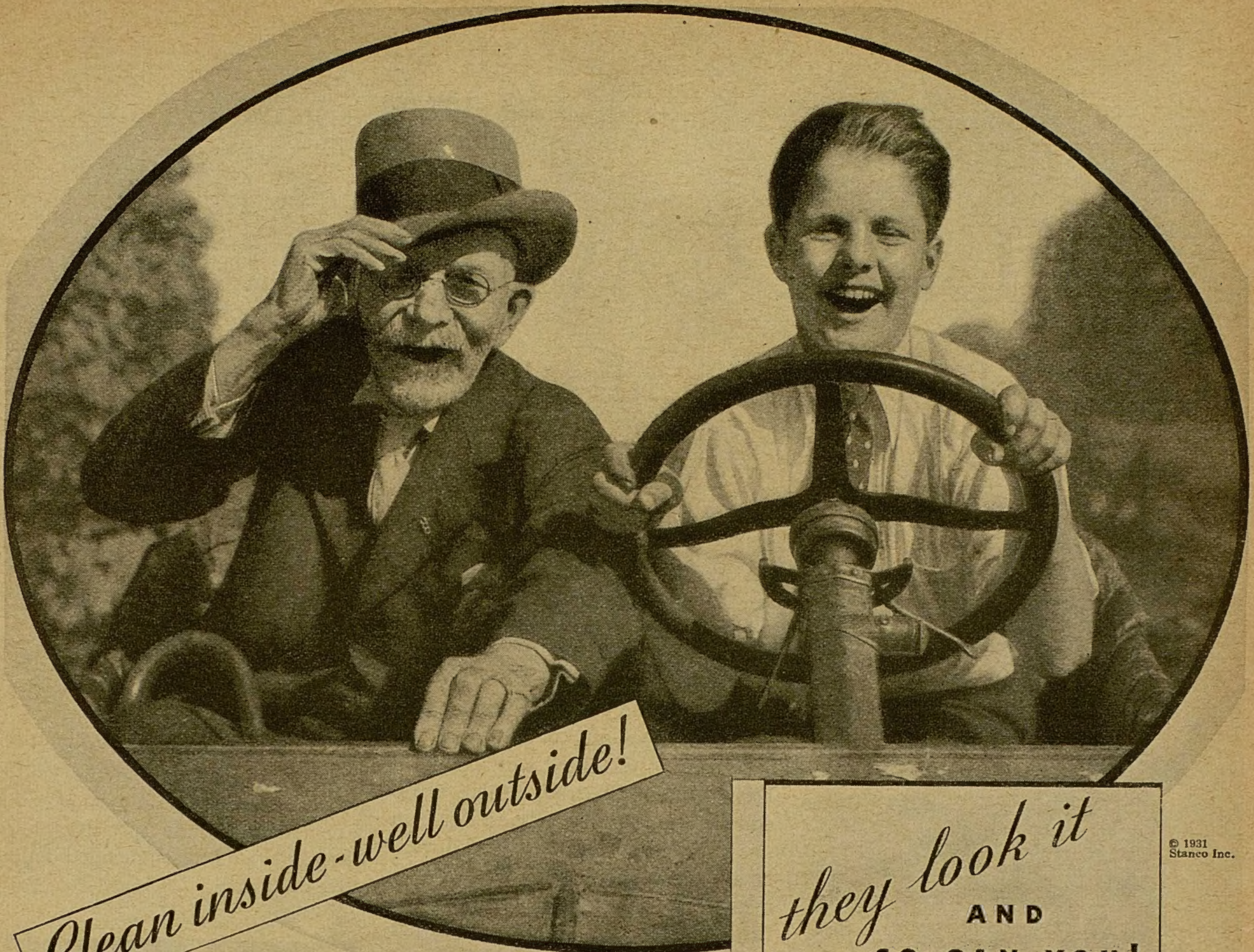

Clean inside-well outside!

they look it AND SO CAN YOU!

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"STEP on it, Son! You can't go too fast for your old Grand-Dad!"

Happy health! Why shouldn't we all be full of its joy, right through our lives?

This business of being *well,* which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of human disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it. It costs little and means much in health.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time?

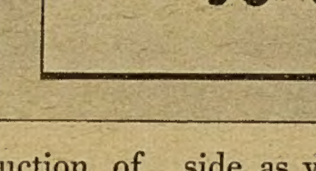
Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want to feel so well that life looks like one continuous joy-ride, put yourself on the natural Nujol treatment, and start today!

Nujol



health

INSIST ON NUJOL . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

In 64 cities of France alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI *of Paris*

tells why she advises Palmolive

YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap . . . because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

Mme. Cavalieri's advice

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive," says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it . . . to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onctueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.

YOUTH *is precious! Keep it! Keep every outward sign of it. Begin with that schoolgirl complexion. Lovely Parisiennes have a smooth, creamy complexion that is fostered by the use of the oils of olive and palm as embodied in Palmolive Soap.*

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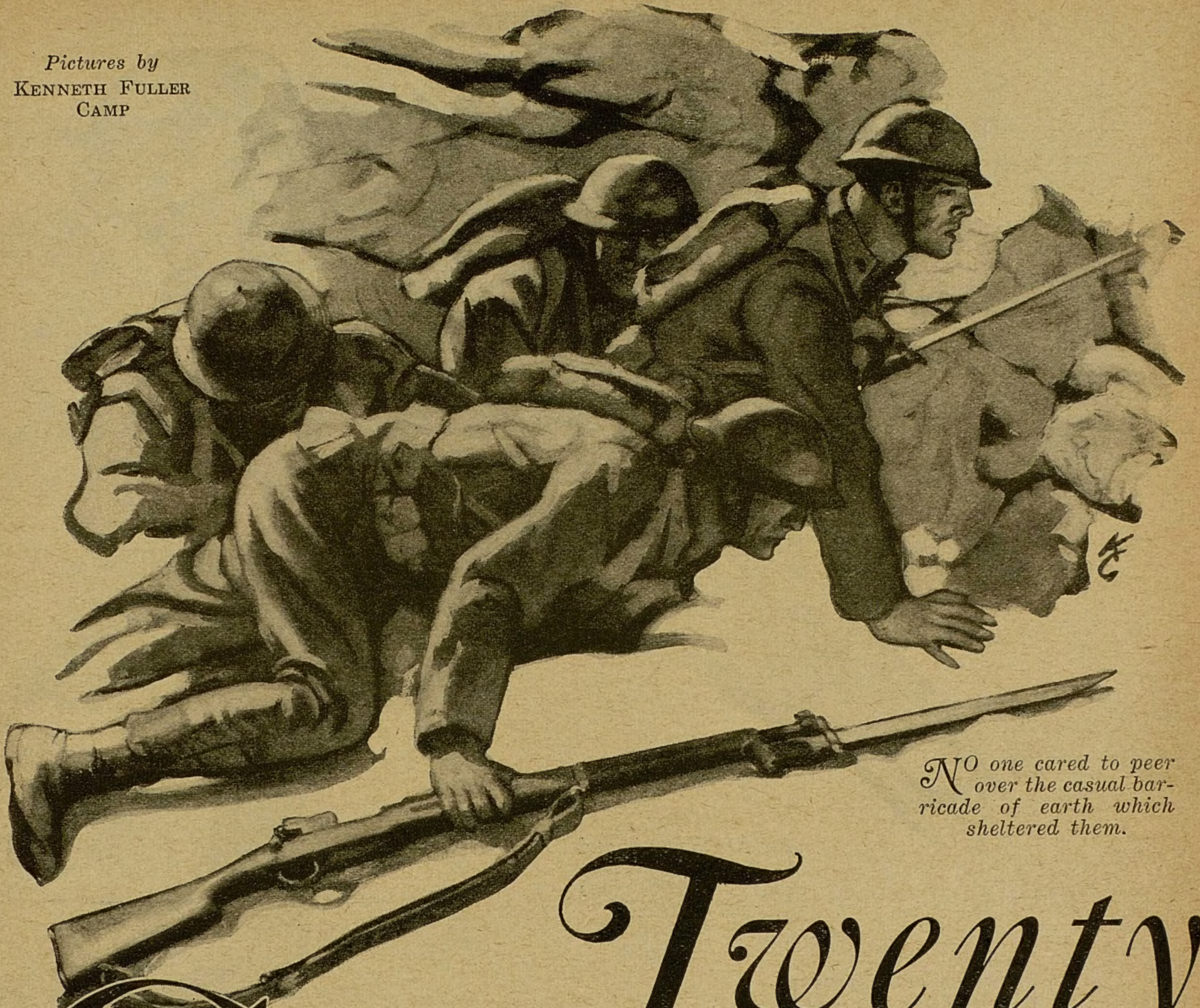
Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP



NO one cared to peer over the casual barricade of earth which sheltered them.

Twenty Cigarettes

The Story of a Hero's Home-coming

By

PHILIP WYLIE

who, after he left Princeton, held various positions and finally joined the staff of the metropolitan weekly called The New Yorker. In 1927 he wrote "Heavy Laden." Now he lives alternately in Florida and Connecticut and combines writing with swimming, fishing, and rowing.

(Reading time: 36 min. 31 sec.)

WESLEY GRAHAM PHELPS tried to remember where they came from as he took the first cigarette from the package. Were they some of the cigarettes his family had sent to him? Had the Y man handed them to him? Or another soldier? He could not be sure. It was not possible to engage in retrospect at that hour.

A shell fell on the parapet and he felt a clod of earth spatter against his helmet. Men walking behind him pressed him against the trench wall. He cupped the cigarette in his hand so that it would not be accidentally extinguished.

The whistle blew.

In the middle of a stream of men, he went up the ladder and into the open. He felt naked. He felt as if it were necessary to struggle to move through the air. Going up was like diving, and walking forward was like swimming under water.

A moment later he thought that nothing was as he had imagined it. The day should have been cold and misty

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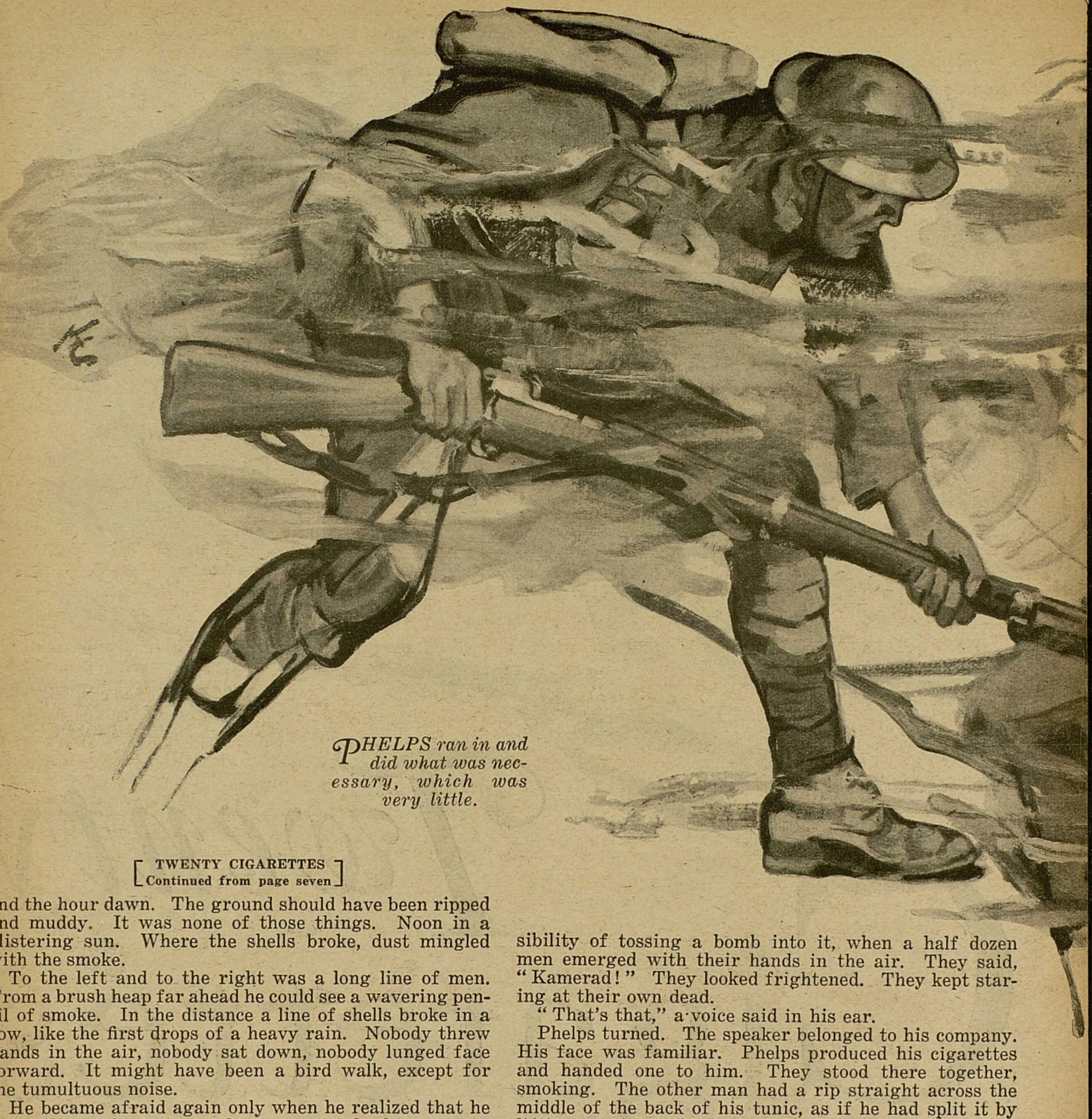


PHELPS ran in and did what was necessary, which was very little.

TWENTY CIGARETTES
Continued from page seven

and the hour dawn. The ground should have been ripped and muddy. It was none of those things. Noon in a blistering sun. Where the shells broke, dust mingled with the smoke.

To the left and to the right was a long line of men. From a brush heap far ahead he could see a wavering pencil of smoke. In the distance a line of shells broke in a row, like the first drops of a heavy rain. Nobody threw hands in the air, nobody sat down, nobody lunged face forward. It might have been a bird walk, except for the tumultuous noise.

He became afraid again only when he realized that he had walked a long way and was not yet dead.

The man on his immediate right yelled what he thought was " There's the wire! "

He yelled back, " Yeah."

He discovered that he was now carrying his rifle in both hands. Sunlight hit the bayonet. A piece of wire wrapped around his leg, and he kicked it loose. He jumped over a low post. In front of them was a row of tumbledown sandbags. He stuck his head over the top of them. At least twenty men were there. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the arch of a Mills bomb, and so he threw himself on the ground. The explosion did not make much noise. Afterward, according to the instructions he had been given, he jumped into the trench.

A few men lay there quietly. He could see no one else. With two others, he rounded a traverse. There were retreating backs. A soldier at his side knelt and fired, so he also knelt and fired. More men poured in.

Phelps leaned against the front of the parapet and reloaded his rifle. Not far away was the entrance of a dugout. He was looking at it, and considering the possibility of tossing a bomb into it, when a half dozen men emerged with their hands in the air. They said, " Kamerad! " They looked frightened. They kept staring at their own dead.

" That's that," a voice said in his ear.

Phelps turned. The speaker belonged to his company. His face was familiar. Phelps produced his cigarettes and handed one to him. They stood there together, smoking. The other man had a rip straight across the middle of the back of his tunic, as if he had split it by lifting a weight off the ground.

" Now what do we do? "

" Hold this trench," Phelps said. He would have said " Take the train to Evanston " in the same tone.

THERE was a man with chevrons organizing an enterprise. It consisted in reversing the defenses of the trench. Everyone began to dig up the dusty earth and fill sandbags. These were lifted to the top of the rear wall.

Presently the air screamed, and for the next twenty minutes they all lay on the floor of the trench among their own and the enemy dead. When the bombardment stopped, Phelps had to drag his legs from a pile of earth several feet deep. The man in his company helped him.

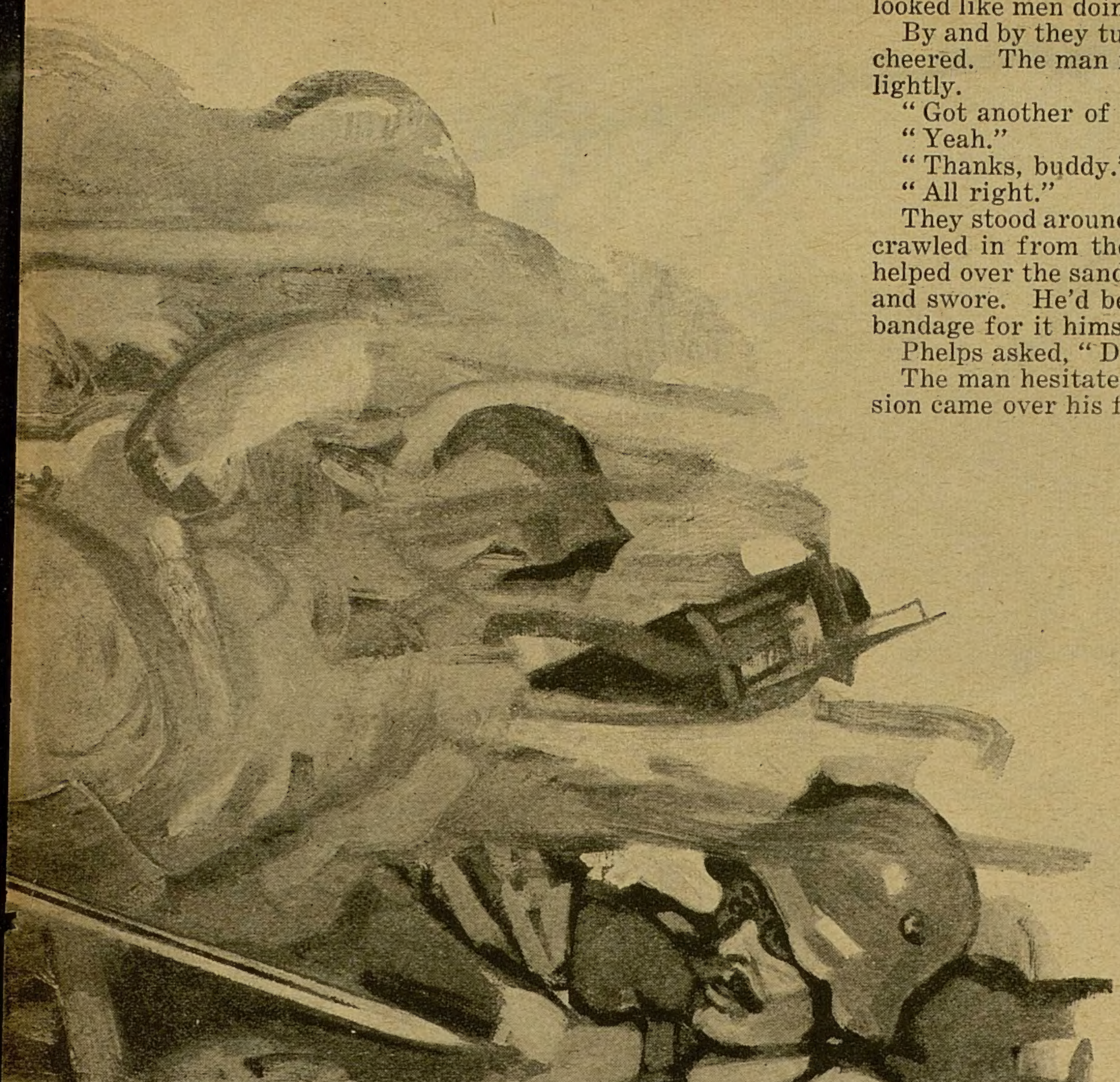
" Hurt? "

" No."

The second lieutenant had a periscope. He arranged himself fussily and looked through it.

He said, " I think—" and then, " No—" and finally, " Here they come! "

They had put up a machine gun—men sweating and



panting under heavy loads and trying to control themselves to the accomplishment of delicate operations. The gun began to stutter.

Phelps noticed that he had sweat through his uniform. The whole area of his chest was wet. He put a bucket on a box and stood on that.

The enemy was not far away. Perhaps fifty yards. Each time he fired his rifle, he looked for a new target without waiting to see what had happened to the last one. Once the bucket slid off the box and he fell. He climbed back and continued to shoot. They came close enough so that he could see their faces. But there was nothing either terrible or pitiful in those faces. They looked like men doing hard work.

By and by they turned around and went back. Nobody cheered. The man in his company kept punching Phelps lightly.

"Got another of those butts?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks, buddy."

"All right."

They stood around for an hour or two. A wounded man crawled in from the ground they had crossed. He was helped over the sandbags, and he sat down on Phelps' box and swore. He'd been hit in the leg and he had made a bandage for it himself.

Phelps asked, "Does it hurt?"

The man hesitated, and then a slow, surprised expression came over his face. He said, "No, I'll be damned if it does."

"Well, what are you swearing about?"

"Nothing," the man answered. "Nothing. The bones aren't even broken."

"That's good."

"I ought to know," the man continued. "I used to be a doctor."

"How come—"

The man shrugged. "I was a horse doctor."

THE conversation seemed above the plane of sense. Phelps gave the ex-veterinary a cigarette. He didn't smoke one himself. The wounded man sighed and fainted. Two men with brassards carried him into the dugout.

His corporal approached Phelps.

"Damn' if you aren't still here! I didn't think you had it in you!"

Phelps looked at the man eye to eye. "Had what in me?"

"You were always such a soft, lazy son-of-a-gun—"

Phelps didn't answer. The firing began again. He clambered up on the pile of earth that had buried his feet. He had arranged it for a stance. This time the enemy came closer. One of them fell into the trench. He was fat, but he dropped his rifle and jumped quickly to his feet, with his hands up and a feeble grin on his face. Phelps stood looking at him, rubbing the spot where the man's shoe had hit his shoulder as he stumbled into the trench. He pointed to the dugout.

"Down there!" he shouted.

The man's grin spread and he said, "Sure!"

Their own shells began to come over. They dropped on the second enemy line. It was a sincere concentration of fire and it made the lip of the second defenses look something like a volcano, something like the sun in eclipse. There was no color in the bursts, however. Only white, eye-shaking flashes that had at one point a form and outline, as if the explosion increased to a certain degree and then stood still, imprinting itself on the retina.

The second lieutenant rounded up a dozen men. "When that stops we're going after them again," he said. Then he went along the line.

When it stopped they scrambled into the silence. Phelps walked through a little stretch of dry undisturbed grass, and he could hear his feet swishing in it. Again, far ahead, was the fire of the enemy. He went toward it. There was no struggle within himself any longer. The nights when he'd dreamed about this with sweaty palms and incurled toes were gone. The days that had made

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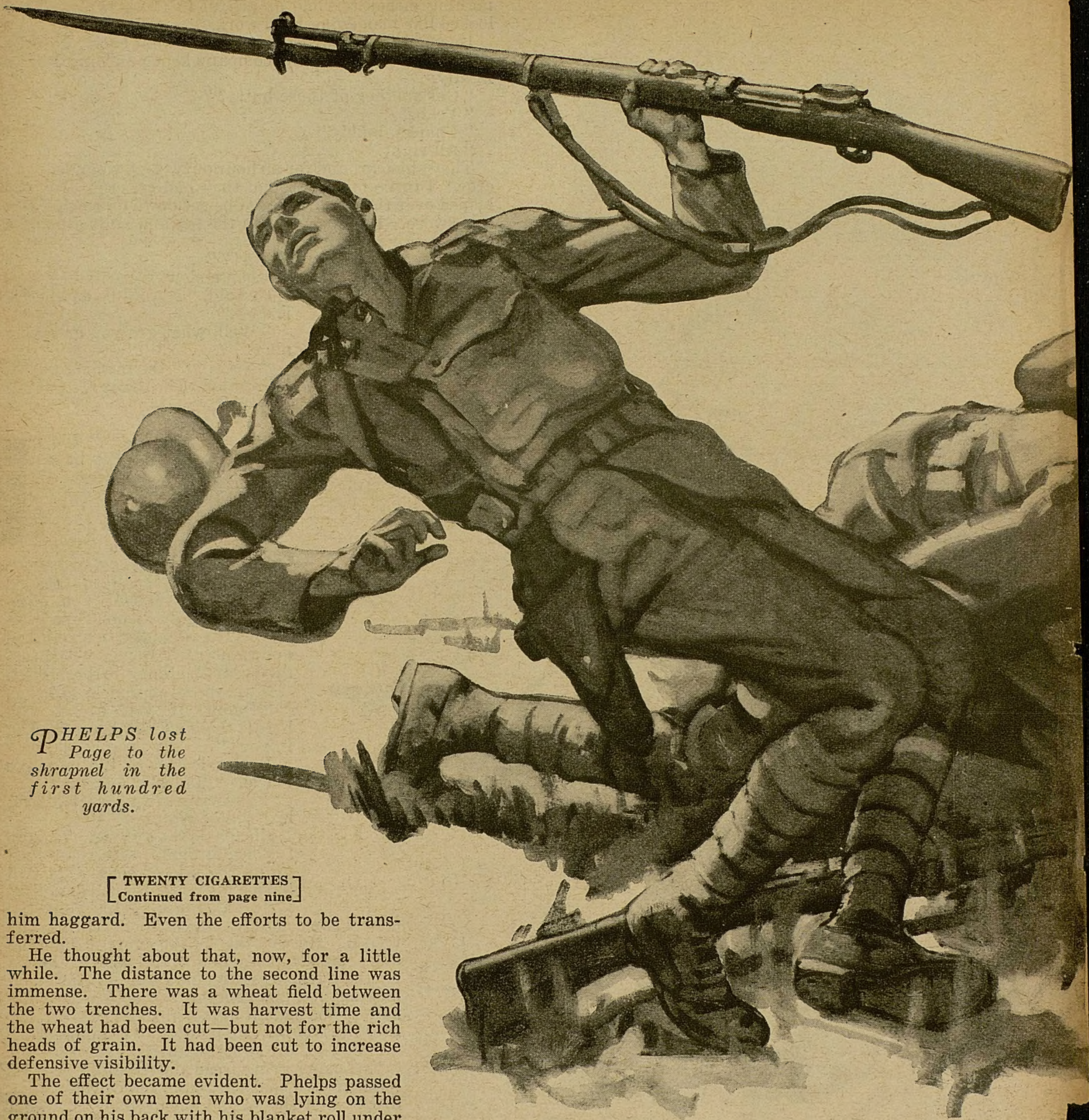


PHELPS lost Page to the shrapnel in the first hundred yards.

TWENTY CIGARETTES
Continued from page nine

him haggard. Even the efforts to be transferred.

He thought about that, now, for a little while. The distance to the second line was immense. There was a wheat field between the two trenches. It was harvest time and the wheat had been cut—but not for the rich heads of grain. It had been cut to increase defensive visibility.

The effect became evident. Phelps passed one of their own men who was lying on the ground on his back with his blanket roll under his head. He stared up at the blue sky. He was dead and on his face no expression of any sort. A machine gun made a little row of periods along the ground to one side of Phelps. He dropped to earth just in time. The bullets ran through the stubble behind him now—a sickle swung by a blind man, without a crop to cut down.

He realized that this was the place where he would probably meet—what he had expected. But he knew simultaneously a great caution. He would dally with death, postponing it until the last possible moment. He felt that the machine-gun crew in front was watching and waiting for him alone. And so it seemed. He would lie down and roll, then rise, crouch, and rush forward. Each time the row of periods would not be distant from him.

Somewhere on the way was a cellar. The house had been blown off it and the cellar was full of broken glass. When he stumbled into it, twenty or thirty men knelt there. Presently, in little groups, they went out. Three or four trickling first from one corner and then the other. Phelps went when he had rested.

IN a ditch a man beside him said, " If we could work around past those stumps—"

So they did. Phelps lost the man, but he found another and repeated the phrase: " If we could work around past those stumps—"

The stumps were large, when they reached them. Each stump could be gained by one complete roll. Finally they came to the end.

" Could you throw that distance? " the man said in his ear.

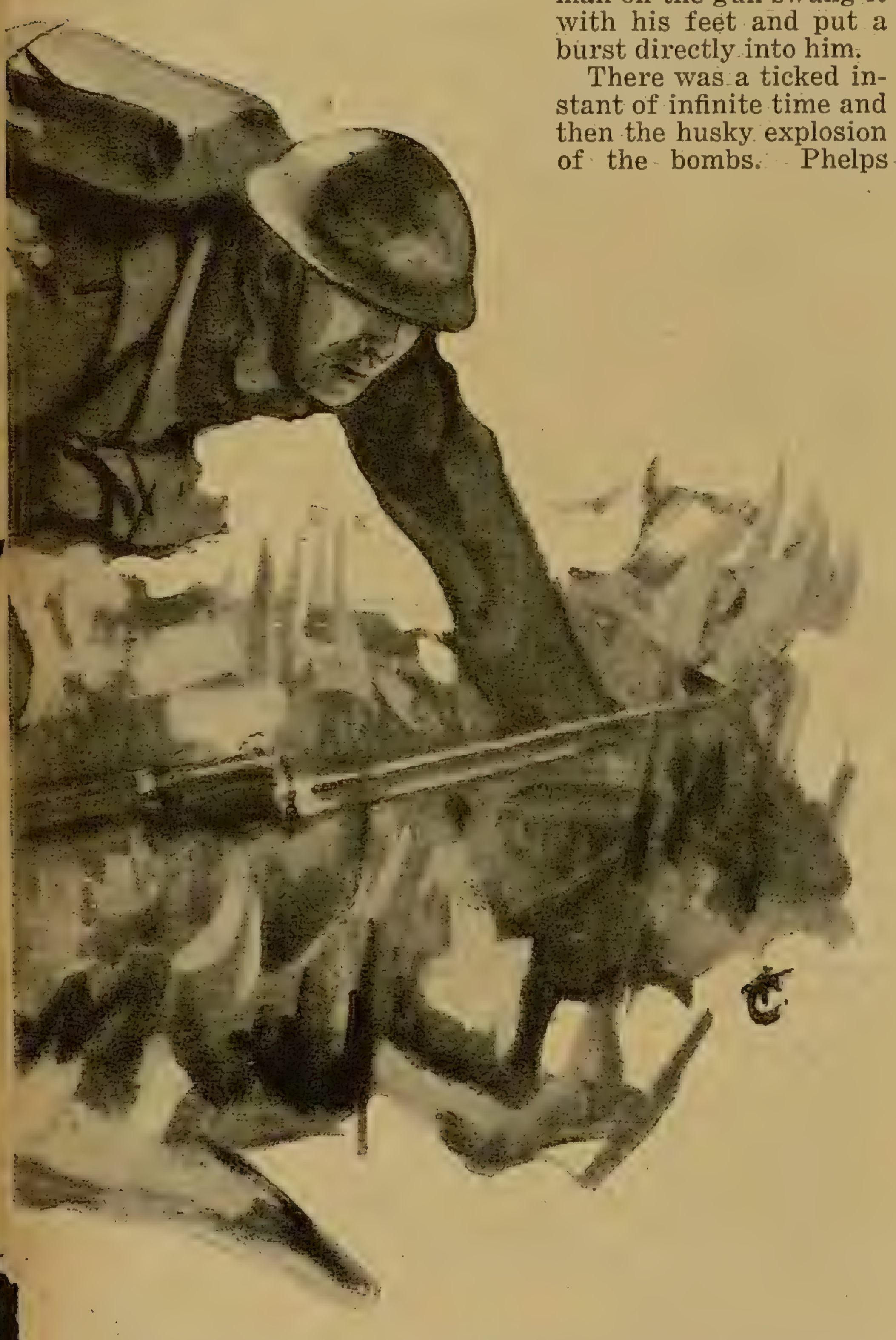
Phelps peered out. Not very far away was a machine gun. It was behind them now, at an obtuse angle. Its shelter was made of concrete, painted. A half dozen men served it. One of them sat astride like a horse rider. And, like a rider, he jounced with the gun's perpetual recoil.

Phelps said, " No."

" I think I can," the man said.

" Go ahead."

The soldier took two bombs from his pockets. He lay on his back and weighed them in his hands. Then he pulled the pins. After that he stood up very slowly and walked forward. Phelps leaned out to watch. The men saw. One pointed. One shouted. One pounded on the back of the soldier astride the gun. Phelps' companion threw his first bomb with immense deliberation, and his second quickly; and the man on the gun swung it with his feet and put a burst directly into him.



There was a ticked instant of infinite time and then the husky explosion of the bombs. Phelps ran in and did what was necessary, which was very little. He pivoted the gun around then, and sat beneath it. There was a little spur of shallow trench that ran into the second line. An enemy face appeared there. Phelps didn't know how to operate the captured gun, but he was beginning to understand his rifle.

After that he held a bomb in his hand and waited for the recapture of the piece, but it never took place. Men dashed forward on every side of him and the second trench was taken. Phelps rose to go with them, but he thought of the grenade he held which would explode with any violent contact, so he sat there.

After a while the sergeant crawled through the sap trench.

He said, " Hello, Phelps."

" Hello."

" You do this? "

" No."

" Who did? "

" Some guy. He chucked a couple of bombs. Then wiped up."

" Yeah? "

" Yeah."

" Ain't hurt? "

" No."

" Got a cigarette? " the sergeant asked.

" Yeah. Here."

Each man smoked. The first lieutenant looked into the sap. His arm was in a bandage. He came up.

" What's this man's name? " he asked.

" Phelps," the sergeant said.

" Phelps. I'll remember that. I'm going back as soo as it's dark enough. The second's dead. Page—you're in command."

The sergeant did not say, " Yes, sir." He said, " O. K."

Together they dragged the gun into the trench. A number of men looked at it, and finally someone came to mount it on the parapet, facing the way they had been going all day. In low tones he commenced to tell several others how it was operated. Phelps was just out of earshot. He could hear the murmur but not the words.

It was growing dark. The sun settled and, while the horizon could not safely be observed, the colors reached far into the sky and cast a lurid light on the men. It wa a red-and-purple sunset with long banks of stratifie clouds. It would be as hot on the next day and as bright. It became dark little by little. The blues of the sky changed in a manner that just eluded precise detection It was as if an air brush, blowing constantly deepe shades, were passed back and forth above the clouds.

PHELPS looked at it for a long time. At last he thought of himself by an elaborate process which included thinking of other twilights, and thinking that he was thinking of other twilights, and wondering why he thought of them, and making contrasts—rather than comparisons. When he thought of himself he realized he was thirsty. He reefed the strap on his canteen, but it came up light. The bottom half of the water container had been raggedly removed. He lowered it again to see where the wound would have been if he had been standing six inches to the left. It would have been between hip and navel. He thought about that for a while.

A man said, " Coffee! " in a voice that was like singing. It was cold, chlorinated, and miserable coffee. He drank it. Then he went over to the sap that had been dug to the machine gun. He felt he had a proprietary interest in it. He lay down there.

He thought, as he might well have thought, of other things. He had a yacht and half a dozen cars. His father's house was on Lake Shore Drive. In Chicago his name meant a great deal. Everything he had done in the first twenty years of his life had been correct. But when the war came and he was a pacifist, that was not correct.

He had always thought of his father as a strong, sane, genial man. His father had been good to everyone—to his family, to his city, to his six thousand employees. Old " G. J."—financier, philanthropist, politician. It was only when America entered the war that his father changed. He seemed to have been seized by the war, his reason enslaved and his immense energies misdirected. He regarded the war as a magnificent *beau geste*, a spectacle, a sort of supergame which was exciting rather than tragic or formidable.

He had pounded his son's back the day war was declared. " Well—you'll be in it now, eh, son? "

At that moment they had their first quarrel. Young Phelps differed from his father—and from most of the people of his time.

" I don't think so, dad," he had said. " Not if it can be helped."

" Helped? What do you mean? "

Phelps was embarrassed. He couldn't explain what he felt—that war was hideous, that the young should not die, that he wanted to go on living, sailing his yacht on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TWENTY CIGARETTES
Continued from page eleven

the Great Lakes, driving his roadster to his appointments, running a business, loving a girl some day, marrying, working. He could not make that clear. At first he tried.

"I mean—war is a rotten way to settle things. It's—uncivilized. It's—biologically unsound. I don't want to die. Do you, dad?"

His father did not speak from the comfortable knowledge that he would not be asked to die. He spoke, rather, from a vehemence that had grown up in him, from tradition, from a great unexamined sentiment.

"Are you trying to tell me that you're yellow?"

"No. I'm trying to tell you that I have the courage of my convictions."

The older man was shaken. "Why—I've seen you on a team in school— I—I remember the day you dove off your boat for that kid in Lake Michigan— I didn't think that, when the country needed you, you'd lie down and snivel. Not you—not a Phelps."

"It isn't that—"

"It is that!"

So he had stayed at home while the other youths went to war. His father did not speak to him. A time came when his mother, too, replied to him only with a look. Then young Phelps went to a recruiting station and enlisted. He did not come home to let them see his uniform. He did not come home at all.

He wrote a letter of restrained farewell and he went to camp somewhere—hating the drudgery, the dirt, the routine, the machine. He was a stubborn, unpopular soldier. He could not help occasional outbursts of the resentment he felt. He went up to the trenches at last with the conviction that by some overwhelming flame his family would be paid in the common coin for their delusions.

Lying in the sap trench, he remembered all that. The tumbrels of war bumped through the sky. His heart was cold. Nobody wanted a wise young man these days; a dead one was preferable.

He went to sleep presently. The sergeant passed him, walking through the dark with the captain.

"There's that man I was telling you about."

The officer bent over. "The one that took the machine gun?"

"Yeah. And held it."

"Phelps, you said?"

"Yeah. Funny—isn't it?"

The captain said that it was funny. He qualified the adjective with a list of epithets.

PHELPS continued to sleep. In the morning somebody woke him. He was stiff and sore—but they had let him sleep there undisturbed, so he was rested; which made him poignantly conscious of himself and his multitudinous discomforts.

For his breakfast he had a cigarette.

The new day was enlivened suddenly by a tearing apart of the sky and a helter-skelter attempt on the part of the men to reach cover quickly. Most of them did. The cover found by a few was inadequate. Phelps pressed his face into the earth and flinched a little as each shell struck.

The sergeant elbowed along to where he lay.

"We are going to take the war out of the trenches," he said. "They're sending us on. Replacements came up last night."

"O. K.," Phelps said.

"Listen, guy, I want to tell you something. I'm making you my sergeant for today. I'm acting looie. Stick with me."

"Right."

Phelps crawled on after the sergeant. His eyes were ordinarily brown and aloof. They were, on this day, as impersonal as ever, but the brown was recessive and a redness showed in them.

At the new zero hour they went out on the fields again. This movement was ragged and uneven. Technically it was a charge. Actually it had the appearance of mass hide and seek. The old men were becoming veterans, and the fresh men were afraid.

They were met by shrapnel. The artillery resistance had been strengthened during the night. Phelps lost Page to the shrapnel in the first hundred yards. He waited until stretcher bearers came, and he helped them back to the trench. Then he returned.

He was at liberty to go where and as he pleased—subject only to the fortunes of trespass in the bursting caldron ahead. He entered it by a series of little foot races with death. The air was full of lethal bees. It occurred to Phelps that at the end of every war there are some men left alive.

He fell into a shell hole that was still stirring from the impetus of its creation. The pandemonium increased, so he remained there, smoking another cigarette. By and by he looked over the rim.

The terrain ahead sloped down and at the bottom was a valley. In the valley was a village and through the fog of powder smoke he could see it, full of lights that went on and off.

He crawled forward for an indefinite distance. Finally he fell in with three men.

They had an argument.

One said, "We better wait here."

Another said, "They're going over this place with a fine-tooth comb. We better beat it."

The third said, "I ain't seen nobody since we went out."

SO they lay down together and looked up at the sky. Where there was no smoke the blue showed clearly, but it seemed to be mysteriously disturbed. Phelps passed around his cigarettes. Each man hinted that the other ought to take a look around. No one cared to peer over the casual barricade of earth which sheltered them. At last Phelps raised his head.

There were four or five enemy soldiers on the other side of the mound. They did not see him at once—they lay flat with their faces pressed in the earth. Phelps tossed a grenade over.

A moment later, abruptly, the gunfire swept away—a loud broom moving across the ground.

The men rose to their feet. They looked into the nest on the other side of the barricade.

"It's a good thing they didn't see us first," somebody said.

Phelps had thought of that. He dropped his cigarette on the earth and automatically stepped on it. He considered for a moment the vanity of extinguishing a cigarette when the whole world was on fire.

"We could run down to that first house," he said to the men.

They ran.

The town was as still as death. It seemed that none of their own troops had entered it.

They sat behind a wall, fearful of what might come around the corners.

"We'll wait here," one of the men said. He wiped his face with a bandana handkerchief.

"We'll take a look around," Phelps replied.

"Like hell we will."

"I will, then."

"Go ahead."

Phelps went. The village was a mess. He made his way through it over back walls. Before and behind him was din, but the village was a vortex of quiet, a place that sucked up stillness and held it. Phelps could see two men in the tower of a church that was still standing. They scrambled around among the big bells. He shot them.

Finally he climbed up on a penthouse and from there on to a thatch roof. He slid off twice, but each time he hoisted himself back.

When he looked over the ridgepole he found that he was staring directly down on the rear guard of the town. The street behind it was evacuated. Camions moved along the remote road.

Far away, now, he could see diminutive figures rising up on the surface of the earth. Their appearance set the men below him into a fever of activity. There were no shells anywhere. The smoke cleared in a mid-morning wind. It was like looking at a painting of a battle. He lay on the roof, empty-stomached, feeling like a man in a dream. He watched the figures advance. They were like bugs. Like fleas. They hopped up, scuttled, and settled again.

Here, perhaps, it would come, he thought. Out of his pockets he took the grenades he had been issued in the morning. He bit out a pin, tossed the sphere, cracked another, tossed it, and then waited.

A dozen men survived. They jumped about, looking up. He gave them the last Mills bomb. Three men ran away. Two stood. One shot at him. The bullet sang past his head. He returned the fire, shooting coldly, accurately. Then he aimed at the men who were hastening toward the last camion.

The hopping insects had identified themselves as human beings. They straggled toward the street. When they reached the place where the rear guard had arranged to make its stand, they became audible. They were shouting. They behaved singularly. They upended the muzzles of the machine guns before they looked over the pile of rubbish that sheltered them. Then they climbed to the top. They leveled their bayonets and leaped down among the dead men.

When they found they were dead, the fury faded from them, and they stood there like confused animals. They were numbed by the discovery that all their self-protective enterprise had been unnecessary.

It was still very quiet. Among the men was the captain. He made a careful examination.

"Somebody's beaten us to it," he said.

Another man replied, "It's a good thing. We'd never have made it."

The captain shrugged. "Yeah? The hell we wouldn't! We were supposed to take this place and hold it. Now we only got to hold it."

PHELPS realized that the captain was disappointed. He had wanted to rush those guns and get credit for the valor involved. At least, he had wanted his company to have the credit. Phelps belonged to that company. He appreciated that his fortunate situation would retrieve the captain's pride. He sat up on the roof. His emotions were nil.

Intellectually, he felt that the captain deserved to have had his chance to charge the guns; he would surely have been killed doing it. One of the men in the street below raised his rifle and almost shot at him before he realized that he was a friend.

"Lookit!" that man shouted. "There's the Yank that mopped up this gang."

Everyone looked at his pointed finger, and then at Phelps. Phelps slid down the front of the roof and landed on the cobblestones. The cottage was not very high, but his feet stung nevertheless. He shuffled them to ease the discomfort.

The captain put on a face of official congratulation.

"You're the man who bombed this ambuscade?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"What company?"

Phelps realized that his insignia was gone. "Yours."

The captain recognized him. "You're Phelps. The man who took that gun yesterday afternoon. The man Page spoke about. The—"

"The slacker," Phelps said.

The captain perceived that all was well. In his next dispatch he could write, "I dispersed our men in a flanking movement to take a heavily manned barricade from which four Maxims were operated to cover enemy retreat. Private Phelps was successful in reaching a vantage point on a roof above them and—"

The captain let his voice quaver. "Private Phelps," he said, "on behalf of the company and the regiment, I wish to thank you. I will see that you are mentioned again in the dispatches."

A runner came up after a while. There was a technical discussion. The rear of the retreating enemy was to be harried.

One man said he couldn't drag himself another fifty feet. One said he hadn't eaten for two days. But there was a light in the eyes of the captain. He sent his command forward after the camions which had gone over a hill. They went forward all afternoon. There was nothing to see.

They were hungry and tired. They kept a random contact with the flanks, so that progress along the line was relatively even. It was a bright, hot, peaceful afternoon, and the conquest of death seemed to have been temporarily arrested.

Toward nightfall Phelps found himself in a small woods. About seven o'clock it was shelled by the enemy. A splinter of one of the shells hit him squarely in the right shoulder. He fell down, bleeding and groaning.

The stretcher bearers came for him at twilight. They asked him if he was ready to go. He said he was. They helped him get his cigarettes out of his pocket. He lit one and smoked it while they went along over the uneven ground, bumping, swinging, resting. Before the nightmare of the field dressing station he had another smoke. There was one cigarette left. He wrapped it up carefully and put it back.

Lying in a dark hole that was the inside of an ambulance, dreaming through the uncertain misery of wound and drugs, he recalled his family again. They did not know what it was to be merely a piece of damaged war material, to be repaired if possible, regardless of the pain, to be cast aside if repair was out of the question. Perhaps they would send him home now. What would his family say then?

He suddenly thought of a plan—a way of telling them, if he lived to have the opportunity. It ran through his head with a nightmarish insistency and he made half-conscious attempts to organize the details. His father had called him yellow and his mother would not speak to him. The coldness of many months increased now, and he shut his eyes so he would not see the dark.

A month later he was sent back to America. But before that he stood in line, in a brand-new uniform, to step out when his name was called, to salute, to feel the mustache of a French general on his cheek, to shake the hand of his own general, to gather on his breast a cluster of bright ribbons and flashing metal.

HIS father met him at the station. His father was thinner than he had remembered him, but he was not much different. He had a badge on his lapel. His eyes shone. Outside there was a band playing for young Phelps, and an impromptu parade ready to wheel proudly along the boulevard.

His father embraced him and then stiffened. "Good Lord, Wes, you're not wearing your uniform!"

"I've been demobilized."

"But," his father protested—"but we're having a big day for you. Chicago's read all about you. A dinner tonight with everyone in the city present. By George, I'm going to get you the Congressional Medal! I knew you could do it! And you've got to tell me all about it. Your mother and sister, too. How you got that machine gun, and how you captured that village. Man!"

"I can change to a uniform later," Phelps said.

At home, the confusion obscured the behavior of Phelps. People came and went, shaking his hand and talking in loud voices about "the front" and "our boys." Even his mother.

Some time after dark they went to their rooms to dress. Mr. Phelps waited in the library for his son. He waited with a feeling of glory; he contemplated the triumphant dinner party. Presently he heard footsteps.

Young Phelps came into the room. He walked past the rows of leather-bound books, beneath the crystal chandelier, to the big center table. He was wearing a uniform, but there were no medals on it.

It was a strange garment. The coat was gone. In the

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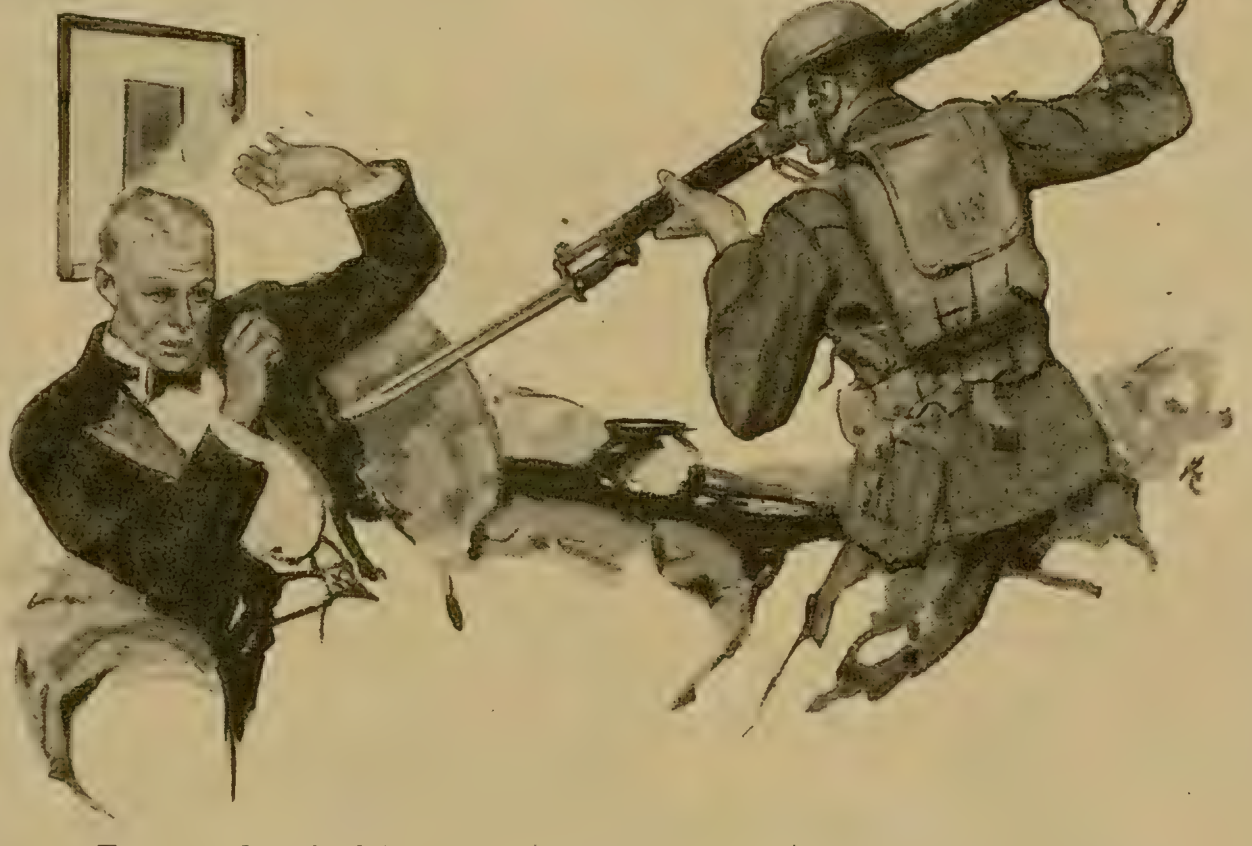
TWENTY CIGARETTES
Continued from page thirteen

right side of the tunic was a rent. The cloth around it was black and stiff. The edges of the rent were seared. The blackness ran down the trousers and through the puttee on one leg into the shoe.

A canteen hung at Phelps' hip and half of it had been twisted off. The uniform was heavy with dust and dirt. In a dozen places it was torn. The shoes were almost unrecognizable.



For one dreadful instant he stood over his father, his rifle raised.

Phelps stood in his filthy tatters. In his hand was a rifle. The bayonet was stained. In his other hand was a grenade. The helmet on his head was caked with dirt. He was like the hideous survivor of a dreadful catastrophe.

His father said, "What does this mean?"

Phelps ejected an empty cartridge from the magazine of his rifle and reloaded it.

The older man at last comprehended one fact. He knew what had made the rip in the shoulder of the tunic and he knew what the black stain was. He paled and swallowed.

"This is ghastly!" he said. "Take that off!"

His son did not reply. He looked directly into his father's eyes, as if to find a cue for himself in them. Then, abruptly, he commenced the lesson he had planned on a certain night in France. He made it as realistic as he could, and its effect was heightened because his face was not dreadful and not pitiful: it was only the face of a man doing very hard work.

HE suddenly threw himself on the floor and commenced to wriggle along frantically.

To the other man the pantomime took on meaning—terrible meaning. Cautiously his son detached the bayonet from his rifle. With a tense, calm face, he slid forward and dug it into the back of a chair, ripping out the upholstery. Then he hid behind the chair. After that he reattached the bayonet.

He was at that instant near the door of the den. He raised the rifle to his shoulder. He knelt. There were five loud explosions, and with each a picture shattered or a vase burst into fragments. Finally he tossed the grenade around the corner of the door and into the den. The noise it made was terrific. In the ear-singing silence that followed could be heard the dropping of débris. The room was a shambles.

For one dreadful instant he stood over his father, his rifle raised, the long bayonet pointing downward. His father was beyond speech. Then Phelps grabbed his own right shoulder. He turned halfway around and sat down quietly, his head bent forward.

For a moment he remained in that position; his legs stirred automatically. Then he rose and left the room.

Smoke rolled from the den. It stung the nostrils of the man who sat in the chair with blank eyes. In his heart was no pomp and circumstance now, but only an iciness and a realization of unspeakable things. Frightened voices were raised. Women ran, their heels sharp where the floor was bare. "What happened?" "Anybody hurt?" "Was that one of Wesley's war trophies?" But the father sat still.

People came to the dinner, but the guest of honor did not appear. They waited a long time, and finally a butler told them that Lieutenant Phelps was indisposed and that his father was remaining with him. So the meal was eaten—a silent affair.

In the mansion on Lake Shore Drive the clock hands went slowly round and round. Young Phelps had locked himself in his room, and his father sat in the library without speaking.

AT last he rose and went upstairs. He knocked on his son's door and was admitted. The young man had bathed and put on pyjamas and a silk dressing gown. He was as he had always been before the war. In a heap in the center of the room was a mêlée of garments and gear from which protruded a stained bayonet.

Wesley Phelps said nothing. He sat down and watched his father, who moved toward the dirty garments and began to stir them. From the pocket of a shattered and blackened tunic there dropped a crumpled package. He picked it up. Inside it, damaged and dirty, was a single cigarette. It needed no second glance to reveal to the older man the events through which that cigarette had passed and the conditions under which the absent nineteen cigarettes had been smoked.

"You didn't use this one," he said in a low voice, "because—"

"Because I didn't get to it," young Phelps said.

"Yes. And the others—" It was a question.

"The others?"

"You carried them—"

The youth looked for the gleam that would have come in his father's eye if the story had been told differently. But there was no gleam.

"Dead men smoked most of them," he answered.

His father nodded and sank in a deep chair. He turned the cigarette reverently in his fingers. It was a symbol. He wanted to make it into an icon. And then he perceived a way. He put the rusty, grimy object between his lips. His eyes met his son's. "May I?" he asked.

"Sure," the young man said softly.

His father lit the cigarette. He breathed the smoke into the air as if it were incense, as if it had a significance at once holy and infinitely poignant.

"Ever since you went upstairs," he said finally, "I've been seeing things I never saw before. It's a long way from Chicago to France. And a gold star is different from that—that crawling along the ground. I—"

Young Phelps looked away from his father's face. He was momentarily ashamed of the savagery with which he had presented his story of the war. He mustered his voice.

"It's O. K., dad. Forget it."

Then his father demonstrated that he had learned a great deal since the home-coming of the hero. "That," he answered gently, "is what I propose never to do."

THE END

The three rules for strong, healthy teeth

Eat Right *to resist Decay*

Remove Film *to prevent Decay*

See your Dentist *to check Decay*

1. Include these in your daily diet.

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

Don't wait to see your dentist until teeth ache.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

STEP by step science discovers what makes teeth strong and healthy. There are three rules. The first two you already know —"Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year."

The third rule governs the food you eat. Study the panel on this page and let it guide your diet and your children's. It is remarkable what proper diet can accomplish in preventing decay and gum disorders.

Remove film daily

But while correcting your diet, don't neglect the equally important safeguard of keeping teeth film free.

Film covers all teeth. It seems to harm some more than others. Film contains germs. It glues them to the teeth—their action, it's believed, destroys enamel.

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. These stains most people mistake for naturally discolored teeth.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

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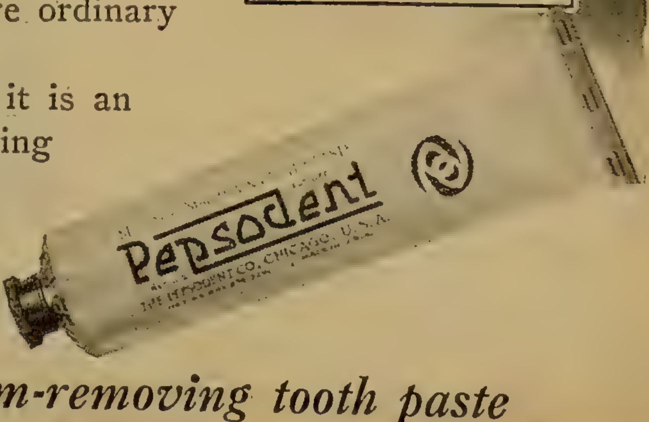


Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

Why I'd like my Daughter to Go to a Coeducational College

(Reading time: 15 min. 50 sec.)

By

MARIE BEYNON RAY

who is a college graduate herself, and who, after having been managing editor of Vogue, fashion editor of Harper's Bazaar, fashion adviser to gown and shoe houses, and vice president of a cosmetic company, has given up all business activities to devote herself to writing. Playing the accordion and riding horseback are her favorite pastimes. She lives in New York.

Pictures by CLARA ELSENE PECK

I'M just one mother among the millions in the world, but I seem to myself—as you do to yourself—the only mother in the world, with the only child; and anything that touches the happiness of this only child is of cosmic importance. (In like manner does the earth revolve around every ant and every earthworm.) Just at present the question of what college she is to attend occupies a far larger portion of my horizon than the threat of the next war.

She is only eleven (as tall as I, with feet four sizes bigger—but she'll grow up to them) and it wouldn't seem that we ought to have to worry about this college question yet; but the fact is that for the popular colleges you can scarcely register too early (birth is none too soon) and also the private schools very early divide their pupils into two groups—those who are preparing for college and those who will finish their formal education in a secondary school. So I'm investigating—and the more I investigate the more of a problem it becomes.

There are about six hundred colleges and universities in these United States—and you'd be surprised and shocked to hear what some of them call a college education. One can't make a snap judgment. This may be the last important choice in my child's life in which I shall have a deciding voice.

At first, in my simple Christian way, I thought the whole thing very easy. The only question in my childlike mind was: Shall it be Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, or Vassar? Now, with a magnificent gesture, I have dismissed these impressive institutions. I have gone completely coed. And I'll tell you why.

Most boys and girls, even in their tenderest years, have a mutual antipathy. With a toss of the head, "Oh, boys!" With a scowl, "We don't want any girls around, spoiling things!" And that's the beginning of the underlying sex hatred which, according to some philosophers, lurks in every man-and-woman relationship.

When this was a man-made, man-run world (not so very long ago) and only love and hate—never friendship—was possible between men and women, that attitude was, perhaps, inevitable; but now that it's swiftly becoming a coed world, where men and women mingle freely in every walk of life, a different psychology is necessary if these many new relationships are to be happy and successful. That "Oh, boys!" attitude can be nipped in the bud by the free and unself-conscious association of boys and girls from childhood and especially during those adolescent years when each is questioning so passionately what the other is.

There are individual cases where perhaps a woman's college would be the better choice. The girl who has been brought up with brothers, has gone to school with boys, who gets on better with boys than with girls, whose world has been a boy's world, and the feminine side of whose nature has therefore remained undeveloped; or the girl who is boy-crazy, a flirt, whose only lively interest in life is boys, to whom association with her own sex seems stupid and lacking in savor: girls of these extreme types are perhaps better off in a woman's college.

There she must learn to get along with her own sex, acquire their point of view and interests, be helped to find pleasure in intellectual pursuits, undisturbed by her major preoccupation, and learn the quite different

Clara Elsene Peck

In a coed college two points of view are always presented—the man's and the woman's.

tactics and abilities required to become a woman's woman.

But if the girl's development has been unbalanced in the other direction, by too little association with boys, or if it has been well balanced by an equal association with both sexes, then a coed college would seem to be the place for her.

I THINK the reason some parents hesitate about a coed college is that they fear that, deprived of their own loving supervision, the girl may break loose and dash about heaven knows where doing the Lord only knows what. Flirtations, petting parties, clandestine rendezvous, surreptitious goings on of all kinds are a few of their nightmares. No, no, a girl is far safer in a woman's college, they argue.

Well, what is unattainable is always most desirable. The natural association of both sexes is a better guaranty of sober conduct than segregation. Of course, at this age love affairs keep breaking out like the measles, and in a coed college these affairs frequently lead to engagements; but some girls would get engaged in the Sahara, and since, presumably, we send our daughters to a college where the men are of the type we are willing to have them know, an engagement should not be heartbreaking.

As for escapades and general cutting up, there is no more of that in a properly supervised coed college (which all of them are not) than in a woman's college. One man told me that at the state university he attended, during his four years there, there was only one case of a man getting into the girls' dormitories—and that was done as a lark. . . .

Yes, I feel as you do. Being just a poor, doting mother, I'd rather have my daughter safe than educated—so I'm sending her to a coed college. The nineteenth amendment has taught us the fallacy of prohibition. Why make men "bootleg"? They're attractive enough as it is.

But there are many other things to consider besides the boy question in selecting a college. Why, in the first place, do you and I want our daughters to go to college? In my own case, it isn't because I want her to be turned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY I'D LIKE MY DAUGHTER TO GO TO A COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE

Continued from page seventeen

out a genius or a prodigy of learning or even prepared for a colossal career. No, if she just *is* a rather wonderful sort of human being—understanding, loving, fine, tolerant, sweet, interesting, exciting—I shall be satisfied. (Just a little miracle like that, that's all I expect.)

I know that many girls are sent to college to prepare them for earning a living, but if that must be the first consideration, I don't believe college is the place to send them. Have you read Abraham Flexner's book, Universities, wherein he devastatingly scores off our American colleges for having become, almost to a college, little more than trade schools? Debased from their original high ideals of imparting culture, they have sunk to training schools for jobs—and no job too lowly.

Of course, most boys and many girls in America have to earn a living (thank God!), but if they can spare four years before starting on this lifelong task, then let them go to college for quite another purpose—and if they can't, then there are better places to acquire a business training than college—business itself, for example. (Ask any business man.)

The chief aim of the higher education, as I see it, is to impart culture. Will courses in "practical poultry raising, elementary stenography, wrestling, judo, and self-defense, fundamental principles of cookery, principles of home laundry, clog dancing, drug-store practice, business letter writing, marketing methods," etc., etc. *ad nauseam* (to quote from various college curricula), do this?

In most of our American colleges, degrees, even a Ph.D., are granted for theses on such lofty subjects as "Photographic Studies on Boiled Icing," "An Analysis of Paring Knives in Terms of Time and Material Wastes in Preparing Potatoes," "A Time and Motion Comparison on Four Methods of Dishwashing," etc.

I'm not keen about sending my daughter to a college where such information is imparted by the only kind of people who can impart it. The fact that such subjects are taught (thus diluting the student body and the teaching staff with those who are taking and giving these courses), even though she need not take them, argues that the college has very different ideas of the aims of education than I.

To be sure, it may be I and not the college that is wrong, but better minds than mine have had the same idea—that the aim of education is to impart culture, train thinking minds, stimulate appreciation, and build character. Certainly lectures on boiled icing will do none of these things. Nothing can elevate typewriting and potato paring to the level of music, literature, philosophy, and mathematics as studies to elevate and train the mind.

THE coeducational colleges are no better in this respect than the all-men's or all-women's colleges. The state universities (which are all coeducational) are among the worst offenders. I speak of this merely to bring out my idea of the aim of the higher education (it is *not* direct preparation for a business or a trade) and the sort of coeducational college I have in mind—not a state university (they are all up to the ears in business courses); not a mammoth institution of thousands of students and hundreds of buildings; not a college in the midst of a great city; not a sectarian school. No, something quite different.

I've been thinking over the women I know who have gone to the big women's colleges—very superior women, most of them—and they know it. If there is one thing they are more superior to than anything else, it's men. They have a way of looking down their noses at mere men that it takes a truly Christian spirit to bear.

In their most impressionable, hero-worshiping years, these women had daily before them the example of women who lived without men (and seemingly successfully and happily) and who preached to them the heady philosophy of woman's rights, her independence, her career.

At one of our foremost women's colleges, the feeling, from the dean down through the entire faculty, is so strongly in favor of a girl's having a career of her own that a girl doesn't dare to become openly engaged until she has left college. Scholarship, these women preach (and many of them are not only fine scholars themselves but most attractive, clever women with compelling personalities capable of high-pressure salesmanship), is the great thing in life, and a career more to be desired than matrimony.

Naturally many of the girls graduate with the lifted eyebrow and lofty nose as far as men, matrimony, and domesticity are concerned—an attitude scarcely possible in a coed college, where it is obvious to even the haughtiest feminine intelligence that men are quite as bright as women.

NO, I've been treated to several glances of that nature by my young lady and I should hate the expression to become fixed.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm all for careers. If I had my way, every woman would have a career whether she wanted it or not (a little Soviet persuasion) just to see what she was good for—if anything. Married or single, rich or poor, childless or the mother of triplets, I am for careers. I just don't like that down-the-nose expression.

But even if preparation for a career, and nothing so elusive as culture, were my reason for sending my child to college, then more than ever I would select a coeducational college. By preparation for a career I don't mean "four years' training in hotel management, including three summer periods of supervised work at regular payroll jobs in approved hotels" (as the college manual puts it), or any such tommyrot; such direct and literal training for a career is better given somewhere else than in a college—except for such professions as medicine, the law, etc.

The kind of preparation for a career a college *can* give is the sort of education which produces disciplined, thinking minds, trained to learn readily and to solve new problems as they arise, and likewise teaches us how to coöperate with others. In any career those others are chiefly men. How can a woman who has associated almost exclusively with women for four years expect to step into a business office and coöperate as successfully with men as the girl who has had to deal with men daily during those same four years?

She isn't up in masculine psychology, ethics, values—not in their shirt sleeves. She knows men (when she knows anything about them at all) in their party clothes and their Don Juan attitudes—week-end house-party men. And if she hasn't some queer little mental quirk herself—some Freudian twist, a shyness, an awkwardness, a self-consciousness, a bravado, an alarmed virginity, a grimacing coquetry, a giggle, or what not—after being four years cloistered with women, then she is of unshakable normality.

I also think the education in a coed college is better than in the women's colleges. For one thing, two points of view are always presented—the man's and the woman's—and a girl's horizon can't fail to be broadened and her tolerance increased as these two points of view are brought out in class discussion. The friendly rivalry between the two—the girls desirous of doing as well as the men in their work, the men ashamed of falling below the girls—is stimulating to both. College professors say that classes composed entirely of girls are apt sometimes to be a little silly and sentimental, and that all-men's classes tend to be occasionally smutty—faults which, when the two are thrown together, neutralize each other like an acid and an alkali.

And then, because men still have the edge on women (feminist I am, but the facts are against me), because there are many more first-class men professors than women, and because they prefer to teach men, the faculties of the men's colleges are of far higher scholastic standing than the women's. But because some of these men, who wouldn't put foot in a woman's college, willingly take positions in the coed colleges, the standards of scholarship of the faculty are notably higher in the coed colleges. (This is taking things by and large. Many a college could prove me wrong in a particular case.) Likewise a faculty composed of both men and women gives a more balanced education than one consisting of spinsters with perhaps a sprinkling of second-rate male professors—the staff of most women's colleges.

Remember

DIXIE DUGAN?

Her latest and funniest adventures begin in Liberty next week

Watch for

Show Girl in Society

By J. P. McEvoy

But with all their faults upon their heads, I'd rather my daughter went to a first-line women's college than to many of the coeducational colleges—one of those great, sprawling, amorphous institutions, for example, of several thousand students, up to forty thousand, of every social class, colleges like huge, bellowing factories, turning out B.A.s like buttons.

Perhaps a girl of eighteen today is perfectly capable of looking after herself (and if she doesn't, perhaps it's no one's business but her own), but in my muddled, motherly way I can't help feeling that a place a little more like home, friendlier, cozier, lovable as all little things are lovable, would be a happier place to live.

For all their reputation for being awfully upstanding, grenadierlike persons, these young daughters of ours still seem to us very fragile, tender things; and I should thoroughly dislike (I'm really quite quaint at times) catapulting my angel into one of those Gargantuan, clamorous institutions where many of the students are farmed out in boarding houses, often none too well supervised, where they go and come as they please and a boy can be away from the house for weeks (if he continues to attend his classes) and no one be the wiser.

In some of these large institutions (those in cities where the students live anywhere they please) it is perfectly well known to the faculty—unofficially, of course—that a number of the boys and girls are living together. They consider it no part of their business to interfere.

In a small college such conditions could not exist. In the small dormitories and fraternity houses, sufficient in number to accommodate all of the students and well supervised, the private lives of the boys and girls are practically an open book. The outstanding small colleges can be highly selective, choosing from thousands of applicants a mere handful of students.

Thus they obtain a very high standard of scholarship, and character, personality, breeding, social background all become deciding factors in accepting a candidate.

This should, and I believe does, place the moral and social standards of this small, homogeneous society on a higher plane than is possible in those big institutions where the students are of every shade of culture, morality, and breeding.

The sort of college I have in mind would have around five hundred students, living in dormitories and fraternity houses. Here, by the way, is another advantage of the coed college: the women's national Greek-letter fraternities have chapters only in the coed colleges. Within the great college world, these societies create a smaller, warmer, more intimate world, a little family in which all the members are of your own choosing and your own age—far more ideal than the ready-made families of assorted characters and ages with which most of us have to put up.

In such a college, close contact with the members of the faculty adds still another charm to college life. Smaller classes, frequent private conferences, entertainment at the homes of the professors, meetings of clubs and fraternities, sports, and the many other activities of college life, all on a small, intimate scale, bring the students into daily contact with the faculty and many strong friendships are formed. Thus the building of character, one of the chief aims of education, becomes an informal and friendly process.

The large university, in choosing its faculty, seeks, first of all, the outstanding scholar, and the consideration of character, while important, becomes secondary. The small college, realizing the very close association between teachers and students which will exist, places an equal emphasis on character and on scholarship.

I also think it important that there should be about an equal number of boys and girls. In many of the coed colleges the girls far outnumber the boys, and then the rivalry for men at all social affairs becomes so intense that many of the girls, forced into the background by their lack of success, leave college, heartbroken and bitter—not always the least attractive girls either, for the heart of youth is in its eyes and it is usually the noisiest, showiest girls who have the greatest success at this age, whereas in another few years it would be the girl of better breeding and far greater genuine charm who would be admired.

I should like the college to be *near* but not *in* a large city. A great city is too much of a distraction for a young person who is endeavoring to concentrate on the intellectual life, but too rich in cultural advantages for her to be deprived of completely for four years. Therefore any college of my choosing would be within a few hours' journey of a great city.

And within a few hours' journey of me! For why did I go to all the trouble of having this child, and endeavoring every day, like a sculptor with a beloved statue, to add some new beauty of body or soul, if then I am to lose her for four long years?

I wonder if, after all, my choice is just a mother-hen sort of choice, without due regard to eighteen's point of view? Could she really, I wonder, prefer a girls' college? Boys don't look awfully good to her now, but she admits that six or seven years hence they may be just bearable. And, if not, wouldn't that be just another reason for sending her to a coed college?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What was the Gadsden Purchase?

2—Who were the Mound Builders?

3—How many cubic inches in a standard United States gallon?

4—Who is governor of Porto Rico?

5—What is a loggia?

6—What is *mal de mer?*

7—Who composed the Battle Hymn of the Republic?

8—What is the source of "Frailty, thy name is woman"?

9—What is rubeola?

10—Maggie Tulliver is the heroine of what novel?

11—Who was the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States?

12—What is an oligarchy?

13—Who was Montezuma II?

14—Which lies farther south, Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope?

15—What is a cranny?

16—In what sea are the Pribilof Islands?

17—How many of our states border on Canada?

18—What is a leprechaun?

19—What is an Afrikander?

20—For what term is a United States senator elected?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)

The YANKEE

MISSION GARAG

George Arliss as the garage man in The Millionaire.

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

who returns this week as Liberty's motion-picture critic after an absence of a little more than a year. In that time he has launched a new movie magazine and seen it well on its way. He started reviewing pictures for the old Dramatic Mirror, the first publication to print critical comments about films; conducted the contest which introduced Clara Bow to the screen; and knows practically all there is to know about movies, past and present. Liberty takes pleasure in welcoming him back.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

CAST

Sir Boss	Will Rogers
King Arthur	William Farnum
Alisande	Maureen O'Sullivan
Clarence	Frank Albertson
Queen Morgan	Myrna Loy
Merlin	Brandon Hurst
Sagramor	Mitchell Harris

Produced by Fox.
Directed by David Butler.

OF course you have read Mark Twain's immortal comedy romance of the ingenious Yankee dropped back through the years into sixth-century Britain.

In just a few short months after mistaking Camelot for Bridgeport, the New Englander has revolutionized King Arthur's court and put the jealous magician, Merlin, to shame.

Back in the old silent-film days this was made into a gorgeous picture in which Harry Myers was an unforgettable Sir Boss. The talkies are giving voice to all the old successes and it was inevitable that A Connecticut Yankee would be moved up before a microphone.

Will Rogers is excellent as the Yankee, and I am sure the shade of Mark Twain will get a chuckle as his Yankee, in cowboy regalia, defeats Sir Sagramor in knightly joust via a lariat.

In this new and improved Connecticut Yankee our wise-cracking hero is a radio repair man, and motor cars, airplanes, and tanks enter the proceedings. Even the Camelot tournament is broadcast.

All this is entertaining, but personally I have pleasanter recollections of the old silent-film version directed by Emmett Flynn. The 1931 direction lacks spirit. Still, this film will be highly popular. Mark Twain's story has been a hit in every form, from printed page to musical comedy.

Will Rogers in a modernized version of A Connecticut Yankee.

★ ★ ★ THE MILLIONAIRE

CAST

James Alden	George Arliss
Barbara Alden	Evelyn Knapp
Bill Merrick	David Manners
Mrs. Alden	Florence Arliss
Peterson	Noah Beery
Briggs	Tully Marshall
Davis	Ivan Simpson
Dr. Harvey	J. C. Nugent

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by John Adolfi.

George Arliss' latest—and pleasantly amusing—film vehicle sounds a genuinely American note: i. e., that no real American can be happy or healthy unless he is working hard.

Arliss plays a Crœsus of business who, at sixty, is ordered by doctors to quit and rest. Old Jim Alden pines on pills and placidity. So he sneaks away from his guards and buys a half interest in a small garage. In no time the place, thanks to his acumen, is a huge success. And the old fellow's health returns, due to his new interest.

Arliss, always a superb dramatic technician, is delightful as the sly old captain of industry. Because he speaks incisive, brittle English, some of the New York critics said that Arliss doesn't completely typify an American master of business.

This picture can be recommended to everyone. Not a racketeer lurks anywhere in its gentle seven reels.

AGAIN

An Old Story in Sound, and Some Rackets of Ring and Booze

★ ★ IRON MAN

CAST

Young Mason	Lew Ayres
Regan	Robert Armstrong
Rose	Jean Harlow
Lewis	John Miljan

Produced by Universal.
Directed by Tod Browning.

Lew Ayres, who has achieved an amazing screen popularity in a year, is going to surprise you as the dull, slow-thinking young pugilist of W. R. Burnett's novel, Iron Man. Burnett, you know, wrote that lively panorama of a cold-blooded killer, Little Cæsar, and in Iron Man he revealed a pretty thorough knowledge of the cruel, crooked, and frequently thrilling cauliflower racket.

This filming of Iron Man has real interest. It moves back of the cheering mobs to the tawdry training quarters, and Director Tod Browning, who used to make the Lon Chaney shockers, does well enough in catching the color and detail of Burnett's neat tale of a pug whose brains operate under the cap of his manager-pal, one Regan. When the Kid ditches his slangy cerebrum in favor of an ornate blonde, he faintly hears ten counted over him for the first time. Maybe the fact that young Mr. Ayres was at odds with his employers at the time Iron Man was filmed lends that interesting sullen quality to his performance of the Kid. (At the moment he was suffering from that dire Hollywood malady, salaryitis, now happily adjusted.) Anyway, Ayres' performance isn't at all bad.

The platinum blonde, Jean Harlow, who was the hot interest of Hell's Angels, is garishly decorative (as she should be) in the rôle of the gal who splits two lifelong pals. But the best performance of Iron Man is contributed by Robert Armstrong, who is the fight manager to the life.

Jean Harlow and Lew Ayres in Iron Man.

Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper play the leads in City Streets, a story of the beer racket.

★ ★ CITY STREETS

CAST

The Kid	Gary Cooper
Nan	Sylvia Sidney
Big Fellow Maskal	Paul Lukas
McCoy	William Boyd
Pop Cooley	Guy Kibbee
Blackie	Stanley Fields
Agnes	Wynne Gibson

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

A gaunt and upright young westerner in the beer racket. A simple-hearted young fellow who can shoot better than any gangster. That's the plot of the newest underworld drama, built to order for the gaunt, upright, and sure-shooting Gary Cooper. This, by the way, was the film from which Clara Bow was removed by her bosses when the IT girl's secretary became interested in legal processes last winter. Sylvia Sidney, borrowed from the stage, was given the Bow rôle.

The plot grows exciting enough when the Big Beer Boss decides to steal our Hero's girl for himself. After that, it's every gangster for himself.

Cooper is cool and steely, Sylvia Sidney is emotionally good but cinematically uninteresting as the girl, while the real honors go to a character actor, Guy Kibbee, as a kindly, smiling old racketeer who always covers the canary before he starts out with his gat. City Streets packs a punch, some of it delayed a bit by Director Mamoulian's arty camera shots of china cats and ocean waves.

Do you know that—

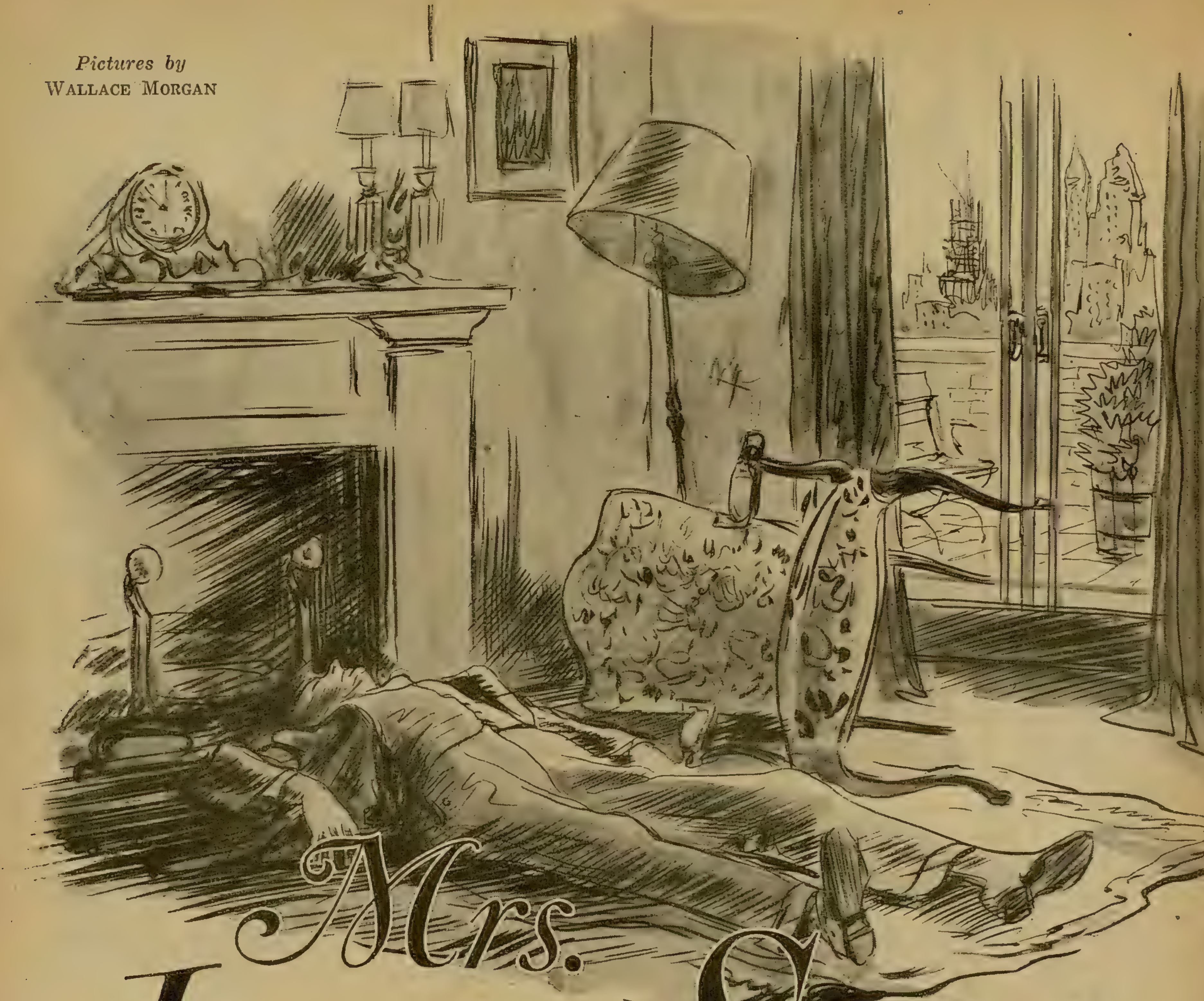
Pat O'Brien, the Hildy Johnson of The Front Page, plays opposite Nancy Carroll in Personal Maid?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss.

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN



Mrs. Jungle Smith

The Story of a Wild Man's Wooing

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS

who was born a Presbyterian, a farmer's son, and a Yankee, which, he says, qualifies him to be chosen President almost any time. After college and the war he became a newspaper man, a magazine editor, a scenario writer, and a fiction writer. He lives in Cortland, N. Y.

(Reading time: 38 min. 29 sec.)

AILEEN married Jungle Smith a year ago yesterday.

We tried to talk her out of it. It seemed a crime to let a girl like her marry a man like Smith. When she wouldn't listen to us, I called the district attorney. And he had the police arrest her. We thought that ought to stop the wedding. But it wasn't any use. Smith bailed her out, and five minutes later they were over in the bureau, taking out a license.

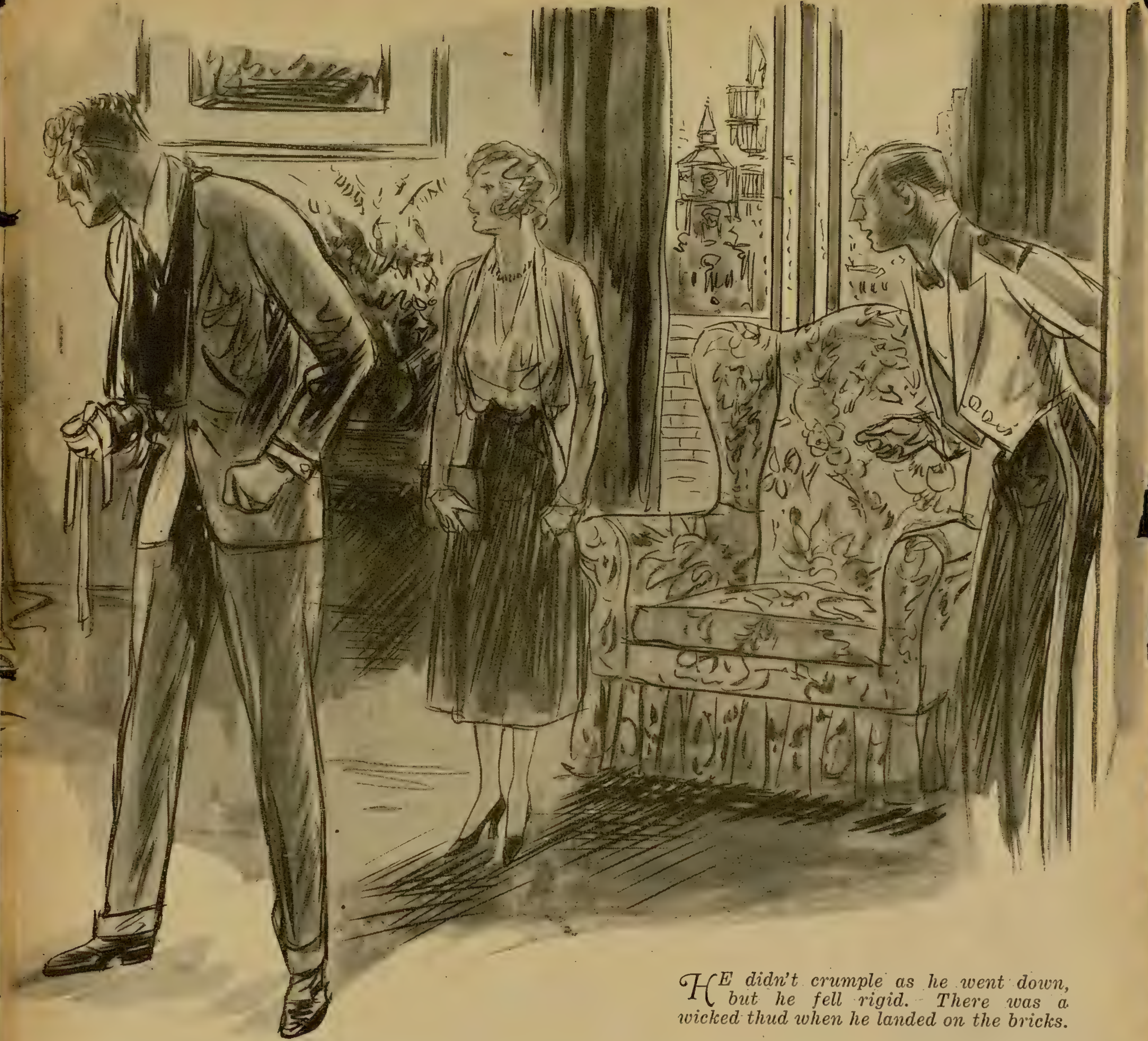
Why, Aileen was our public stenographer. Smith? Didn't you ever hear of Jungle Smith? He was that millionaire roughneck from South America.

The first we ever heard of him was a radio from a ship:

HOTEL ROYALE NEW YORK HOLD BEST SUITE FOR JUNGLE SMITH OF RIO ARRIVING TOMORROW REFERENCE BANK OF ENGLAND SIGNED SMITH.

Our credit manager got a line on him through a downtown bank.

Wall Street, it seemed, knew all. He was the only son of a locomotive engineer from New Haven who had shipped to South America in the old days to run the first railroad train in Brazil or something like that. Jungle Smith had grown up down there, way out in the bush, after his old man died from the fever.



HE didn't crumple as he went down, but he fell rigid. There was a wicked thud when he landed on the bricks.

Twenty years later Jungle busted into Rio, his pockets full of diamond and gold mines, rubber forests, and coffee plantations. He sold a load of it to a New York-London syndicate for thirty millions. When he sent the radio to the hotel, he was on his way north to peddle the rest of the property.

"Give him the Presidential Suite," said the manager.

We call it the Presidential Suite, but the only chief executive who ever slept in it was the president of the Staten Island dog races. As a special favor to Smith, the manager said to advance the rate from eight to twelve hundred dollars a week.

Oh, sure. Our rates go up and down faster than the elevators. Our house policy is never to charge more than we can get.

Next morning I spaced my calls so I would be out front to grab Smith's bags. I figured a trip up to the Presidential Suite should be worth ten bucks, anyway.

I stalled around, watering the lobby palms and keeping my eyes open. Just before the noon gong, the doorman gave me the office. You see, I slip him a bottle of gin once or twice a week. He pays off by flashing the token when he spots a live one coming in. The other bell boys are too stingy, or too dumb. I room eighty per cent of the free spenders.

I slid across the lobby in time to muscle some fitted hand bags from the outside man. I didn't have to be told that it was Jungle Smith who had just stepped out of the cab. Somehow, Smith could give the impression that he was the Grand Slam of the universe.

I remember how cold it was that day. Dirty slush was freezing on the pavement along Madison Avenue, except around the manholes where steam puffed up like cigarette smoke. A harbor wind was roaring up from the Battery.

But Jungle Smith stood on the curb without a hat or overcoat. He wore a tweed suit. His right hand was bandaged and hung in a black silk sling. I don't believe he even knew it was cold. He didn't act as if he'd noticed it.

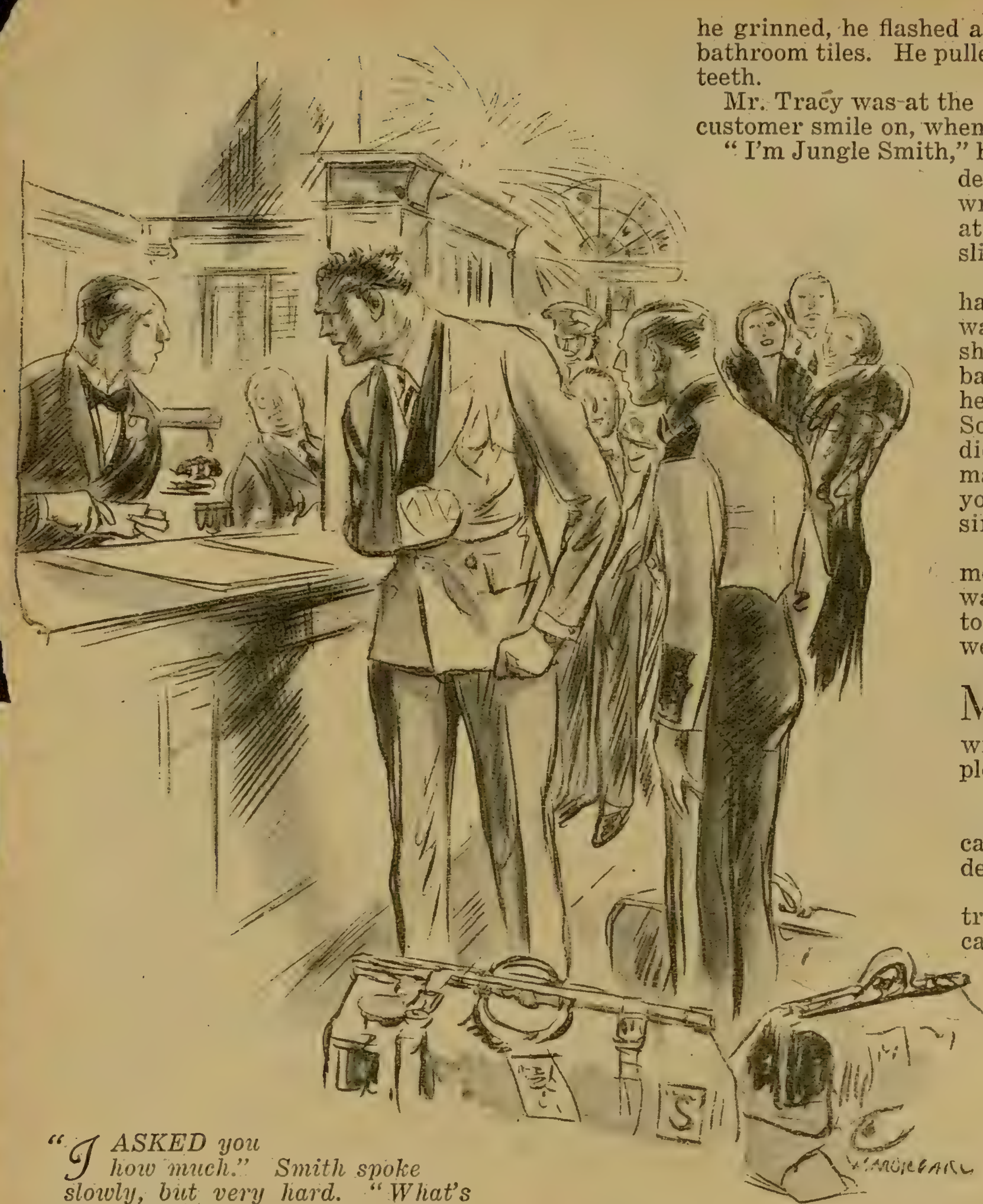
His hair was dark red, the color of overburned brick. It was stiff, coarse hair, unruly and bristly, a fighting man's hair. He wore it cut very short.

As I watched him, he dug his left hand into his coat pocket and tossed a coin to the cab driver. He wasn't awkward with his left hand, either, as you or I would be.

The chauffeur's fingers were numb. He missed. I caught the glint of gold as the coin dropped into the gutter slush.

The driver started out of his seat to look for the gold piece, but Smith stopped him. "Try again," he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"I ASKED you how much." Smith spoke slowly, but very hard. "What's the matter? Can't you talk?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

ordered, as easy as if he were throwing peanuts to a park squirrel, instead of twenty-dollar tips. "Try again." The driver fielded the second double-eagle perfectly. "On your way," Smith ordered.

Of course the doorman ran out to look for the twenty that had dropped in the slush. But Smith paid no attention. He came straight to the baggage door where I was standing.

In the lobby, Smith's entrance stopped everything as if a police whistle had blown. In there, at the desk, I got my first good look at his face. Wind and sun had tanned his skin into russet-brown leather, and bleached out his eyebrows into a dirty straw color. He was thirty-five years old, stood an even six feet, weighed a hundred and ninety, and was hard as a gambler's laugh.

BUT the thing about him that you noticed first was his eyes. Sometimes they were Irish blue, sometimes they were steel gray. But from a distance you would have sworn that they were black, the pupils were so large. They were gimlet eyes that seemed to bore through you. He was a tough baby to lie to.

When he was mad, and was staring at you, he had a trick of half closing the eyelids, until you felt he was watching you through two slits, like a cat. And at night his eyes were lighted from inside, as a cat's eyes are. He bragged that he could see in the dark.

His mouth was large and his lips were usually set straight, in a hard line. But about once a week, when he grinned, he flashed a set of teeth that were white as bathroom tiles. He pulled corks out of bottles with those teeth.

Mr. Tracy was at the desk, waiting with his best new-customer smile on, when Smith walked up.

"I'm Jungle Smith," he told Mr. Tracy. His voice was deep and rumbly. "You'll have to write it for me." He glanced down at his right hand in the black silk sling.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. We have your reservation." Mr. Tracy was trying to squint over Smith's shoulder to see the initials on the bags I carried. But I shook my head that they weren't marked. So Mr. Tracy had to stall. He didn't know how to register the man. "I'm very sorry to see that you've met with an accident, sir."

"Accident? Oh, this?" Smith moved the hand in the sling. "This wasn't any accident. A fellow tried to kill me." He said it as if people were gunning for him every day.

MR. TRACY saw that he wasn't going to get Smith's first name without asking. "What initials, please, Mr. Smith?"

"I told you. I'm Jungle Smith."

So Mr. Tracy wrote it on the card: "Jungle Smith, Esq., of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A."

I saw that Mr. Tracy's hand was trembling a bit when he put the card in the directory rack. It's hard to realize how those cat eyes could worry you, until you've met the man. "I have held the Presidential Suite for you, Mr. Smith."

"Presidential Suite? How much?" Smith demanded, cutting off Mr. Tracy's words before the room clerk had let go of them.

"The rate? Oh, yes, sir. The weekly rate, yes, sir." Mr. Tracy had lost his nerve. He was afraid to say "twelve hundred dollars a week" aloud. So he picked up the pen and wrote the figures on the back of a registration card. He slid the card across the counter, face up, for Smith to see. "That's our rate for the Presidential Suite."

But Smith's eyes didn't leave the clerk's face. He never glanced down at the card at all. "I asked you how much." Smith spoke slowly, but very hard. "What's the matter? Can't you talk?"

"Twelve hundred, Mr. Smith. Twelve hundred a week." There were drops of moisture on Mr. Tracy's forehead.

"All right," Smith snapped, "if that's the rate."

"And, of course, that includes separate accommodations for your man and your secretary." Mr. Tracy was so relieved that he was trying to throw in a couple of four-dollar rooms.

Smith glared at him. "My man?"

"Yes, sir. Your valet."

"Do I look as though I needed someone to wash my ears?"

Mr. Tracy let that pass. He tapped the bell for me, tossing over the key. "Boy, take Mr. Smith to the Presidential Suite."

Smith followed me to the express car. With each step he took I heard that faint jingle of gold pieces in his left coat pocket. I never hear the clink of coins without thinking of Jungle Smith.

Our Presidential Suite at the Royale is the penthouse on the thirty-fourth floor. It has five rooms and four

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

THE PARTY SMOKER* SAID,

"After all, it's the Clean Taste!"

"I'm a heavy smoker," he went on, "but I'm a regular chimney on a party. That's why I've switched to Spuds entirely. The cooler smoke keeps my mouth continually moist-cool and clean and comfortable. That's *my* Spud story."

And it's every Spud smoker's story! Because Spud leaves you always mouth-happy ... no matter if it's a straight-through-the-pack smoking session. That's why Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance is the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Switch to Spud and prove the "clean taste" for yourself!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20c (U.S.)...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

MRS. JUNGLE SMITH
Continued from page twenty-four

baths, kitchenette, reception hall, and roof terrace. Most men would have seemed lost in it. But Smith made you feel that he was too big for anything indoors.

He didn't wait long before he started to disorganize the house. After I roomed him, his first explosion was over the phone service.

He told one of the girl operators to get his bank for him. Of course our girls aren't allowed to look up numbers for guests. But when this girl refused, Smith went into a rage. They had to call the manager to quiet him. Smith stood pat. He wouldn't look up a number in the phone book. He insisted that the hotel do it for him.

When the cursing and swearing was all over, there was an extra girl on the switchboard who had nothing to do except make Smith's connections for him. In fact, there were four extra girls: one for each of the eight-hour shifts and a relief girl. The manager said he was very glad to do this, but he charged the operators' wages as an extra on the bill. Smith didn't kick.

As soon as Smith had his private operator, he told her to get his bank. Then he had a row with the bank. As we heard it, from the phone girl, he ordered the bank to send over two thousand dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces, on an oral memorandum, just as casually as if he'd been ordering a bottle of ginger ale. Naturally the vice presidents went into a huddle and refused. Smith was furious. He had to call old Mr. Wallace, the bank president, in Palm Beach, before the bank agreed. But he got his way in the end. Jungle Smith always got his way.

About five o'clock that afternoon he decided he was hungry. "Send me up something to eat," he roared into the phone to his private operator. She called the room service. A room waiter was sent up for the order.

Two minutes later the room waiter ran down the stairs to the thirtieth floor, without stopping for the elevator. He was scared to death. Smith, he said, had grabbed him by the throat with that left hand, half throttled him, and then flung him up against the wall.

"I think that man too crazy for me," said the waiter, when he was able to talk again. "I hand him one menu card and, next thing I know, he choke me dead."

Giuseppe, the master of the room service, went to Smith's suite to find out what the trouble was.

"BRING me something to eat, you!" Smith shouted, as soon as he saw him. "Don't ask questions. Bring me a square meal."

"But what—"

"Something to eat, you fool. Anything you like. I can pay for it." He threw a handful of gold pieces at Giuseppe. "I want something to eat and I want it now, quick, in a hurry. *Vamos pronto.*"

The room waiter refused to serve the meal Giuseppe picked out, so Giuseppe served it himself.

"That's all right," Smith told him, when he'd finished. "From now on, you bring me three meals a day. If you ever try handing me one of those cards, I'll tear you and the card up and throw you both out the window."

"Yes, sir." Giuseppe had the hundred-dollar tip in his pocket and would have agreed to anything. "But if I should bring monsieur something he does not relish—"

"If you do that it's your hard luck."

Giuseppe was a Swiss, which is the same as saying he was careful and took no chances. He always carried up a choice of three or four dishes and brought back whatever Smith didn't want. They were all charged on Smith's bill.

Little things made him flare up into a rage. Then his good hand would shoot out with a left hook and catch someone on the button. Usually it was because the victim hadn't answered a question. Smith didn't care how you answered him, but he wanted you to look him in the eye and say something.

He liked Giuseppe and me because we would talk right back to him. Twenty times a day he'd call the desk for me. "Send up Ted Fields," he'd order.

If I wasn't on duty, he'd tell them, "Send for Ted. He knows what I want." For weeks the only time off I had was when he was out, or asleep. The manager gave me a room in the hotel, so I could be handy. Strangers were always getting into trouble with the man.

One cold morning, he started down to Wall Street on the Lexington Avenue subway. There weren't any cabs on the stand when he left and he was late for an appointment with some mining man at his bank. He wasn't used to the subway and, at Grand Central, he got on the local train instead of the express.

It's a long ride downtown on the local, and I suppose Smith thought he must be at Wall Street, judging by the time it took. Anyway, he stepped out on the platform at Astor Place.

"Wall Street?" he asked a young fellow named Fritz Wibourg.

Wibourg was a fresh kid. He laughed at Jungle Smith and, instead of answering, just pointed at the sign, "Astor Place." It's three feet high and set in colored tile, just above the platform.

Smith took one look at Wibourg's grin. His left hand shot out straight to the kid's chin. Wibourg went down like a ton of coal into the cellar.

That cost Smith an even ten thousand dollars. The boy's father claimed young Wibourg had suffered a back injury. Of course that was the bunk, but Smith paid without a murmur. "Give 'em what they want," he said. "And don't forget to tell that little greaseball to keep out of my way. Next time, I'll kill him."

THAT'S the way Jungle Smith went on, his pockets always full of the gold pieces I brought him from the bank. His hotel bills, which ran between three and four thousand dollars a week, were paid every Monday by cashier checks from his bank.

I had to buy his clothes for him, his liquor, his fight and theater tickets. Some weeks he couldn't seem to get enough of the theater and would go to three matinées and six night shows in seven days. The next week, perhaps, he'd scarcely leave his room.

It was the same with his drinking. Two quarts of brandy were nothing to him in an evening, when he had a notion of boozing. Other times he wouldn't pull a cork for a week.

During his sullen streaks, when he locked himself in his room, you couldn't help feeling sorry for him. You always had the feeling that there was something terribly wrong about him, something he couldn't help and couldn't talk about.

I can see him now, prowling around that huge living room for hours at a stretch, his face hard as a mahogany knot. He'd jerk off his collar and tie and go back and forth with his catlike, noiseless, prowling tread. Even on hardwood floors his feet scarcely made a sound. Giuseppe claimed that there was cat blood in the man. And as he moved there was that continual jingle of gold pieces in his pocket.

His right hand seemed to get no better. He kept it in the sling. He was marvelously clever with his left hand. He asked no help from anyone except that Giuseppe always cut up his meat.

Smith said his hand had been poisoned by a head-hunter's dart somewhere on the upper Amazon. He wouldn't let a doctor look at it.

"What's the sense?" he asked me. "They're all fools."

The house physician was sore because he couldn't get his hand on such a rich patient. "I know how it will end," he prophesied gloomily. "That hand is poisoning his whole system. He'll go insane—toxic insanity."

He tried his best to get friendly with Smith, but Jungle wouldn't have anything to do with him.

"What can a half-baked pill roller do for a man like me?" Smith growled, when I asked him to have a talk with Doc. "If I told him half the things I've done and a quarter of the things I've seen, he'd say I was crazy. Why, Ted," he went on, "I can take you to a place up the river"—he always spoke of the Amazon as "the river," as if there weren't any other—"yes, sir. I can show you a place up the river, beyond the rubber country, where there are apes who know how to build fires.

Doc would tell you that there aren't any apes on this continent."

Smith looked sharply at me, to see if I believed him. Then he went on, "I can show you apes who've learned how to build fires. And I've been in the Colombian jungle where there are Indian tribes who haven't. Why, I found a tribe of Indians who mine gold to get lead. They throw the gold away and keep the lead, because gold is so common that it's no use to them. I almost reached the mine. But there was a circle of fires around it and guards with poisoned darts. And to reach it you have to swim a stream that's alive with cannibal fish. Look! That's what cannibal fish can do to you!"

He tore open his shirt. Over his ribs were old scars, still showing an angry red. The flesh had been stripped to the bones.

"Another minute in the water," Jungle Smith showed all his teeth as he grinned, "and I would have been hamstrung like a deer. I had to crawl out of the water without making a sound, or I would have been full of poisoned arrows. But some day I'm going back to that gold and lead mine."

ON cold afternoons, when he had nothing to do and nowhere to go, he'd stretch himself on the rug before the hearth with all the windows open. He'd have a roaring fire of logs and the radiators turned off, so that he could be too hot on one side and too cold on the other. He liked to doze there with his eyes shut for hours, with his head on a two-hundred-dollar Bond Street topcoat for a pillow. Once or twice, the maids said, he stayed there all night.

But the minute you caught yourself feeling sorry for him, he'd do something to make you mad. Something unnecessary and brutal, I mean. For instance, he threw a messenger from Cutting & Connors out of his door. The boy didn't do anything wrong. He just took a memorandum to Smith's room instead of delivering it at the desk in the lobby.

As usual, Smith had a fit of remorse after he'd done it. I found him lying on the davenport with a wet towel over his eyes. He was like a child, always playing sick when he'd been naughty.

"My head hurts," he explained to me. That was his usual alibi. "Read me that letter the kid brought, Ted. How my head aches! Read it slow and don't talk loud. It hurts me to listen. It hurts me to think."

The Doc said Smith was growing more psychopathic every day. He seemed interested, if not actually pleased, by the symptoms. "Fits of depression, violent and unreasoning anger, the desire for sympathy, and the impulse to hide and to be alone. There is a known toxic condition in his right hand, which is now beginning to affect his mind. As soon as we can have him definitely committed to an institution, it will be interest-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The right and wrong Laxatives . . . which are *you* taking?

NATURE has provided a way to get rid of intestinal poisons. But the hustle and bustle of modern life cause most of us to forget Nature's daily rule.

So once in a while you need a gentle prompting—and you take a laxative. But which laxative? That's the question!

Next to Nature— Ex-Lax

THE best laxative is the one that comes closest to Nature's own way of acting. Ex-Lax gently stimulates the bowels to action. It does not destroy the natural functions of the intestines. It does not "dynamite" the system. It doesn't gripe. It helps Nature to help herself.

Ex-Lax has no effect on the stomach, does not disturb digestion. It acts on the intestines only. It is safe—it is not absorbed by the system. It's equally effective for young and old.

Ex-Lax is simply that scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, in the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose, combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

Ex-Lax melts in the mouth, thus releasing the phenolphthalein gradually—important from a medical standpoint for perfect results.

Ex-Lax checks on every point your doctor looks for in a laxative.

Find out for yourself

THERE'S only one way to know that Ex-Lax is better than any other laxative you may now be using—and that is to find out for yourself.

Get a box of Ex-Lax from your druggist—take one or two tablets at bedtime. You'll get your answer in the morning!

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Ex-Lax comes in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or use the coupon below for a free sample.

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Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

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Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

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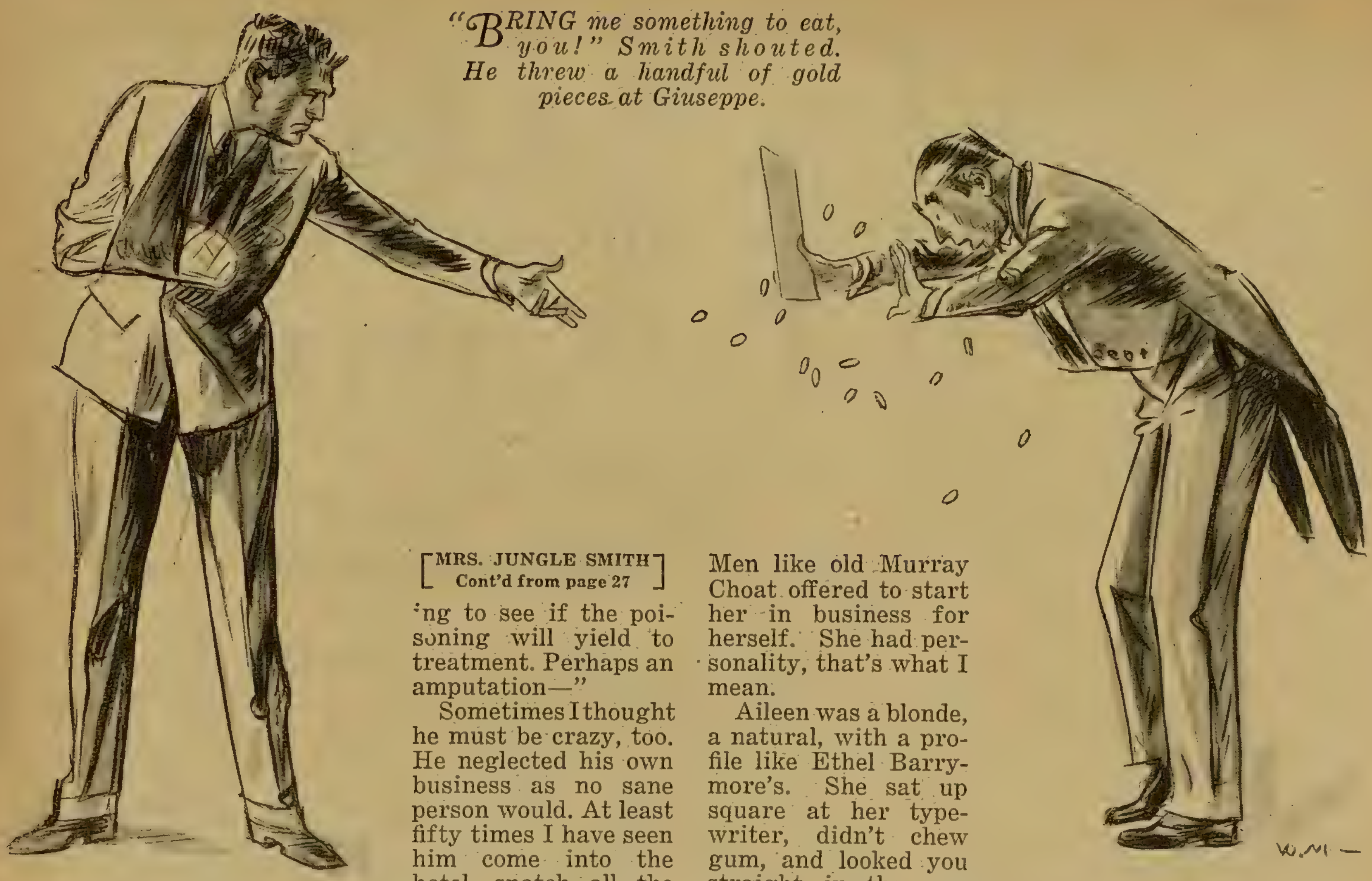

"BRING me something to eat, you!" Smith shouted. He threw a handful of gold pieces at Giuseppe.

MRS. JUNGLE SMITH
Cont'd from page 27

ing to see if the poisoning will yield to treatment. Perhaps an amputation—"

Sometimes I thought he must be crazy, too. He neglected his own business as no sane person would. At least fifty times I have seen him come into the hotel, snatch all the telegrams, phone messages, and letters that were waiting for him, wad them up, and toss them in the fireplace.

"Let 'em phone me when I'm home," Smith would growl. "I haven't got time to go through that junk. If I do business with men I want to see them and talk to them, not fuss around with these little scraps of paper."

The room maid found twenty-five thousand dollars in municipal bonds in his wastebasket. They had been delivered to him personally instead of being sent to his bank. Smith had dumped the package into the wastebasket unopened, along with the daily stack of begging letters, advertisements, and circulars.

The manager returned the bonds. Smith barely thanked him. "What of it?" he asked. "I don't care. I've got too much money, anyway. Men like me shouldn't be rich. Tip the maid and keep the bonds yourself. I'm going to a matinée."

The only time that Smith worried about business was when his head was bad. I've had to stay in his suite all day, keeping cold towels over his eyes. When he was bad like that, he would ask me to read his mail to him. From the letters you could see that he never answered anybody.

If they were too impatient, he'd groan, "Phone 'em, Ted. Have the girl phone 'em. When they're on the wire, I'll try to talk to them."

He called London six times in one day to settle a mine lease. The next day he was feeling better, refused to look at his mail and tossed it all in the fire without opening an envelope. "I'm too busy. Can't be bothered," he explained.

I KEPT telling him that he ought to hire someone to look after his mail for him. I was tired of his nonsense. Besides, the hotel was always in trouble. Men who didn't know Smith blamed us because their messages didn't reach him.

"Aileen could keep track of your mail for you," I kept saying. After weeks of this, he agreed to give her a trial.

As I said before, Aileen was our public stenographer. Everyone in the hotel was crazy about her. Even the soup-and-gravy chef liked her, and you know how cooks are. They usually hate themselves.

Aileen was one sweet kid. And was she smart? Say! Men like old Murray Choat offered to start her in business for herself. She had personality, that's what I mean.

Aileen was a blonde, a natural, with a profile like Ethel Barrymore's. She sat up square at her typewriter, didn't chew gum, and looked you straight in the eye. She said what she meant, meant what she said, and minded her own business. There isn't one good-looking woman in a thousand who can have that on her tombstone.

Girls who work in hotels usually save all the sugar for the men guests and are snooty to bell hops. But from the day I went to work in the Royale, Aileen was just as nice to me as if I'd been a visiting fireman from Terre Haute. She had my vote.

When she wasn't too busy, she and I ate lunch together. She always paid her own check at lunch, because it was during business hours. If I took her out to a show in the evening, she let me buy, because that was social and different.

AILEEN made more than I did. With tips, she sometimes ran to sixty or seventy dollars a week, especially during the horse and auto shows. Other times her take was from forty to fifty. She lived in a one-room-and-bath apartment over on the West Side, dressed herself like a Madison Avenue model, and never worried about men.

"I have to turn down dates for every night in the week," she told me. "Why, I'd have no more sleep than Edison and a figure like a beer barrel if I started to eat all the free food and drink all the free gin these boys talk about."

That's the kind of a girl Aileen was. She was twenty-six and independent as 1776. And she had chances to marry herself out of the stenography business long before Jungle Smith checked into the hotel.

There was a boy from Yale who hung around her when she was twenty-three, which was the first year I worked at the Royale. I advised her to take an option on him.

But I couldn't sell her on the idea.

"Ted," Aileen explained, "I like this job. And the only reason I'd leave it is to get a more interesting one. I know Charles is a nice boy. But the only thing he has to learn is how to clip coupons in a big way. Now," said Aileen, leaning back in her chair, "I won't marry a man unless I can help him. I mean, unless he'd be much worse off without me. And I don't want a marriage that's safe and sane—just a sure thing. I want to run the risk of being much better off or much worse."

The first time I propositioned her on handling Smith's mail, she came back with a fast "No!"

"I'm no toreador," Aileen said, "so you'd better leave your wild bull of the pampas up there in his box stall on the roof. My best thought for him is that Jack Dempsey meets him and socks him right square on the nose, or that Gene Tunney crowns him with a set of Shakespeare."

It took me a week to convince her she should give Smith's work a try, and then she only consented as a favor to me. She made it her rule that she would not go to Smith's apartment unless I stayed there all the time she was taking dictation.

"A ring in Smith's nose and a rope through the ring," Aileen warned me. "We'll have no scenes from Quo Vadis."

I don't mean that she was really afraid of the man. Aileen was not much afraid of anything. But she was just shrewd and cautious, as any girl ought to be.

I was nervous the first time Aileen went up to the Presidential Suite. I was afraid she would get mad and walk out. But, luckily, Jungle Smith was having one of his bad days. He was stretched out on the davenport with a wet towel over his eyes.

"There should be a letter from the Republic of Colombia Mining and Smelting Corporation, Ltd., somewhere in the mail, Miss Baker," he said, without uncovering his eyes to look at her. "Please find it and read it over to me. Read very slowly, because my head hurts. Then I'll tell you how to answer it."

She might have been a machine for all the attention Smith paid her. After a month, Aileen liked him no better.

"He's a puzzle, and I've lost my answer book," she said. "He's been all right to me, but he gets on my nerves. That right hand of his, in the black silk sling, it bothers me. It doesn't get better and it doesn't get worse. There's something uncanny about that man. He's not human."

Some people felt that way about Smith. He gave them the creeps. One type of woman would shiver every time he walked through the lobby. Others always smiled and gave him the eye. But Smith never bothered women.

It was along in May, a year ago, when the blow-off came. One morning Aileen and I took Smith's mail up to his suite about nine o'clock. It was one of his good-natured days. We found him out on the terrace in the sunshine.

"Hello, Miss Baker. Hello, Ted," said Smith. "I'm in a hurry. Going downtown. Was there anything that came in yesterday that we ought to see to this morning?"

That was one of his funny tricks. He'd never answer a letter the day it came in. He always waited twenty-four hours before he picked up his mail.

Aileen walked over to his desk. "There's this from Mr. Derschug, at the Foreign Exchange Trust. He expected an answer yesterday."

"Derschug?" Smith repeated. "I don't know him from an alligator."

"Why, that's Buck Derschug. That old Princeton football player."

"Never heard of him." Smith shook his head. "Let him phone me when I'm in."

She offered him the letter. "He says in here that he expects a reply—"

"Expects?" Smith grinned. "I never gave him any right to expect." He reached out his hand for Derschug's letter, glanced at it, and stuffed it in his pocket. "Was there anything else?"

Just then the phone rang. Smith picked it up.

"Derschug?" we heard him tell the desk downstairs. "No. I don't know him. But tell him he can come up. Yes. And if he's mad, he can get over it."

Smith put down the phone. "Who'd you say this Derschug was?" he inquired. "He's scared the room clerk. They say he's a tough guy, all boiling over about something."

"It's there in the letter," Aileen put in quickly. "He says that you didn't—"

"Oh, well. It doesn't matter," Smith interrupted her. "And he's an old ball player, you say?"

"Why," Aileen warned him, "he was the toughest

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In training for a permanent

SMART GIRL! She knows that a permanent wave is apt to make the hair dry and brittle, unless it is in the best of condition beforehand. So she goes in training.

Why not try it? It's a great idea—really. And so simple. For a month or two before you plan to have your hair permanently waved, give yourself a weekly treatment to cleanse and tone the scalp and improve the texture of the hair. First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp directly from the convenient shaker-top bottle. Next, massage the whole head gently but firmly until it feels pleasantly a-tingle. And then shampoo as usual.

It sounds almost too easy to be valuable, doesn't it? But just wait until you see the new softness and lovely lustre of your hair. And the permanent wave will look so natural and set so beautifully that you'll be telling all your friends to "go in training" too!

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MRS. JUNGLE SMITH
Continued from page twenty-nine

football guard who ever went to Princeton."

Smith showed all his teeth when he laughed. "Then he's just the kind of a guy I like to meet. I didn't go to Harvard. Open the door, Ted. Don't keep him waiting. He might forget he's sore at me."

I stepped out into the entrance hall. Aileen followed me. "Ted," she whispered, "we've got to keep Derschug out. We can't let him in this room."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

I figured that if Jungle Smith wanted to go to the mat with Buck Derschug, it would be a good bout to watch.

"Because," whispered Aileen. "Oh, because—because he's only got one arm. Derschug will kill him."

That was the first time she'd ever let on that she was in Smith's corner.

"That ought to please you, then," I said. Before she could answer, Derschug pounded on the door. Smith called out to let him in.

Derschug was as much bigger than Smith as Smith was bigger than me. He shot past me into the living room.

"You call yourself Jungle Smith, do you?"

"That's right." Smith was drawling his answers. "What do you call yourself?"

"Did you or didn't you get a letter from me?"

"Well, I get lots of letters."

"The hotel says you got my letter."

Smith laughed. "The hotel probably knows."

Derschug was firing his lines at Smith and his voice was growing angrier with each word. I wanted to hear it, but Aileen grabbed my arm.

"Ted," Aileen was trembling, "get Spillings. If you don't get Spillings, I'll never speak to you again."

She meant it. I ducked into the serving pantry to grab the phone. And as I went I heard Aileen scream.

THEY couldn't find Spillings. So I tried to talk to the manager. And while I waited there at the phone I could hear Derschug's roar, "Why, he's got my letter right there in his pocket, the liar!"

There was something more, that I didn't catch, then a scream from Aileen and the thud of a body falling.

"Send up Spillings!" I shouted to the manager. "Derschug and Smith are fighting and it's gone one round now."

Then I dropped the phone and ducked back into the living room.

The first thing I noticed was that Smith's right hand was out of the sling and he was using it like he knew what it was for. And Smith's cheek was cut, the flesh torn clean away from the cheek bone. He'd been the one who hit the floor. Derschug's first left had clipped him and then the old Princeton man had crossed with his right.

Smith must have bounded up off the rug the minute he touched it. He looked bad with that torn face, and he was shaking his head, as if to clear it after a heavy blow. Derschug was walking in as Smith backed away, trying to get a chance to finish the job.

Aileen was standing straight and absolutely bloodless, without a speaking breath left in her body. She was faint. She was out but on her feet, if you know what I mean. Her eyes were on the two men.

Derschug shot his left for Smith's head again. Smith ducked it. He was faster than the bigger man. And as he straightened up, he took a step forward instead of backing away. When he stepped, I saw his bad right hand clip Derschug on the chin. It was an uppercut, with all of Smith's steam behind it. Derschug's head snapped back, as if his neck were broken. Smith's left crossed to Derschug's right ear, before the body toppled from the uppercut. That left was a pippin. It lifted the Princeton man's two hundred and forty pounds right off his feet and knocked him into the fireplace.

HE didn't crumple as he went down, but he fell rigid, as a tree falls. There was a wicked thud when he landed on the bricks. For a split second Smith stood over him, waiting to see if he had had enough. Derschug never moved.

Smith turned to me. "Call a doctor, Ted," he ordered. He lifted his hand and touched his slashed face. "Lookit the stones in his rings. He might just as well have razor blades on his knuckles. He's the first man who ever marked me."

I ran for the phone.

When I came back, Smith was holding a towel to his cheek and he was speaking very quietly to Aileen. "You'd better keep away from me. You'll get all smeared."

Spillings crashed in. He looked once at Smith, then bent over Derschug. "Ted," he shouted, "call the ambulance!" He moved Derschug's body a few inches and straightened up. "Mr. Smith," he said slowly, "I'll have to ask you to wait here until the police come."

Derschug's skull was fractured. They held Jungle Smith on an open charge of first degree assault. As soon as the man died, they expected to change it to manslaughter.

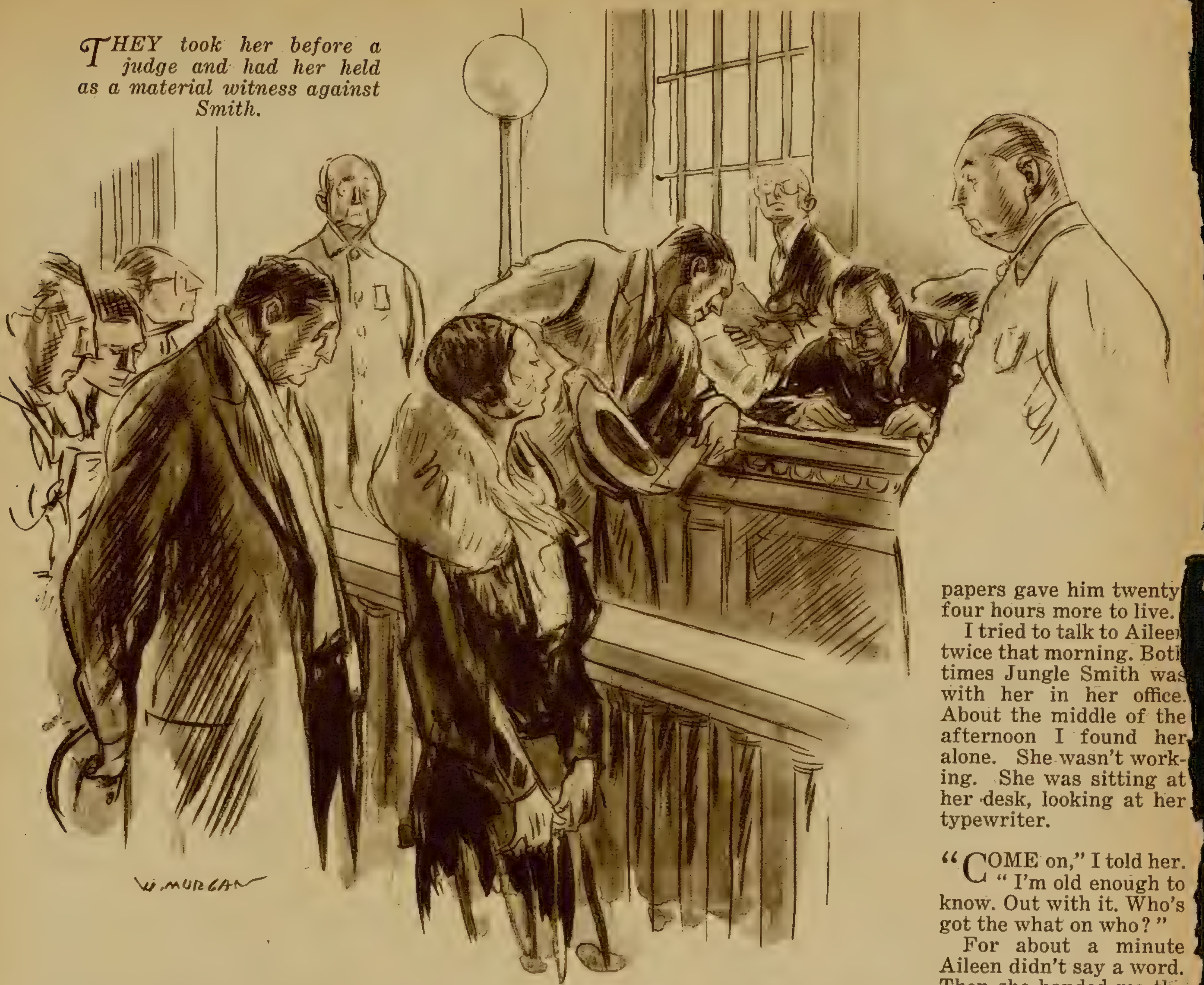
Derschug was a bad man to kill. He had friends and influence. And, naturally, Jungle Smith's reputation for being quarrelsome was against him.

Of course Smith didn't go to jail. He phoned his lawyers and his bank. By the time the doctor had sewed up and bandaged the cut in his cheek, he was free on fifty thousand dollars cash bail.

The detectives who arrested Smith told Aileen and me they wanted to talk to us later in the afternoon. Aileen asked me to come to her office. I thought she wanted to fix up what we'd say so our stories would check. She locked the door.

Then, "Do you know why he hit Derschug?" she began.

THEY took her before a judge and had her held as a material witness against Smith.



" Why does he sock anybody? " I replied.

" Did you hear what Derschug said to him? " She was awfully serious about it. " Or were you phoning? "

" I must have been in at the phone."

" That's all right, then. You heard them talking in loud voices, but you didn't hear what they said. Isn't that right? "

" Sure." I could see what she wanted me to say. " That's my story and I'll stick to it."

" You won't forget, Ted? "

I wanted to ask her why she was so interested. I wondered what she was covering up. But just then someone tried the door. Aileen opened it. Jungle Smith was standing there. It was the first time he'd ever been in Aileen's office. He'd always had her go to his suite before.

" Come in," said Aileen.

They both looked at me as if they wanted me to get out. And they didn't say a word until I'd gone, either.

DOWN at headquarters I gave the story Aileen evidently wanted from me. The district attorney had it typed, then I signed it and swore to it. He pumped me about Smith's bad temper and I had to tell him about some of the jams. But I went heavy on Derschug's quarrelsome manner when he entered.

But Aileen's statement, as the stenographer read it back to her, before she signed it, sounded as though it wasn't about Smith and Derschug at all. She'd forgotten the letter Derschug wrote Smith. She was pretty vague, too, about remembering things that had been said.

The best they got out of her was the admission that Smith began the battle after Derschug had said " something insulting." She couldn't remember what that was.

The next day Derschug was still in the coma. The papers gave him twenty four hours more to live.

I tried to talk to Ailee twice that morning. Bot times Jungle Smith was with her in her office. About the middle of the afternoon I found her alone. She wasn't working. She was sitting at her desk, looking at her typewriter.

" COME on," I told her. " I'm old enough to know. Out with it. Who's got the what on who? "

For about a minute Aileen didn't say a word. Then she handed me the news: " We're going to be married."

" Who? " I jumped off the desk.

" We."

" You and who else? Not you and Jungle Smith? "

She nodded. " We'll be married tomorrow."

" You can't mean that, Aileen."

She looked me straight in the eye. " I'm going to marry Mr. Smith tomorrow."

" But you don't like him. You said so yourself."

" Ted, you don't understand."

" You're right, I don't." That made me mad. " Haven't we told each other fifty times that the man is cuckoo? " I went on. " You've said yourself that it isn't safe to be around him. For all you know, he might fly off the handle on your wedding trip; choke you, or something."

" I told you once, Ted, that if I ever married it would be on a gamble—"

" Gamble all you like, but this is the short end of a hundred-to-one shot."

" I'm taking a fifty-fifty chance on this," she insisted.

" You ask the Doc if Smith is sane."

" I don't need to ask any doctor."

Then it all came clear to me. A wife can't be forced to testify against a husband. And Aileen was the only witness the district attorney had to prove that Smith started the fight by socking Derschug. If Smith married Aileen, his lawyer could plead self-defense. And Aileen, as his wife, couldn't testify to the contrary. That was fine Smith. But what about her?

" Look here, Aileen. Are you crazy enough to ma Smith to keep him out of jail? Is this a gag so you wo have to testify against him? "

" Perhaps," said Aileen, " that may be why we're bein

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MRS. JUNGLE SMITH
Continued from page thirty-one

married so soon. But we'd marry before long, anyway."

"Don't tell me you're in love with him."

"I wouldn't marry him unless I was."

"I won't let you marry him."

She laughed at me. "Try and stop me."

That's exactly what I did. I called the district attorney and told him he was going to lose his witness, for Aileen meant to marry Smith. Then I went to Aileen and told her what I'd done.

"Ted," she promised me, "some day I'll make you ashamed of yourself. Not for calling the district attorney, but for having so little confidence in me." She wasn't mad at me, though.

They arrested her at eight o'clock the next morning. Derschug was still alive, the hospital reported. They took her before a judge and had her held as a material witness against Smith.

But Smith's lawyer appeared with twenty-five thousand-dollar bills, which he posted as a cash bond. Aileen walked out of court. She met Smith at the marriage-license bureau.

I saw her only for a minute afterwards. It was in the Pennsylvania Station, when I put her baggage and Smith's on the train. Dozens of reporters were swarming about, flashlight bulbs glaring.

"Good-by, Ted." Aileen put out her hand.

"Good-by, kid. And don't forget, I'm always on call for you. I mean that. If you'll whistle whenever you need me, I'll come arunnin'."

She understood what I meant. She squeezed my hand and we let it go at that.

The morning papers had a picture of Aileen and Jungle Smith, with his bandaged head, getting on the train. He was telling the reporters that he didn't care if he forfeited his seventy-five thousand. "Let the cops keep the money," he said. "We don't care."

That was the last we heard of them. They dropped out of sight faster than two stones in a lake. Smith's trunks were moved over to our storage. Derschug finally recovered. The criminal charge against Smith was dropped. As I said, that was all a year ago.

ABOUT ten o'clock yesterday morning a nurse phoned me from the Parkside Hospital. "Mr. Fields?" she asked. "I have a message for you. Do you recall a promise you once made to Mrs. J. Smith?"

For a minute I couldn't think who Mrs. J. Smith might be. Then, "To Aileen?" I asked. "You bet I do. I told her if she ever wanted me, to slip me the old token. And that goes."

"Well," said the nurse. "Mrs. Smith would like to have you come over here, to the hospital, some time today."

"What's the trouble with her?"

"Why, what do you suppose?"

I could have killed her for stalling me. I could imagine how Aileen looked if Jungle Smith had really been sore when he socked her. "Is she bad?"

"She's getting along marvelously now."

"Tell her I'll be there in ten minutes."

But I made it in eight, clear over to Central Park West. I didn't stop to change out of uniform.

The place is more like a hotel than a hospital and the ms are named. Aileen's was called the Imperial Suite. nurse opened the door.

Mrs. Smith is expecting you," she said. "Go right
"

Aileen was sitting up in bed, looking like every one Smith's thirty millions. Her color was her own, too. At least, it didn't come off when I kissed her. I just said, "Aileen," and looked at her. Her face wasn't marked. She seemed fine.

"What happened to you, kid?" I said, as soon as I could. "Any bones—"

"What happened to me?" She looked blank for a minute. "Don't you know— Ted? You really don't know?"

I didn't know anything.

Then Aileen laughed. She laughed so hard that the nurse came in. Aileen pointed to me. "He didn't know this is a maternity hospital. He thought I'd been in an accident."

"Well," I said, "you might tell me—"

"Boy," said Aileen. "Ten days old. Jay Smith, Junior." I got the Jay Smith, Junior, all right. Jungle had been rechristened. I wondered how he liked that.

The nurse went out again.

Aileen looked me right in the eye, the way she used to do. "Ted, you came up here to say 'I told you so.' Be honest now. That was your speech, wasn't it?"

There wasn't any use denying it.

"Well," I said, "out with it. How are things?"

"Fine."

"And you're not sorry?"

SHE shook her head and meant it. "I was going to write you, Ted. But I wanted to be sure. And, for a while after we married, I couldn't be sure. Then I decided to wait until I could see you before I said anything." She paused for a minute and I knew we were both thinking about Jungle's life at the hotel. "I can tell you this, honestly. I married the best man in the world. And the kindest. And the most considerate."

I still had my doubts.

"You remember that morning when Derschug came up?" Aileen asked. "Well, it was that fight that showed me why Jay had been acting so strangely. You remember I handed him Derschug's letter and he looked at it, then put it in his pocket. But, Ted, he looked at it upside down."

"Yes?" I didn't get it.

"And then Derschug said, 'What's the matter with you? You got my letter. Can't you read?' And my husband hit him. I would have told you then, Ted, but it wasn't my secret."

"But I don't see—"

"Don't be thick, Ted. He couldn't read. My husband couldn't read or write a word. That was all that was wrong with him. He kept his right hand in the sling so he wouldn't be asked to sign his name. He threw unopened letters and messages away rather than confess he couldn't make them out. He carried gold coins because they were easier to count than paper bills."

"So that was it. But why did he act like a madman about it?"

"Can't you imagine the strain he was under every minute? That huge fortune worried him. He thought if anybody knew he couldn't read and write, he'd be gypped out of his property. He lost his first million, every cent of it, because a crooked Englishman had him make his mark on a contract he couldn't read."

I sat back in my chair. It had taken Aileen to figure that out. There was only one more question to ask her, "Where is he now?" I felt I'd like to see Jungle Smith and sort of apologize for things I'd said and thought about him.

"He should be in there," she pointed to the sitting room, "studying his spelling and arithmetic lessons." She held up a seventh-grade reader that was on her bed. "But he's probably in the nursery, playing with the baby."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Liberty announces the names of the

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To the

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 2 seconds.)

ZIEGFELD girls charm many a "daddy." The Ziegfeld girl who charms Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld personally is a fourteen-year-old tomboy named Patricia Burke Ziegfeld—his daughter.

Patricia is red-haired, blue-eyed, and lively, like her actress mother, Billie Burke. Like her mother, Patricia loves the stage and belongs to it.

She made her theatrical début in Philadelphia recently, but it was a brief one. Daddy Ziegfeld sent her right back to school.

"She's too young," he told me when I asked him about it. "Later on she may take up a stage career, but only if she develops real dramatic talent. We don't want a mediocre actress in our family."

Otherwise Mr. Ziegfeld is an indulgent parent. Patricia owns seventeen pet dogs. Until recently she owned a pet elephant—a baby one which used to sit on the Ziegfeld front porch and eat peanuts. But this pet grew up, overwhelmed the premises, had to be exiled to a zoo.

Next to her father, Patricia adores all kinds of animals and outdoor sports. Says she'd like to be head nurse in a dog hospital.

Dreams of going big-game hunting in Africa. Handles guns like a veteran, rides like a cowgirl, casts a trout line twenty-five feet farther than her pa. Prefers fishing pants to pretty Paris dresses. Will Rogers taught her how to rope steers. She plays violent tennis, golf, baseball, hockey. Makes her father get up and eat breakfast with her every morning at half-past seven!

Goes to his rehearsals, too. Inspects all new Ziegfeld shows when they're in the making. Offers ideas, suggests changes—and is usually right, so her daddy says.

"She's a good influence to have around," he declared. "I'm always cutting out risqué lines because of her."

A swell kid is Miss Patricia Burke Ziegfeld. Look at her steady, intelligent eyes and you know you're looking at a girl who will *be* somebody some day, no matter what she chooses to do.

NUDE sun bathing comes up for debate again with the advent of summer sunshine. The cult grows larger every year, especially as it applies to small children.

I talked about this the other day with a children's health specialist. He praised the general practice of nude sun bathing for children, but also pointed out some of the precautions he believes should be taken.

"Before exposing a child's body to direct rays of the sun," he said, "the condition of the child's skin and blood should be ascertained, for some may be seriously injured unless the sun treatment is applied gradually.

"Local climate should also be considered. The effects of sun rays differ in different regions; Minnesota rays not the same, for instance, as those of Colorado or New Jersey. Because of soft-coal smoke overhead, city sunlight contains less of the strong actinic ray than country or seashore sunlight."

These factors should be remembered by parents during summer vacations out of town.

SPAIN has always been a man's country—ruled by men. Nowhere have the women of a western nation gained less independence. The late Primo de Rivera, when he was dictator, jilted his fiancée because she took up a business career and appeared in public with business associates.

No Spanish woman played a prominent part in the revolution which has brought Alfonso's kingdom to an end and set up a republic in place of the monarchy. Yet this revolution owes its bloodlessness in no small measure to the women who stand behind the republican men of Spain. Quietly, stanchly, they have encouraged their menfolk toward an orderly settlement after years of trouble, danger, and strife. Through prison and exile they have been loyal to the ideals of their men.

The wife of the Republican aviator hero Ramon Franco defended his views with dignity and spirit when threatened with arrest for conspiracy.

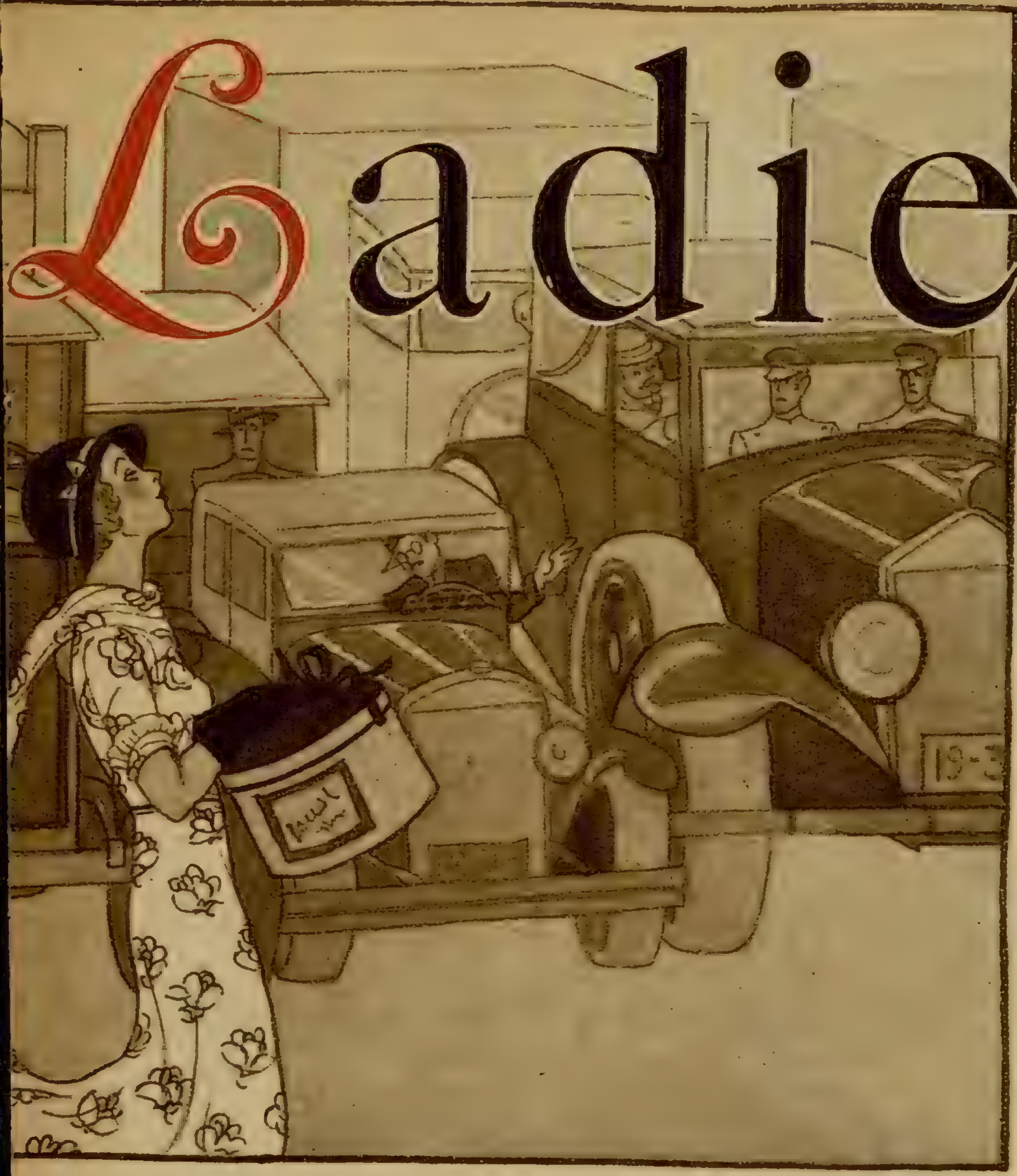
Only one Spanish woman has become at all well known in public life. She is Victoria Kent, the woman lawyer of English descent who defended the new Minister of Public Works, Alvaro de Albornez, during his trial for treason under the late monarchy. Senorita Kent has now been appointed head of the prison system by the Republican government.

It will be interesting to see whether the new government introduces any changes in the status of Spanish women.

PYJAMAS are still being argued about. Mme. Chanel has expressed the opinion (a perfectly correct opinion, to my mind) that women should wear pyjamas only on the beach or at intimate gatherings.

For the beach they are charming in various cotton materials. I have just seen some delightful white cotton piqué pyjamas with bright gingham or printed linen boleros. Very short, very tailored in effect, are these

Ladies!



Picture by Janice Wathen

boleros, with four large mother-of-pearl buttons in front.

I noticed, for home wear, some extremely attractive pyjamas featuring belted trousers in cool pastel shades and sleeveless blouses ornamented around the square décolletage by leaf designs appliquéd in contrasting colors.

The belted trousers were of crépy silk. These pyjamas looked restful and dainty, and anyone who can handle a needle can make them at home—embroidery and all.

Among the color combinations a sky blue with lemon-yellow and tangerine-toned appliqué design pleased me enormously.

A FRIEND of mine was having a new coat fitted, and I was with her. The tailor was obviously foreign—Austrian, I guessed. I asked him if that was right.

"Yes, madame," he said. "I come from Vienna. When I was a young apprentice I once helped make a riding costume for the Empress Elizabeth."

My friend and I looked interested, so the old man plunged straightway into reminiscence.

"My master took me with him to the imperial summer residence. From a window I saw the royal table spread for dinner, one day, in the garden. The Emperor was there with many guests. They were waiting for the Empress. Suddenly she came galloping up on a fine big horse—and jumped clear over the table.

"Ach, what a horsewoman she was! Marvelous! And how she fussed about her riding clothes! She paid more attention to her riding costumes than she did to any ball dress."

Poor, tragic, magnificent Elizabeth of Austria! Victim of a mad assassin's knife. How curious to have her come alive here in New York through a story told by an old tailor man who had served her in his youth.

CHERRY trees are in blossom. Cherries will soon be ripe. According to old New England ideas, a girl who knows how to make a good cherry pie will make a good wife—otherwise not. I'm afraid I couldn't pass that test, but I can give you an English recipe for *cherry fool*. It's good on a hot day.

Simmer until tender (about 10 minutes) a pound of black cherries in a sugar sirup made of ¾ cup water and ½ cup sugar, or more if the cherries are sour.

Pit the cherries and chop finely when cooked. Cool them and mix with a vanilla-flavored custard made (in a double boiler) of one pint milk, one whole egg, one extra yolk, and one tablespoon sugar.

Put the mixture on ice. Whip ¾ cup cream and stir into the cherry custard just before serving. Serve in parfait glasses. Hang a twin cherry cluster on the edge of each glass.

VICE has been in the New York limelight all winter. By "vice" I mean commercialized sex and the police corruptions which go with it.

From evidence presented it is clear enough that such a commerce exists in secret, and that the attendant police corruptions have indeed been outrageous. To native American women this discovery is no doubt appalling. I share their abhorrence of it, but as a newly made American—Europe born and Europe bred—I cannot help seeing the whole dreary business in another light.

Corrupt as they may be underneath, American cities seem utterly pure compared to the big European cities with which I am familiar.

I appreciate this when I remember the nightly parade of London girls in Piccadilly Circus, and the open love market conducted shamelessly in the streets of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Remembering these, I turn in relief to the streets of New York, where any woman may walk alone without fear of molestation.

It is necessary, of course, to take steps against every sex irregularity. But it is worth while too, I think, for the women of this country to appreciate the exceptional advantages they enjoy in this respect.

WASHING up the dirty dishes is, I believe, the meanest and the most depressing of all our household chores. How we women hate it! It gives us such a pitiful poor-little-Cinderella feeling—unless there's some nice person handy to "wipe" for us and help us make a game of it.

Dishwashing would not strike many of us as a good subject for literature, yet the novelist A. P. Herbert uses a dishwashing scene most artistically—and accurately—to introduce the heroine of his novel Water Gypsies. He makes us feel ever so sorry for poor Jane, enslaved to her dishpan.

But we know that he is laughing at her just a little, too, for of course he's a man—and few men ever get to understand the deadly drudgery of the kitchen sink.

But there is one group of brainy men in a famous laboratory which is experimenting just now with the toughest, stickiest dishwashing problems they can find.

You may be interested to know they have discovered that one of the two hardest dishes to wash is a dish upon which tomato soup has been dropped from a height of six feet, then allowed to dry.

Hardest of all, these scientists announce, are plates dirtied with a mixture of castor oil and lampblack. Have you ever served *that* delicacy to your dinner guests? Just like a set of he-male scientists, isn't it, to think up such recipes?

Lon

A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Lon Chaney and Lila Lee in The Unholy Three.

(Reading time: 27 minutes 25 seconds.)

CHANEY'S first venture into the movies as a director and his experimenting with make-ups for the impersonation of the unusual characters with which he was so successful later were described in last week's installment. It also told of the events leading up to the meeting of the woman whom he afterward married, and who was destined to be such an inspiration to him in his climb to fame and fortune.

PART FOUR—MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

LON CHANEY hid his secrets of make-up as carefully as a gambler hides a fifth ace. While he lived it would have broken his heart to have any publicity concerning them.

Not even the director on the picture knew what was coming off.

The first day of a new Chaney picture was a ceremonial. At five o'clock, just as the cold dawn was breaking over the studio, the gateman on duty would see the familiar roadster drive up, with John Jeske, silent and impenetrable, at the wheel, and Chaney, as silent, beside him. The gates would swing back upon the empty silence of the tremendous plant. Chaney would park his car in the most select spot—it always gave him a secret glee to put it in exactly the spot where the great executives could most conveniently descend to go up to their offices—and proceed to his dressing room.

No dressing bungalows for Chaney. No valets.

Basil Rathbone once stopped Chaney on the lot to ask him if a valet who had once been with Ramon Novarro—Ramon was in Europe—was a good man.

"I mean," said Rathbone with his careful English accent, "does he understand all the duties of a first-class valet?"

"How the hell should I know?" said Chaney. "I don't know what the duties of a first-class valet or any other kind of a valet are."

Chaney and Jeske would enter the dressing room. At nine o'clock on the second, Chaney would appear on the set as the character he was supposed to portray. No one knew how he had turned the slim, wiry body, the lean, haggard face of Lon Chaney into the one-eyed man of The Road to Mandalay, the armless man of The Unknown, the menacing figure of London After Midnight.

No one could casually drop into Lon's dressing room as they did into the others on the lot. It was a holy of holies, a sanctum, a magician's cell. Dirty, disorderly, as ordinary as that of any second-rate leading man on the lot, it was inviolate. Louis B. Mayer himself couldn't get by that door.

A sacred few were admitted. They knew somewhat of the mysteries. It was an added joy to Chaney to have a small, intimate audience to watch the rites. It gave him the thrill he denied his vanity so often and he knew that in their hands he was safe.

His intimates included none of the "big names" on the lot. He liked to flaunt his independence.

John Jeske, to whom he left five thousand dollars in his

Chaney

will. His servant, friend, constant companion. How often we find some such figure in the life of a famous man or woman—a sort of shock absorber and equalizer! John had been a mechanic in a garage where Lon used to take his car. Lon loved fine automobiles. They were his one extravagance. An extravagance he always alibied by the time he used them.

WHEN necessity forced Lon to have someone to help him in his many activities, Lon hired John Jeske, a German born. From that day forward the two men were seldom apart. John was like a second self. Oddly enough, there was a striking resemblance between the two. Jeske had the same build, the same deep lines in his face, the same quick black eyes. They went to the fights together, seated every Friday night in those same seats in the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. They went to football games together. On Lon's long fishing trips. And it was John Jeske who drove Mrs. Chaney to the hospital on that last fatal midnight and stood beside her, her comforter and sustaining friend.

John Jeske was always in Lon's dressing room.

Creighton Chaney was allowed to go there and sit perfectly quiet while the master sculptured his strange masterpieces.

The two Feinbergs, Jack and Sam, his set musicians.

Perhaps no one knew Lon better than Jack and Sam. In the long, long hours that he put in at the studio they were his constant companions. They

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

ONE of Chaney's greatest rôles—Quasimodo in The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

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THESE ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK BROAD

Lon Chaney

A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

The hard-boiled Sergeant in Tell It to the Marines.

Motion Picture Publications photo

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 25 minutes.)

SECRETS of some of the make-ups with which Lon Chaney amazed Hollywood as well as the public; the torture he inflicted on himself in his efforts at realism; his readiness always to aid those with whom he worked; and how, despite the fame that was his, he remained the simple, sentimental, hard-boiled guy who gloried in the fact that he was often mistaken for a stage hand, were told last week.

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

LON CHANEY'S charities were his own. Based on sentiment, on something he could see and understand. The abstract didn't appeal to him.

The Community Chest of Los Angeles, which is the official organized charity supplying funds through a central outlet to the needy of all creeds and races, calls heavily upon the motion-picture industry for funds and workers. Each studio has a quota and the amount is proportioned out by the heads. So much to be given by each big star, so much by actors and directors getting certain salaries, so much to be raised by smaller contributions among the less highly paid employees.

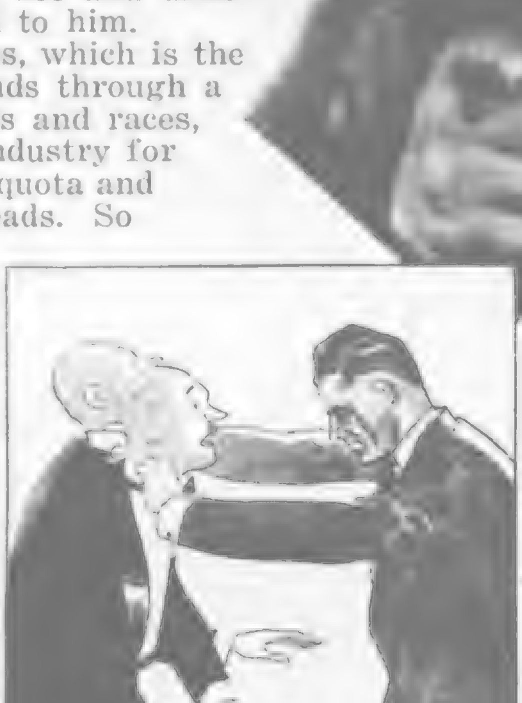
During the last drive Chaney's name, with those of Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, was down on the list for five thousand dollars. It was a fair "tithe" of the salary earnings of these people to be given to public charity.

Lon refused absolutely.

Greenwood sent for him to talk it over.

"What's the matter, Lon?" he said. "You can afford that."

"Sure," said Chaney, with his quick grin, "but I'm not going to. I've got my own gang to look after, and they aren't the kind the Community Chest could ever help. They need somebody they can get in touch with in emergencies. There are plenty of folks that need a helping hand in the tough spots. I know what that means and that's where my charity goes. You can't tell me where to give my money, you nor the Community Chest nor anybody else. I know what's right and I'll do it."



There was a swift gesture, a ripping noise.

What he said was true. The little girl up in the accounting department whose kid brother had to be sent to Arizona for a year or die. He went, and Chaney footed the bills. The wife of an electrician who had to have an expensive operation. The famous doctor received a check signed Lon Chaney. The mother of an assistant cameraman who needed X-rays and treatments. Lon saw that she got them. Young men with families who had been out of work and couldn't make the payments on their little homes. Lon, with a slap on the back, gave the money and usually refused to take it back.

When a new baby was expected in a family where the income was small, it was Chaney who paid the hospital bills and sent out the new crib and the clothes for the expected arrival.

When a clean, honest young chap had a chance to buy into a small business with a future, it was Chaney who put up the money.

There is a girl studying music in Paris on a bank account arranged for her by Mrs. Chaney. She was a waitress in the M.-G.-M. commissary, a girl with a beautiful voice. Lon told his wife about it and they gave her the chance she had ceased to hope for.

I know two boys who are going through engineering college at Chaney's expense. He approved of engineers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-nine

After he was gone, they found in his dressing room all his charity accounts, kept in separate bank books and so arranged that they could be carried on after his death.

His greatest interest in his fan mail was in that which came from prisons all over the world. No secretary handled the mass of letters which arrived every day. He took time to check it himself and with his own hand answered the messages that came to him from behind the bars.

"If they are interested enough to write me, I guess I can manage to answer them," he said.

His ideas on prison reform were definite and active. For the Island Lantern, a magazine issued at the United States Penitentiary at McNeil Island, Chaney wrote a splendid article on the correction of faults in our present system of imprisonment. Its literary merits weren't great, but it was pervaded by sound sense and constructive suggestions.

Among other things, he said:

"To sum up my ideas as an observer, effective prison work leading to better observance of the laws would embrace the following points:

"Segregation of prisoners and corrective education.

"Indeterminate sentences, coupled with an effective scheme for state rehabilitation, furnishing a goal toward which each man should work.

"Education work in prisons: trade instruction and interesting labor.

"Administration of prisons by specialists trained for this important work and not fettered by politics. Like our schools, our prisons should be entirely removed from the influence of politicians.

"And don't class any man as a permanent danger to society until all efforts at rehabilitation have failed—and then, I think, you'll find the 'failure' is a case for the psychiatrist rather than a penologist.

"Underlying it all is just one thing—a square deal.

"The Golden Rule is still a splendid old idea and doesn't get old-fashioned. And man is still his brother's keeper."

THERE you have Chaney. Simple, a little trite, honest and direct. The champion of the under dog. Jobs for men out of prison were part of his charity.

"They're supposed to have paid their debt, aren't they?" he said once to a man whom he asked to give employment to an ex-convict. "Are we going to keep nagging at them the rest of their lives and force them back into crime? If we do, we're just as guilty of it as they are."

Above the mirror in his dressing room was a verse which he told Clinton Lyle summed up all his ideas of religion:

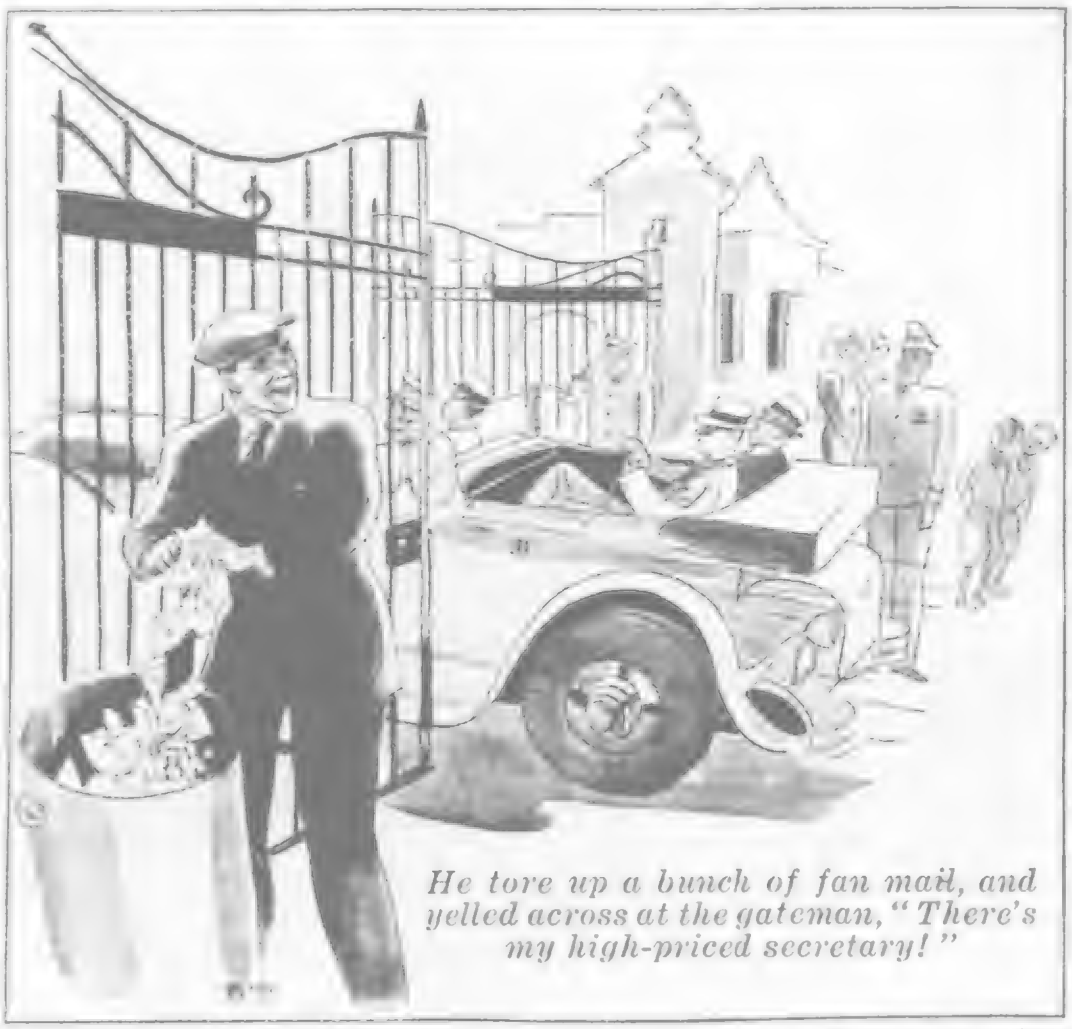
Do what thy manhood bids thee do.
  From none but self expect applause.
He noblest lives and noblest dies
  Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

Yet, with it all, Chaney was rabidly unforgiving of small injuries.

He loved to flaunt his pose, loved to make fun of the "aristocrats."

One day another famous male star drove through the front gate with his valet and secretary in attendance. After all, such service is almost essential to a hard-driven screen star. Chaney watched him with something like a sneer and as the car passed he tore up a huge bunch of fan mail, threw it in a near-by ash can, and yelled across at the gateman, "There's my high-priced secretary!" The ash can.

Once he started to take some friends on a set where a certain man star was working. The star refused to allow the party to watch him work. The reason, which he couldn't at the moment explain, was that his leading lady, a New York actress now dead, was very drunk. It wasn't wise to allow outsiders to see her in that condition. Later he told Chaney about it. But Chaney never forgave him and never missed an opportunity to show his contempt.



He tore up a bunch of fan mail, and yelled across at the gateman, "There's my high-priced secretary!"

Picture by Garrett Price

AT the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the big commissary is divided into two rooms. A big main dining room with a lunch counter at one side, where the majority of people who work on the lot eat. At one side is a charming porch, with screened windows looking out on the grass. There the stars, directors, executives, and important players have their meals.

The caste line is drawn, invisible but sure.

Lon Chaney never ate on that porch in his life. He was the only star who ever ate anywhere else.

His table was just inside the main doors. There he sat daily and the gang stopped to have a word with him as they came in.

Eating was a favorite pastime with him and he had his favorite dishes and got better service and more special attention than any other star.

But always in the main dining room.

A few days after Lon's death I was eating there myself with a couple of men who knew Lon well. The place was crowded and two girls, evidently stenographers, came and sat at the same table. One of them ordered a "Lon Chaney sandwich," a concoction of bacon, tomatoes, and cheese which Lon had invented.

The waitress, a big middle-aged woman, stood perfectly still. The girl looked up, startled. Then they both began to cry.

"Oh," said the girl, "I'm sorry. I forgot. I don't want any lunch." And she flew out of the dining room. The waitress openly wiped her eyes on her apron and went on to another table.

At Christmas time he always arrived at the studio with carloads of presents. For Ruth and Rosie. For Clara and Peggy. For Jane and Bess. Not a girl was forgotten and not one but found a Christmas card with her name and a little message in the box of stockings or gloves or the merchandise order from some big store.

Yet Lon's name was never connected even momentarily with that of any girl to whom he was kind.

Clinton Lyle told me a little story that explains Lon's

"I'm okey," he'd say. "Let's get on with it. I can stand another shot."

The muscles of his back screamed and protested. His poor spine ached so that he couldn't sleep at night for pain. His flesh crawled under the heavy binding rubber. The nerves in his eyes and nose twitched and jumped. But he never said a word. It was almost as though he gloried in the torture, gloried in doing something no actor had ever done before.

He had guts, plenty of them. Too many.

I remember one terribly hot day when I went out to watch them work on this great picture. Interest in Hollywood was terribly keen. Weird tales of the make-up drifted about.

When I arrived, Chaney was having a battle with the director. There was some argument about the story, about the authenticity of a scene. Bound in his harness, hopping about like something in a nightmare, his eyes snapping and his hands clenched half in anger, half in pain, Chaney was calling down denunciations upon the head of the scenario writer who had dared to question or take liberties with the immortal Victor Hugo.

"Hugo knew, didn't he?" he yelled. "He knew about Paris. He'd been there, hadn't he? I guess we can take Victor Hugo's word for it, can't we? We don't need any blankety-blank, half-witted, cockeyed so-and-so to tell *Victor Hugo* how to write his own stuff, do we? By God, I say we'll make it the way Victor Hugo wrote it and to hell with the scenario writer, whoever he is!"

Ten minutes later, as they finished a scene, he fainted from pain and exhaustion and had to be carried off on a stretcher. That happened not once but many times.

IT seemed to me more than any public would demand or had the right to demand for its entertainment. It was as though we had gone back to the days of the Roman arena for our amusement. Such self-torture made me a little ill.

I told Lon so. If you had seen him, the lines carved deep in his face, his eyes haggard with pain, you would have agreed with me.

But he only stared stubbornly, and again I saw in his eyes the blazing light of the fanatic.

"You're wrong," he said. "This is truth, not acting. I'm not playing a hunchback with a bundle of straw on my back. I am a hunchback. I know how it feels. I've only got one eye with that make-up, to show them the torments of that poor deformed soul and body. Well, that eye will show it because I feel it. I'll show 'em. I can do it."

Lon Chaney never fully recovered from The Hunchback of Notre Dame. To be sure, he became more famous. Was a star. Little by little, though, the flair died. The marks of pain grew. The spirit and body lost fire, though he was always in fine physical shape. He was never quite the man—quite the vital, dynamic person—he had been before he put on that ghastly harness.

You can't give the human spine the beatings Lon gave it and get away with it. Nothing could convince him of that. His stubborn, dogged pride never faltered. *He* could do it. When he left the studio for the last time, he was talking about another great hunchback part.

The hunchback was only one of the many beatings Chaney inflicted upon himself.

The legless man of The Penalty was a thing no one should have to go through. There were tricks suggested to Chaney—cover-ups, lighting, chairs, and all that sort of thing. He only snorted.

Try it yourself. Get on your knees and bend your lower legs back and up until they are parallel with your thighs. Strap them together as tight as human flesh can bear. Place your bent knees in a tight leather stump shoe. Try walking around for hours, working hard, in great emotional stress, in that position. No wonder Lon used to weep when he collapsed after those great scenes.

To me, that was the greatest thing he ever did. For he was a great actor.

It is not strange that little Mrs. Chaney hated these parts. They must have called up the tortured past when in real life she had been wife to a legless man. And now

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A little more precision
. . . A lot better result

PRECISION and skill usually decide the winner on dirt track or speedway. Motors are tuned to perfection. Work in the pits is swift and accurate. In automobile racing—as in most other branches of human activity—a little more precision means a lot better result.

Made with utmost exactness in one of America's finest precision plants—the new Valet blade has won the endorsement of the most discriminating class of shavers. Metallurgists say the Valet is a far superior razor blade. Dermatologists prescribe it for the relief and prevention of skin disorders caused by harsh or improper shaving.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor and can be cleaned and stropped without removal. Satisfy yourself that exactness in blade manufacture means far better shaving results. Do this by getting Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

VALET
Auto Strop
BLADES

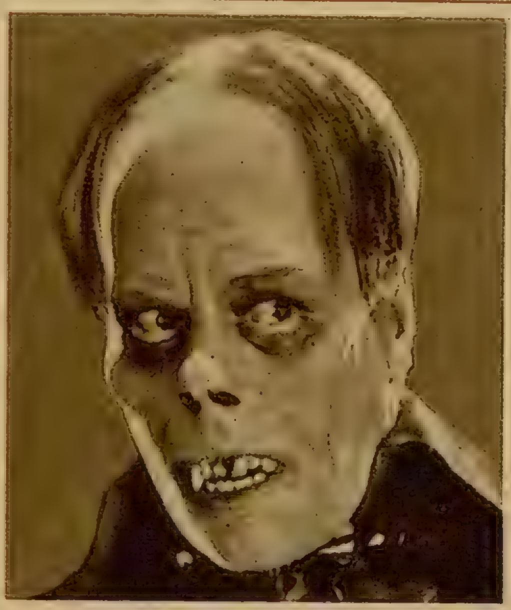
VALET AutoStrop

RAZORS AND BLADES

LON CHANEY
Continued from page forty-one

again she was watching a nightmare imitation of that tragedy in her husband's unreal rôles. More than that, they distressed her because of the pain they caused Lon.

But in that one thing and that one thing only she could do nothing with her husband. Even a beloved wife cannot alter a man who is fanatically pursuing a Great Idea. After Tell It to the Marines—an enormous success which was almost a straight rôle for Chaney—the studio suggested that he do a few of those parts. He was furious. Wouldn't consider it. Was wounded that they thought the public would stand for the disappearance of the man of a thousand faces.



As the Phantom of the Opera in the play of that title.

Lon had never been satisfied with the fishskin he used in The Hunchback. When he played the one-eyed man in The Road to Mandalay, he went to one of the finest opticians in Los Angeles and had a glass shield made which exactly resembled a sightless eye. This he inserted over his own eyeball, under the eyelid. The pain grew terrible after a time. For hours after he removed it, Chaney couldn't see out of that eye at all. Not even his family knew that in that picture he injured that eye beyond repair and could never see out of it as well as he did out of the other.

Another painful make-up, though perhaps it didn't show it, was in London After Midnight.

Do you remember those strange eyes, those inhuman eyes, that peered from beneath the tall black hat? The eyes with the pouches underneath?

To achieve those eyes, Chaney had two gold rings made. These he fitted into the flesh below the eye and against the bone at the top, almost as a man wears a monocle, only much more tightly, so that the whole lower and upper lids were distended. Over these he put a layer of mortician's wax and then applied grease paint. The rings cut deep grooves in the tender flesh beneath the eyes. The irritation made water run from the eyeballs and helped the strange effect.

Do you remember the weird, distended nose whose wide nostrils flared back from the face in The Phantom of the Opera? It wasn't only critics and audiences who were puzzled by that one. Actors watched and tried to figure out how he had done it.

IN a way, it was simple. Lon found one more use for the old-fashioned hairpin.

Taking a wire hairpin, Lon made the ends into small sharp hooks, which he inserted inside the nostrils. At the upper curve of the pin he tied a piece of string, which went straight up the bridge of his nose and tied tightly around his head, pulling the hooks inside and pulling back the nostrils. Before the picture was finished, he had two deep, bleeding holes in the sensitive flesh at the end of his nose.

The armless man of The Unknown was another torture chamber for Chaney. To conceal his arms he wore a strait-jacket so tight that it broke the veins in his legs by the pressure of the blood pumping down from the strapped-up part of his body. Chaney put it on day after day and worked for hours. Sweat poured down his face and he had to have John Jeske always at hand to help renew his grease paint. At night when he removed the jacket his arms and back were a mass of black-and-blue bruises.

Yet Lon's own favorite make-ups were often the simpler ones. The old lady in The Unholy Three. The Blackbird. Things where, without tricks or sensational changes, he yet changed his whole face. He believed that his clown make-up in Laugh, Clown, Laugh, was the best clown make-up ever put on. So worked the man of a thousand faces and the spotlight could not penetrate his disguises.

People came from all over the earth to interview Chaney. He was hopeless. Even if they got to see him, they learned nothing of the man or his past. Celebrities desired his acquaintance. No one could find Chaney.

He kept his mystery to the last.

II

THERE is only one unfailing power in Hollywood. They call it box-office draw.

Lon Chaney had it. Knew it. Used it.

Yet no star ever lived in Hollywood who made so little impression upon the motion-picture industry itself.

On the afternoon of the day the morning papers announced that Lon Chaney must submit to a blood transfusion in a last effort to save his life, the switchboard at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio had to be closed for the first time in its history. It was impossible, even with three extra girls, to handle the thousands of calls that came in from strangers, fans, rich and poor, young and old, begging to be allowed to give their blood for Chaney. No one in motion pictures remembers another such public reaction. Even the newspapers were swamped with calls.

In view of his immense popularity with the public, his enormous fan mail, the crowds that always filled theaters where his pictures played, it is astounding to realize how he ignored and was ignored by the people of his own profession.

Even in discussions about box office his name never came up. The wise ones would speak of Colman, Gary Cooper, Haines, and Powell, and speculate as to whether they would ever reach the great heights of the old-timers like Fairbanks, Barthelmess, Valentino, and Gilbert. A star's gross over the year would be told, compared with that of somebody else.

Maybe, at the very end, somebody would say, "What about Chaney?" A surprised silence and then, "That's right. We forgot Chaney."

More or less naturally, they always forgot Chaney.

Great artist as he undoubtedly was, he never belonged to Hollywood.

His way lay far apart from the beaten paths of studio politics, social intrigue, the deadly battle for place and power which is carried on in office and drawing-room. How he despised it all! His contempt became almost a pose.

And all the time he was playing his rôle of the common man in life's drama a shadow walked with him.

Did you ever happen to read Rebecca McCann's little verse?

When I consider Time and Space,
It fills me with quiet mirth
To see a human fencing off
A tiny portion of the earth.

Chaney was busy fencing off his portion of the earth. Walling it round and round with gold. Shutting out the dangers of wealth and fame. Tightening the bonds that held the little family securely together. Barring the doors against any new thought, any newcomer, any new thing that might derange the well ordered plan of his safe existence.

As I think of it I hear again the sad little melody of his last music, Laugh, Clown, Laugh, and the agony of that shriek which rent the reverent silence in the little chapel when his wife cried out the question that was in every heart, "Why? Why? Why?"

Of himself Napoleon said, "I am the man of the people: its pulse beats in unison with my own."

It can be said in all truth of Lon Chaney.

In a land where snobbery is rampant and ambition makes strange bedfellows and the newly elected favorites of fortune forget overnight what manner of men they were, Chaney remained what he had always been. A simple, sentimental, hard-boiled guy who gloried in the fact that he was often mistaken for a stage hand.

They called him the man nobody knew. I thought no one knew Chaney. When I talked to the higher-ups, I got nowhere. They didn't know Chaney. The wise guys that know everything about everybody knew nothing about Chaney. There were no stories current at the Embassy, to which he did not belong, nor the Mayfair, to which he had never been, nor in the Brown Derby.

But there were plenty of people who knew him.

He was no mystery to the hundreds of men and women who worked in the rank and file of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer army. No mystery to the old gang who shifted scenery and moved lights at Universal.

Like our great admiral, Farragut, Chaney rose from the ranks and the ranks worshiped him. Probably, at the test, Chaney controlled more votes in the motion-picture industry than any other man who ever stepped on a set. That was because, as the great English public looked upon the royal household of Victoria and saw reflected their own ways of living, so the thousands in the movie business whose names never appear on any title sheet saw in Chaney one of themselves lifted up.

WHEN he used his power, he made it stick. Always for his own gang. There was in his heart not the slightest understanding of or sympathy for the man with the money bag. As long as the do-re-mi continued to roll into the box office for Lon Chaney, so long Chaney would delight in defying authority and fighting for his own kind.

If a man in the ranks got a raw deal, he came to Lon. Called him Lon. Told his story. Then, with glee, Lon took up the cudgels. He never got the complex of believing that he knew more about stories than the writer, more about directing than the director, more about producing than the producer. That was their job. Let 'em do it. But they couldn't pick on the workingman.

Things that busy executives knew absolutely nothing about and with which they had no personal connection were brought forcibly to their attention by Chaney.

In the carpenter shop was an old man who had been there since Thomas H. Ince first built the great white studio at Culver City. The efficiency expert drew a line through his name. His best days were past.

Chaney went into action.

"I don't give a damn for efficiency experts," he said. "Let 'em fire a lot of these high moguls that sit around all day talking to New York on the telephone. Let them get rid of some of these playwrights that talk about backgrounds and motivation and wouldn't know a plot if it crawled into bed with them. But tell them to keep their hands off a good honest workingman. Hell, they can fire one supervisor and his salary will pay a hundred good men and they'll never miss him!"

The man stayed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gentle Sheep

And Cattle Now Aid Millions to

. . . FIGHT FA

THIS is to tell you how sheep and cattle supply the supreme modern method for dealing with excess fat. And how they have brought to millions of people—men and women—new beauty, new energy, new joy.

A New Discovery

Medical science has found that a great cause of overweight lies in a defective gland. That gland, by its secretion, largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help change food into fuel and energy. The lack of that secretion lets too much food go to fat.

This theory, after years of testing, is now accepted by the highest authorities. Doctors, the world over, now employ it in dealing with obesity. They supply the lacking factor by a similar substance, taken from food animals—cattle and sheep.

The results are amazing, as everybody knows. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. It is nowhere near so common as it was. Wherever you look, there is slenderness, youth and vim, where excess fat forbade them.

Hard Ways Taboo

Modern doctors don't advise abnormal exercise or diet. They know too well the possibilities of harm. They say that moderation helps, but they largely rely on the factor which turns food to vim, not to fat.

They denounce deceptive methods. They ignore the methods which merely remove some weight of water for a time. They combat the main caus
in this modern way, by feeding wha
the human system lacks.

The Popular Way

Marmola prescription tablets present
this modern method at its best. They
are prepared by a world-famed med-
ical laboratory to fit the average case.
The complete formula appears in every
box, but the main factor is the gl
substance which people around
often lack.

Marmola has been used for 24
—millions of boxes of it. User
told others, and the [illegible] has spre

Marmola has brought to people, h
the world over, new beauty, new joys,
new health. Most of you have slender
friends who will show and tell you
what Marmola does.

Not very different from what y
doctor might prescribe. Show him
formula. But the Marmola presc
tion is rightly compounded, and
cost is slight.

Let It Prove

Go try Marmola. Read the book in
the package. Watch the results. Th
loss in weight, the new health an
vitality are explained. Take four tab
lets daily until weight comes down t
normal, then do as the book directs

Do this for new beauty, new youth
new vitality. Do it because of the fin
results to so many. Don't wait longe
—start Marmola now.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each bo

LON CHANEY
Continued from page forty-three

An electrician had been made the goat for a big director in a sequence which cost a lot of money. It wasn't Chaney's picture, but the electrician went to the "Little Corporal" and spoke his piece.

Chaney went at once to W. W. Greenwood. Greenwood was his one real friend in the powers that be at the studio. He was crazy about Greenwood. When nobody else could handle Chaney, they sent for Greenwood.

He is, in truth, one of the most interesting men in the picture industry. One-time gambler, gold-miner in the bonanza days of Nevada, a man who could speak Chaney's language. His position is an unusual one. He is really the trouble shooter. Everyone trusts him because he always speaks the truth.

He and Chaney grew very close in the years they spent on the same lot. Yet even Greenwood was never inside Chaney's home.

"I want this thing fixed up," Chaney said to him. "This boy's okey. I don't want him made the patsy. The boy's got a wife and two kids. He's a good citizen and a first-class workman."

The electrician went back on salary.

There is no place on earth where the caste lines are drawn tighter than in Hollywood. Many tears are shed over failing invitations. I have heard hour-long discussions over whether a producer who produced a picture "ranked" the star who starred in it at a dinner table. Somebody should get out a Hollywood Peerage.

Chaney knew nothing about such things and actually cared less.

The tide of his rise in pictures d been slow, steady, sure. No ing comet. He was forty before ecame the great Chaney. His ls and ideas were set. His ls were convictions. His ways nalterable.

He was in the thing. But he regarded Hollywood as mad, bad, and dangerous. He disapproved of it almost as much as he disliked it. From loyalty to the hand that fed him, and because he believed in motion pictures themselves if he didn't elieve in the people who made them, e kept quiet. With one exception.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Creighton Chaney, when he left Hollywood High School, anted to go into pictures. A tall, handsome youth, dark d very appealing, he might easily have been another ary Cooper. After all, he was all but born in the theater. Lon Chaney stared his own fairy godmother in the face and said, "I'd rather see a son of mine dead than in Hollywood."

HE had raised the boy sternly, severely, without indulgence. From the time he was fourteen, young Chaney worked summers to earn his own spending money. His father refused to buy him a car when he was in high school.

"Kids have no business with cars," he said. "They only get into trouble. Besides, he's no rich man's son. He'll earn what he gets, the same as I did. Most boys that are brought up with too much don't amount to a damn."

When Creighton wanted to get in the movies, Lon said "No." But the boy persisted.

So Chaney went to his great friend Greenwood.

"I'm going to send the kid out to you," he said. "You talk to him. You talk better than I do, anyway. He may have a secret notion that I don't want him in pictures because I don't want the public to know I've got a son six feet tall. What the hell do I care for that? I just don't want my son in this business. Maybe he'd survive. Most of them don't. It's a crazy racket. You know that. I'd been through hell and back before I got into it, so it didn't upset me much. Besides, I could afford to stay away from most of it. The kid's different. I want to keep him out of Hollywood. I'm not afraid he'd be a failure. I'm afraid he'd be a success. I'd rather he'd be a good plumber than a movie star."

Greenwood did talk to him.

"But that wasn't what kept me out," Creighton Chaney told me. "I wouldn't for the world have done anything dad didn't want me to. He might have known that."

Creighton Chaney married a lovely girl, Dorothy Hinckley, before he was of age. Strangely enough, he is in the plumbing supply business with his father-in-law. They knew few picture people. Young Mrs. Chaney went to the University of Southern California and her brothers were prominent at Stanford. Their friends are mostly young married couples not long out of college.

LON was tickled to death with Creighton's marriage, with his quiet, sane way of life.

He hadn't wanted him to go to college.

"I'm not sure I hold with this college business," he said. "I guess a man can use those four years better if he gets to work. Unless maybe he wants to be a doctor or a lawyer or something. The Chaneys don't run to that sort of thing. He'd better go to work and make a man out of himself. I'd like him to play football, but I guess he can't take four years out of his life just to play football, though I notice a lot of boys are doing it."

No bigger football bug than Lon Chaney ever fluttered about a gridiron. He didn't only go to the big college games staged at the Los Angeles Coliseum. He never missed a Friday afternoon high-school game if he wasn't working. He and Fritz Tidden would sit up on the top row and Chaney would yell himself hoarse while the kids fought and scrambled on the turf.

Nobody ever recognized him. The boys whose idol he doubtless was never suspected that Chaney was up there rooting his head off for the under dog and the little fellows.

His pet football idol was a Stanford half back who weighed a hundred and fifty pounds and was apt to be a bit unconventional in his tactics. The newspapers occasionally mentioned his differences with his coach, and that enlisted Lon—who read all sporting sheets from headline to the final period—on his side.

"That's the way to do it!" he'd yell, when the half back carried the ball. "Those kids ought to fight on their own, use their own brains, not just do what some hired coach says. To hell with the coaches!"

That was Chaney. To hell with the coaches. To hell with the man in authority if you could get away with it.

It was the same at the fights. The greatest thing that could happen, in Lon's eyes, was for the under dog to win. He always picked the little fellow, and would stand up and yell frantic advice, direction, encouragement.

Chaney's charities and the things that made him the "idol of the ranks," the closed circle of his home life, and his last hours are told in next week's concluding installment.

The HEADSMAN

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 16 sec.)

By

GUY GILPATRIC

a New Yorker by birth and an aviator by choice. In 1912 he established a passenger altitude record which stood for several years. He saw service in France and later entered the advertising field. Now he lives on the Riviera and writes, and has taken up pistol shooting as a hobby.

WE pulled into Lyon at about midnight, and found that we had twenty minutes to wait. Beth said she felt hungry, so I walked along the platform to one of those little white enameled pushcart buffets that they have in the French railroad stations, and bought a jar of meat paté, some fresh, flaky rolls, and a *demi* of Burgundy.

I was just paying for these when I saw a switch locomotive shunting a flat car into the shed, and coupling it to the rear of our train. On this flat car, lashed by the wheels, was a shiny black wagon such as is used by undertakers when they call around at the house to pick up a job. Sitting under this wagon were two gendarmes, huddled in their cloaks and smoking cigarettes.

I called the buffet boy's attention.

“ Oh! Why, that is Monsieur Deibler's black wagon! ” he exclaimed. “ Do you know what is inside that wagon, monsieur? It is the *bois de justice*—the guillotine! There was an execution here this morning, and now they are taking it back to Paris. But buy a paper, monsieur, and you will read! ”

I bought; and having taken the paper and the food back to the compartment, I started to read aloud.

“ Ugh! ” Beth interrupted before I was half through. “ If you must read such horrors, read them to yourself. I am trying to eat. Please! ”

It wasn't the sort of thing to give one an appetite, at that. A certain Madame Lubet, who had murdered her husband and shipped his body to Bordeaux in a trunk, had paid the penalty of her crime at fourteen minutes after five that morning. Monsieur Deibler, who, it appeared, always attends to these little matters for the Republic, had arrived from Paris with the official guillotine the night before, and had set it up on the cobblestones in the prison yard.

Now in doing this, said the journal, Monsieur Deibler had been gravely at fault. For when the struggling victim was lashed to the table, the apparatus had shifted just enough on the uneven cobbles to cause the knife to jam at—well, at an awkward point. Thus, the job was not exactly neat; in fact, its completion had required a certain amount of hand work by Monsieur Deibler.

“ It is deplorable,” the newspaper declared, “ that the horrors of capital punishment should thus be increased by the blunders of the callous ghouls who are paid to inflict it. We respectfully petition the Minister of Justice to dismiss the man Deibler from the service of the state.”

THE train was clicking across the switches out of the yards. A shadow fell across us. We turned, and saw a cadaverous figure standing in the door—a man who wore a long black cloak, and who carried beneath his arm a black tin case about the size and shape of a hatbox. He bowed low.

“ Pardon,” he said, and his voice was a hoarse croak. “ If I may intrude, I will avail myself of this vacant place.”

There was nothing for me to say, so I merely nodded, and waved my hand toward the seat beside me.

The dismal specter bowed again, settled himself wearily upon the cushions, and placed the tin box between us.

I glanced at Beth. She was leaning forward from her place in the corner, staring at the thin, ivory-yellow countenance of the newcomer. I caught her eye. She inclined her head slightly, and moved her lips. No sound came from them, but I knew what she was saying: “ Deibler! ”

I had no doubt, of course, that she was right. Here, sitting beside us in the compartment, was the Headsman of France—he who had this very morning completed with his own hand the gruesome job which his apparatus had bungled.

An unpleasant odor became vaguely perceptible, an odor as of cheap perfume mixed with a chemical disinfectant. I had never smelled embalming fluid, and yet I recognized it at once. I wondered, and yet was afraid to wonder, what was in that tin box. . . .

Monsieur Deibler sighed sepulchrally, and commenced jotting something in a notebook which he rested upon his bony knee. He seemed to be drawing curves and lines.

I glanced surreptitiously over his shoulder.

WHAT he had drawn was a profile view of a woman's head, with dotted lines crossing the neck and skull. He studied this diagram in solemn silence and at length. Then, sighing once more, he thrust the notebook into his pocket, and turned to me.

“ Monsieur,” he said, “ pardon the liberty which I take in addressing you. But today, monsieur, I have had great misfortune. My career will be ruined. I ask you, monsieur, did you see this evening's paper? The—er—lega news? ”

“ Yes,” I answered, “ I did see it, monsieur.”

“ Ah,” he said. “ Then you have guessed to what I refer! It is not a matter which ordinarily I would mention before strangers ”—and he bowed to Beth and smiled a wolfish smile—“ before a charming lady.”

I don't know exactly what I said, but in any case—

“ The fault, if there was a fault, was with the apparatus,” he continued. “ The affair was entirely beyond human control. Harsh things have been said about me by those in important circles. The name, even, of the Minister of Justice has been invoked. Well, I, too, can appeal to Monsieur the Minister! With what I have here.” He patted the tin case and chuckled sardonically.

I shuddered, and edged away from him along the sea “ In the box, monsieur? ” I exclaimed, recoiling. “ Yo have it in the box? Ah, pray put it out in the corridor!

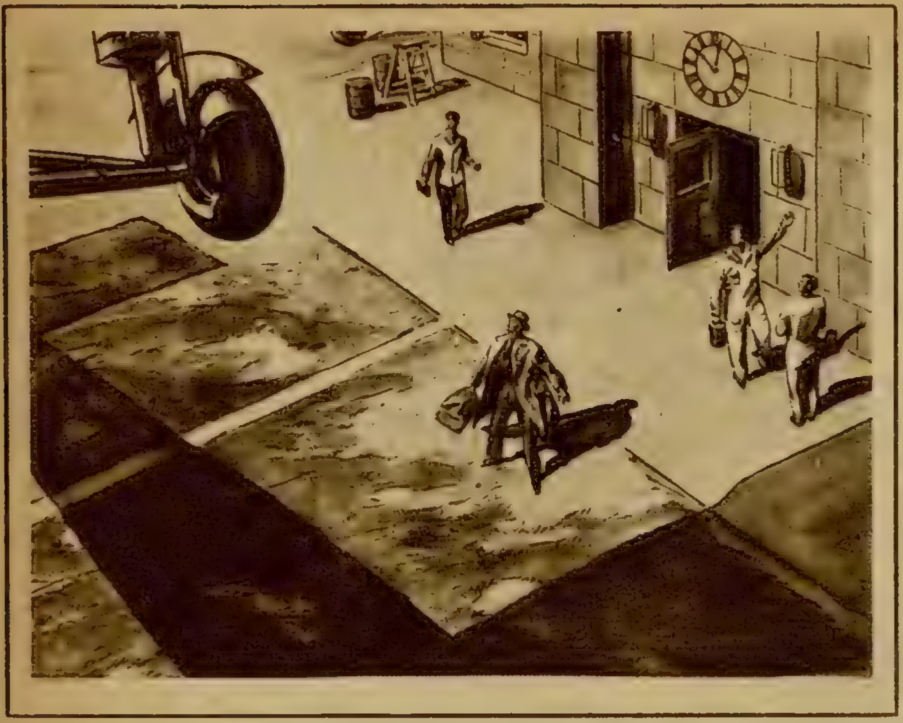
“ Oh, no, indeed,” he demurred. “ It is so precio that I do not want it out of my sight. People are sayi that I was forced to cut away—er—cut away what wa left, by hand. But with the contents of this box, mon sieur, I hope to be able to convince both the medic authorities and the officials of justice that all such talk rankest calumny. But see, monsieur! ”

He unsnapped a catch and threw open the top of th box. There, with lips purple, cheeks waxen, eyes glassy and its hair a tangled mass of black, reposed a head!

I heard Beth give that little whispery cry that alway means she is about to faint.

“ Things went against me today, but now I will appea to the highest tribunal! ” croaked the headsman. “ I wi set up my apparatus in court, and demonstrate that could not possibly be as the witnesses and the newspape have said. Yes, I, Pierre Auguste Renoir Giraudy, th greatest hairdresser in France, will prove with th model that Suzette Valier, who claims seventy thousa francs damages because my permanent waving machi burned off her hair, is a liar! ”

THE END



The ten o'clock plane took off at ten . . . and then Jim got a Telechron* Clock!

TEN O'CLOCK! Idling motors roar with sudden life. The big passenger plane rolls down the runway. Now it's off—to scud along the skyways and land three hundred miles away—on time. Two minutes late, Jim stays on the ground. His clock was slow!

Modern, efficient America is learning to trust only to Telechron self-starting Electric Clocks. They govern the schedules of the finest air services. They direct the daily activities of thousands of homes and offices. Plugged into ordinary electric outlets, they deliver accurate time—without winding, oiling or regulating.

Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds in power ouses and assure Telechron precision. Telechron Clocks and aster Clocks were made for each other. And only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial can give true Telechron service in your home.

At the Telechron dealer's near you (listed in the classified telephone directory) you'll find a rich variety of interesting models. Uprights for table or desk. Tambours for the mantel. Banjos for the wall. Tall grandfather's clocks. Some with mellow chimes, with alarms, lluminated dials and other novel features made possible by the nagic of electricity.

Telechron prices range from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock ompany, of Cincinnati, manufactures strike and chime clocks with elechron motors, priced from $30 to $1000.

R-802—Colonial design. Mahogany case. stminster Chimes. $39. Same pattern. Hour and half-hour strike. $30.

*Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Pat. Off., of the Warren Telechron Co.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND, MASS.

THE REVERE CLOCK COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Telechron

326—Desk model. Mahogany case. 5½" high. $11.

No. 532—Gothic design. Mahogany case. 8⅞" high. $15.

"You Moron!"

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

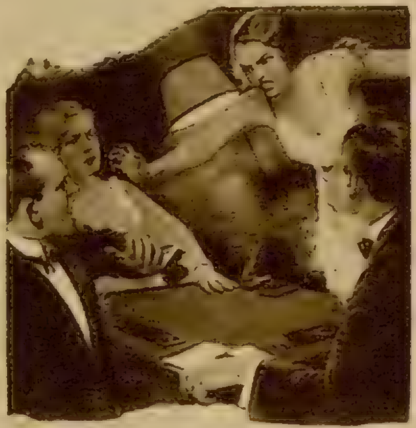
"WHERE *did* you get such delicious cheese?" Mrs. Saunders Shanks asked Lil. "I never tasted anything so creamy! I must get some. Where—" She stopped talking because she'd taken a huge bite of hard cracker and there was no room for words.

"You'll probably laugh," Lil said, as she sipped her demi-tasse and wondered if Nannie had made enough for second helpings, "but we get all our cheese around the corner at Sloosinger's Delicatessen. Sloosinger has a cousin who has a cousin who makes cheese."

This sounded rather roundabout to Mrs. Shanks, but she decided to get some on the way home.

"Have you ever tried going on a cheese diet?" Lil asked her, watching her stuffing in another slice. "You eat cream cheese on Monday—"

"Say, if you ladies will quit talking about cheese," Sandy laughed, "Mr. Shanks and I will have a chance to talk about business."



This week's cover picture.

Lil opened her mouth to say something. Then she closed it quickly, remembering that they had guests.

"Just how much will you allow me on the bank's old delivery truck?" Mr. Shanks asked.

"I believe your old delivery truck is Model E. B. Thirty-seven," Sandy said. "That model—"

"Pardon us," Lil murmured, pushing back her chair and winking at Mrs. Shanks, who still wished to sit eating cheese, "but we'll get the card table ready."

"Do you ever get sick of hearing about trucks?" Mrs. S. whispered in the sitting room. "I get so sick of hearing bonds and mortgages and collateral—whatever that is—that I could scratch like a cat."

"Sh-sh," Lil warned her. "Just concentrate on something else when he raves."

They opened the card table and drew up four chairs. When the men stopped talking about trucks, they all sat down and stared at each other stupidly.

"Auction or contract?" Lil asked, doing a fancy shuffle. "How much a point? One cent? Half a cent?"

"Keep talking," Sandy said. "It gets cheaper."

"I'm not up on contract," Mr. Shanks said.

"We'll play auction, then," Lil said. "Three hearts."

"Three spades," countered Mr. Shanks.

"Pass," mumbled Sandy, without thinking, and "Pass" came the answering mumble from Mrs. S.

"Four hearts!" exclaimed Lil defiantly.

Hearts carried and Sandy laid down the king and an assortment of small trumps.

"For goodness' sake," Lil demanded, hoping she'd win enough money for a new straw hat, "why didn't you raise me? That was positively dull-witted."

Sandy was busy thinking about trucks, so he let this pretty insult go in one ear and out the other.

"Little slam! Little slam!" Lil yelled after the first hand, making enough commotion for a grand slam.

Sandy's spades carried the next hand and they were symbolic of a dark time ahead. The cards snapped.

"There," he said, quite pleased with himself, thinking of his two hundred dollars commission from the truck Mr. Shanks had ordered. "Top that king!"

"Top that king!" Lil shrieked, pointing to her ace sticking out from under it. "You—you—"

"Be careful," said Mr. Shanks. "I read about a wife who murdered her husband over a bridge table."

"You moron!" Lil screamed, clawing the air as she sprang toward Sandy. "You moron!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Circus)

$500.00 Limerick CONTEST

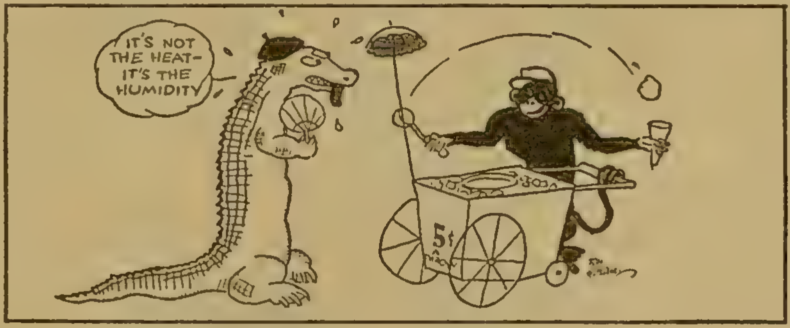
Handsome Cash Prizes that You *Can Win for Writing Just One Line!*

DO IT NOW!

GET in line for a prize! It's your own line that will put you there—your own last line for this Liberty Limerick. Here's where just a few words can make you a lot of dollars. Here's your chance to join the big money writers. Easily, too. Simply write a last line for the Limerick on this page. Only a few words are required. Maybe six, seven, or eight—depending on the number of syllables. If you win the first prize, $250 cash, you will be getting paid at the rate of between Thirty and Forty Dollars per word! Did you ever hear of an author making such a rate? When Theodore Roosevelt reported his discovery of The River of Doubt at a Dollar a word, it was a record. When former Governor Al Smith of New York was said to have signed up to write at $5 a word folks thought that the all-time limit had been reached. Perhaps the limit had—but not the Limerick.

Hard times? Here's easy money. Claim your share! Glance at the rules, read the Limerick a couple of times to get the idea, and then jot down a last line for it. Do it now!

Here's the Limerick. What's Your Line?


IT'S NOT THE HEAT— IT'S THE HUMIDITY
5¢

The polar bear thrives in the snow
Where blizzards and icicles grow;
But near the equator
Ye olde alligator

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight May 23. The results from this Limerick will be printed in the issue dated June 20.

Cash Prize Schedule

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	$100
Third Prize	$75
Fourth Prize	$50
Fifth Prize	$25

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

It is not necessary to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; for third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be paid to each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.

ANAGRAM WINNERS

Maude Mason Griffith . . . Frigid Mama
Maude M. Griffith, 605 Ocean Street, Jacksonville, Florida

David Kenneth Houghton . . . I Knead the Dough
David K. Houghton, P. O. Box 45, Whitestone, New York

Edward Theodore Carlson . . . A Swede Hard to Corner
Mrs. E. T. Carlson, 4320 Patrick Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska

Lillian Mae Fowler . . . O, If I Were a Man!
Mrs. William B. Fowler, 3216 Dose Terrace, Seattle, Washington

Mary Alice Jenkins . . . A Slick Jane
Mary A. Jenkins, P. O. Box 372, Salisbury, North Carolina

Arthur Marvin Pullen . . . I Have a Pull
Arthur M. Pullen, 3208 McKinney Street, Dallas, Texas

Eleanor Beatrice Ormsby . . . O Baby, Sit Nearer!
B. Ormsby, 133 Third Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

George Fastle . . . A Soft Egg
George Fastle, 1807 North Summit Avenue, Pasadena, California

Daniel MacEachern . . . A Darn Nice Meal
Mrs. Daniel MacEachern, 19A Charles Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts

Margaret Linn . . . I'm an Angel
Walter E. Trumbower, 211 Church Street, Danville, Pennsylvania

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ANOTHER $500 LIMERICK CONTEST NEXT WEEK—WATCH FOR IT!

Meeting at Midnight

By

URSULA PARROTT

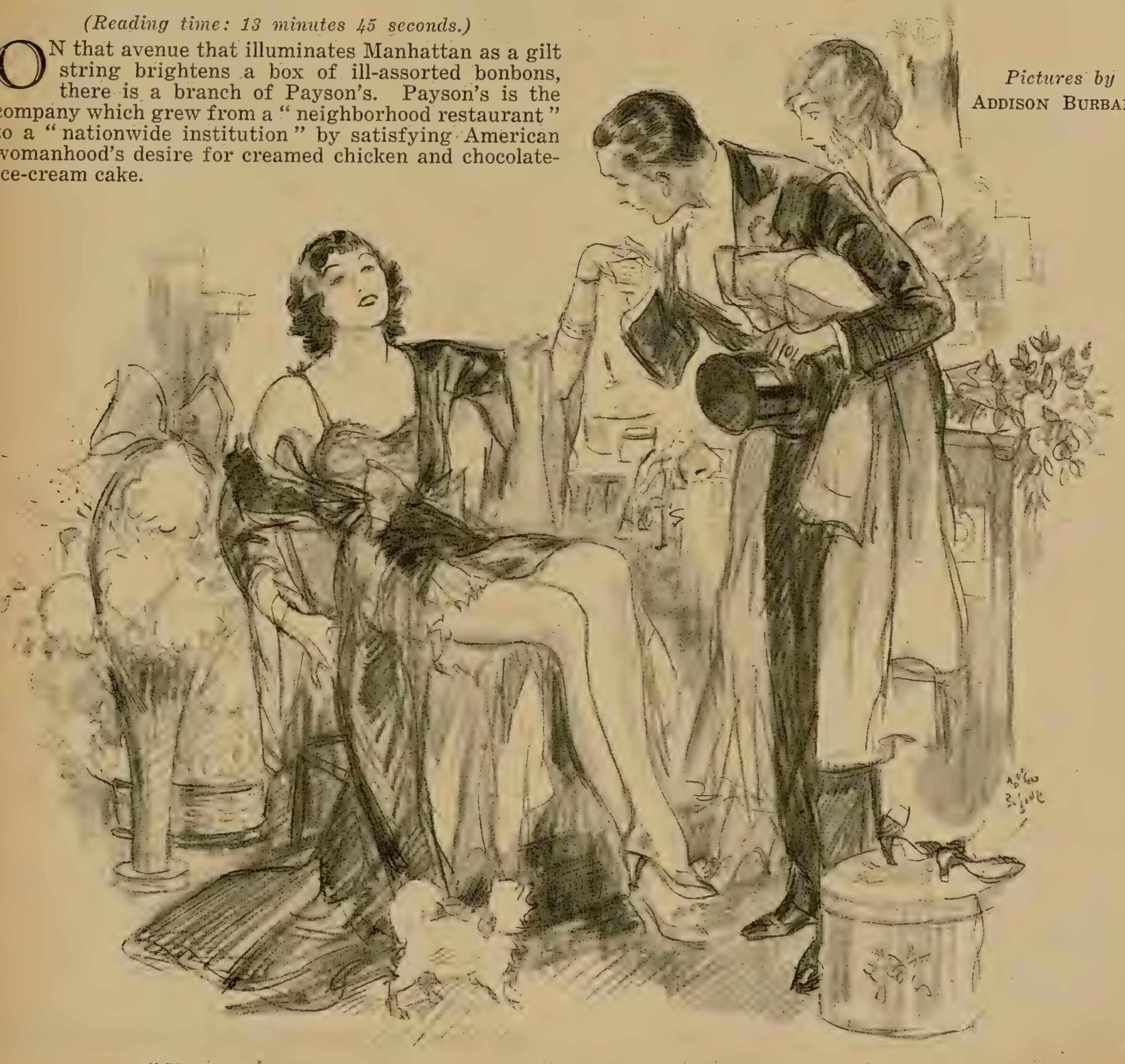
who, although still in her twenties, has been married, divorced, has a five-year-old son, and is the author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss." She was born in Boston, a doctor's daughter, studied at Radcliffe, and now lives in New York City where she is working on movie and magazine material and on a new novel soon to be published.

A Story of Love's Memories

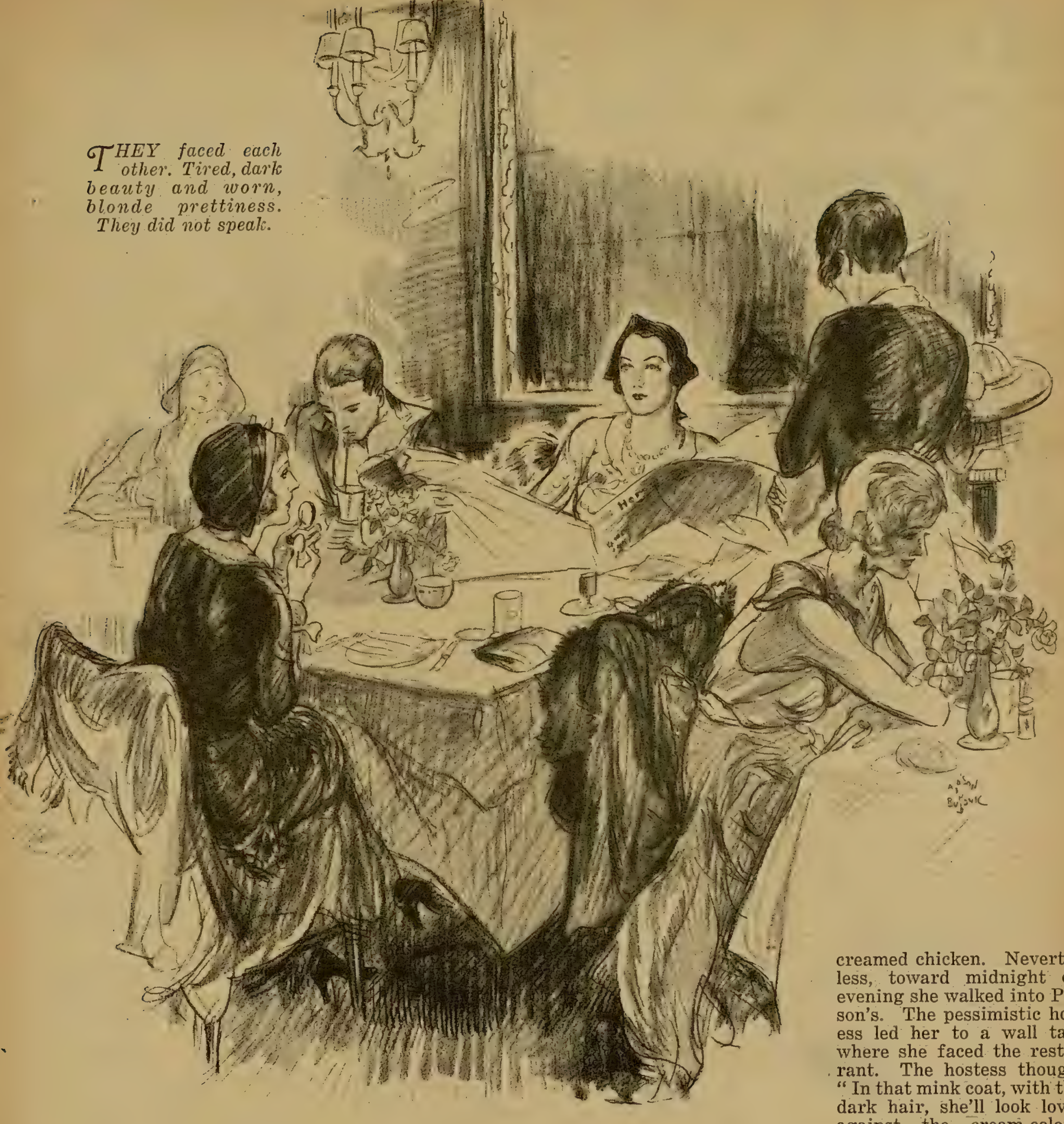
(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

ON that avenue that illuminates Manhattan as a gilt string brightens a box of ill-assorted bonbons, there is a branch of Payson's. Payson's is the company which grew from a "neighborhood restaurant" to a "nationwide institution" by satisfying American womanhood's desire for creamed chicken and chocolate-ice-cream cake.

Pictures by
ADDISON BURBANK



"He brought me to her dressing room. She sat there half dressed, gay, painted."



THEY faced each other. Tired, dark beauty and worn, blonde prettiness. They did not speak.

The shop on the avenue is a little, but not very much, more sophisticated than the Payson's of prosperous middle western cities. For instance, in the Fifth Avenue shop, on the gilt sign which is Payson's trade-mark and which reads, "Breakfast—Luncheon—Tea—Dinner," there is an extra line. It reads, "After-Theater Supper." And, indeed, Payson's on the avenue keeps open until one in the morning, and serves club sandwiches and Welsh rarebits as well as the famous chicken and cake.

It is not a specially gala place for supper after the theater. Perhaps something in the chasteness of the *décor* discourages those bent on entertainment with their sustenance. Perhaps those spirits seeking adventure are discouraged by the line perennially in Payson's advertising, "No unescorted lady need ever feel self-conscious at Payson's." However, a sufficient number of suburbanites grow hungry in New York at midnight to make Payson's after-theater suppers fairly profitable.

Cicely was neither suburban nor was she fond of creamed chicken. Nevertheless, toward midnight one evening she walked into Payson's. The pessimistic hostess led her to a wall table where she faced the restaurant. The hostess thought, "In that mink coat, with that dark hair, she'll look lovely against the cream-colored wall. But probably she'll take off the coat and spoil the effect. Customers are always spoiling my effects." For the hostess expected very little of life, since, when she was a very young girl, she gave her heart to a man in the navy whose ship was ordered elsewhere. So she had lost her illusions, and concentrated on keeping her figure and improving her grammar, and was now successful and a hostess at Payson's, but with little belief in humanity left in her.

Cicely completely ruined the effect. She not only removed the mink coat, she unfolded a newspaper. For she hated being conspicuous, except on the stage, and then, heaven help the *ingénue* who tried to make her anything else. The hostess, regarding her ruined effect, thought, "Oh, well, out unescorted at midnight, she's self-conscious."

Cicely was self-conscious, but not because she was unescorted. She was self-conscious because she knew she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mr. —

Would she put up with it?

No woman would submit to men's old fashioned, time-wasting shaving ways. If women shaved, they'd have demanded a speedier, more satisfactory method years ago...

Frostilla Brushless Shave is new, modern—a velvety, white cream that turns men's shaving habits topsy-turvy! No more brush, no lather, no irritating rub-in. No more smarting, drawn faces.

Instead—*ease, speed, comfort!* You spread on an economical thin film of Frostilla Brushless Shave, then slide your razor swiftly over your beard. Once over is plenty. Feel your chin—it's *smooth* at the first razor-stroke! *That's* a shave—in half the time. Your face is cool, soothed, refreshed—for in this new shaving cream are ingredients never used before, that condition your skin without after-lotions!

Don't let habit or prejudice cheat you of this great shaving treat! It's the far better shave, in less time!

TRY IT—YOU CAN'T LOSE!

1 Buy a tube of Frostilla Brushless Shave. Your money back if you don't get the best shaves of your life! 35c, 50c; all druggists. Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.

2 If you like it (and you will), you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free, a large-sized tube in exchange.

3 Use the coupon for FREE 10c travel-size tube.

FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

THIS OFFER EXPIRES MAY 1932

The Frostilla Co., Dept. L5-23, Elmira, N. Y.
I'm modern-minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your 10c travel-size tube.

Name
Address
City and State
(In Canada, address: 296 Richmond St. W., Toronto)

[MEETING AT MIDNIGHT
Continued from page forty-nine]

was, as habitually at midnight recently, a little drunk. She was not sure whether it was apparent. Therefore the newspaper, lest she be recognized, though she knew that was unlikely. She looked so much less like her pictures in the rotogravure section than she had looked a few years past.

The waitress came, regarded Cicely's faintly familiar face, said, "Order, please." And Cicely said, "Black coffee." And then, remembering that she had not dined, said, "A clear soup, lamb chops, spinach, and black coffee." The waitress said, "Lamb chops take twenty minutes." Cicely said, "It doesn't matter," and went on ostensibly reading the newspaper, but actually thinking that perhaps in Europe she would drink less. (But she remembered she had thought that the summer before, too, and it did not really matter.)

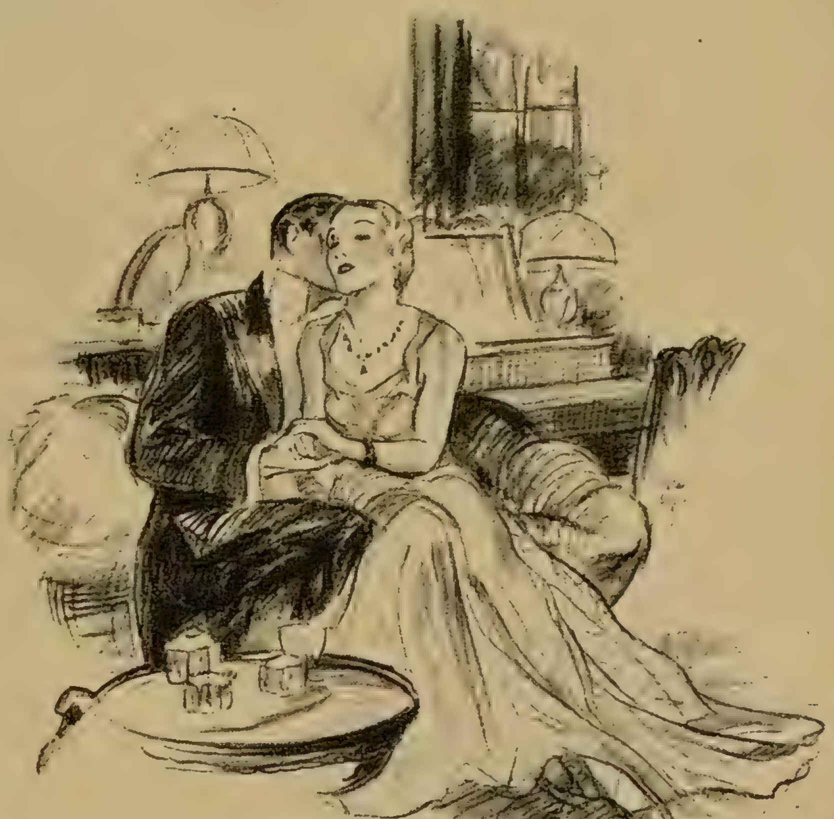
IN Paris she would see Gerard. That would be pleasant. He knew so much about her that he was too polite to mention and talked so entertainingly about the inconsequentialities. Then a month at some German baths, a concentration on diet and massage, New York again, and rehearsals for her new play, which was not at all bad.

The critics who liked her would say, when the play opened, that she was America's greatest emotional actress. They would talk about the grace of her walk, the charm of her husky voice, the loveliness of her profile. They would say that her versatility was extraordinary. And that, she reflected, was true, if unimportant. The critics who disliked her would say she was growing old, that she had never been a sound actress, and was not as good as she used to be. And that, she thought, was also true, and equally unimportant.

She was aware that the hostess had seated someone across the table from her.

The hostess, in the manner of all Payson's hostesses, was trained to seat an unescorted lady opposite any recently arrived unescorted lady. The theory was that to seat them together lessened their self-consciousness. So she seated Kathleen opposite Cicely, thinking, as she did so, that this young woman also would have made a nice spot of decoration against the wall, but there were no wall tables left.

This young woman, the second arrival, looked a little exasperated. She had missed the after-theater train to Southport in Connecticut and would have to wait until one o'clock for another. Her sister would sit up for her arrival, and complain about doing so, explaining at enormous length that as her daughter, Kathleen's niece, would wake her up so early in the morning, she should not be robbed of her sleep.



Kenneth used to say, "You are so lovely. I want to run away with you."

Nevertheless, Kathleen was hungry, having eaten during the day only the odds and ends that a suburban mistress of a household snatches in brief intervals of the search for chintzes for spring slip covers. She ordered clear soup, Payson's famous creamed chicken, and the ice-cream cake. Then she sat back and thought that the ring on the finger of the woman opposite her, the woman completely concealed behind the newspaper, reminded her of something unpleasant. She could not think what it was.

So, instead, she powdered her nose and arranged her blonde hair carefully around the edge of her smart black felt, reflecting, as she did so, that her hair at least was as pretty as it used to be. Though it wasn't important, since she had no one to notice it now, except her sister.

CLEAR soup for Cicely and for Kathleen arrived together. Cicely put down her newspaper.

And they faced each other. Tired, dark beauty and worn, blonde prettiness. They faced each other who had not met since they passed in a hospital corridor a very long time before. They stared at each other. They did not speak.

Cicely felt, for the space of a long breath, faint. All the bitterness and the dust and the weariness of the long way she had traveled to no purpose, assailed her, and she thought, "She sits there looking just a little faded, but not at all broken. She spoilt my life, she spoilt my life completely! If she had divorced Kenneth in 1924 instead of 1928—" Long training in the control of her emotions stood by her. She began to drink her soup, lifting her spoon with a hand entirely steady.

And, opposite her, Kathleen thought, "There she sits, looking a little ravaged, but almost as stirring as ever. Not at all repentant. And she spoilt my life, she spoilt my life completely! If she had not intruded, Kenneth might have come back to me. I might be going home to him, now, tonight." Long training in concealing her emotions stood by her. She lifted her spoon with a hand entirely steady.

And Cicely thought, "If it weren't for her, I might be going home to him, now, tonight. I did nothing to her. Their marriage was a failure before he and I ever met. She knew it; they both knew it; they admitted it. They were separated; they were planning their divorce. But when she found out he loved me she abandoned all intention of divorcing him. She is a ruthless woman."

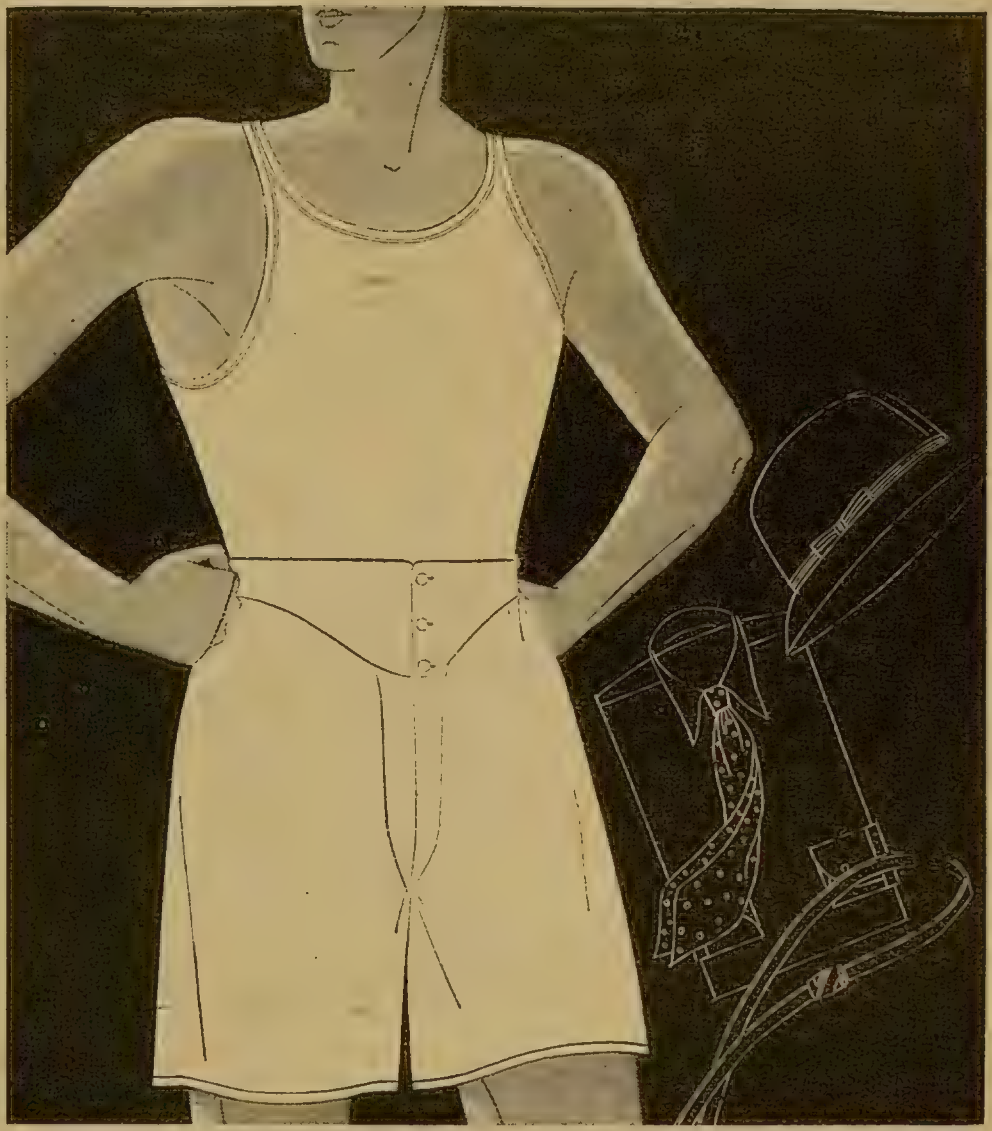
AND Kathleen thought, "How ruthless she is. She sits there calmly—she was always calm. I remember the first time I met her. He had been so nice to me when he came to take me to dine. I had such hopes that he was coming back, that he had discovered the freedom he wanted amounted to nothing; that no man of his type is ever free from some woman or another, and I was less exigent than most. Then he said he had met a lovely person whom he was sure I would admire. He brought me to her dressing room. She sat there half dressed, gay, painted. It was after the first night of that tremendously successful play. I hated her when I saw her. I made up my mind not to divorce him for *her*."

Cicely thought, "I hated her the first time I saw her. When I asked him to bring her to meet me, I had not made up my mind. I did not want to be unscrupulous. He told me that they had an amicable separation, that they had discovered they were completely unsuited to each other, that she was domestic and that he was adventurous. But when she stood there in my dressing room, wrinkling her nose disapprovingly at the smell of grease paint, being patronizing to me, being possessive to him, I had no more scruples. He took her home that night, but he came to see me later."

Kathleen thought, "He took me home that night, but when he left me on my doorstep he went away, I suppose to see her. Nevertheless, I had him for four years before she did, and I was his wife." Her face softened a little. She began to remember the music of dance tunes ten years old, that were new in the springtime when her blonde prettiness showed no sign of fading, when Kenneth, that glam-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DO YOU LOOK LIKE A PRINCE OR A PAUPER IN THE BOUDOIR OF YOUR WIFE



YOU may *feel* like a cinderpath champ when you're wielding the towel after your A. M. shower. You may *look* like a track hero when you're swashbuckling around in your best silk robe.

But at that halfway point between bathroom and breakfast—when the woman in your life catches a glimpse of you in your *underwear*—do you look like something to be pitied as well as blamed?

There's no reason why you shouldn't look as much the man in your underwear as you do in your city flannels or your country tweeds.

Sign up for B. V. D.'s! There's the answer to your manly prayer. They're expertly and exactly tailored to fit. Union suits, shirts and shorts or drawers—they're beautifully cut and splendidly tailored — the best-looking underwear you've ever worn.

Look for the red-woven B. V. D.—the most famous label in the masculine world. You'll find it in Union Suits of B. V. D. nainsook—the warm weather fabric with Arctic virtues. You'll find it in knit shirts—in shorts in whites, solid colors and neat patterns (the 1931 style swing is all away from barber pole stripes and ye olde chintz patterns to the smart whites.)

You'll look better in B. V. D.'s! You'll feel better. And you'll pay less than you often do for underwear with fewer style or comfort virtues.

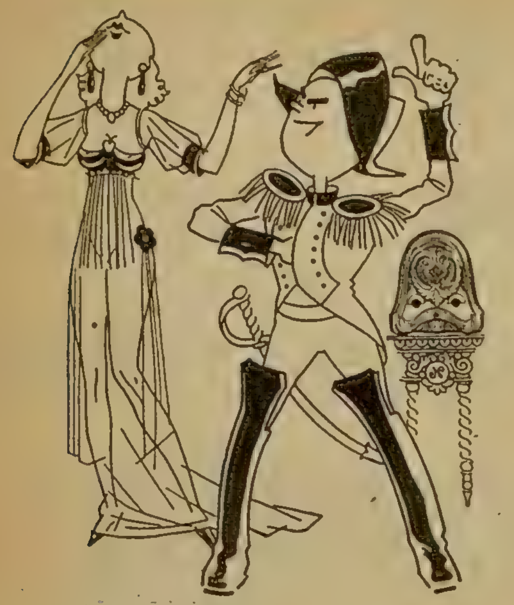
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1931, The B.V.D. Company, Inc., N.Y.

B·V·D

KNIT SHIRTS—$.50 to $1.50

KNEE DRAWERS—$.75 and $1.25

Famous Anachronisms No. 5



"Oh Yeah?"
said Josephine

"I know better—
I was* THERE *with a
CROSLEY"

"DON'T brag to me about your Russian victories. I'm up on things these days, Nappy. While you were gone I invested in a radio so I could hear all the latest news. I know all about it. When you retreated from Moscow *I was* THERE *with a Crosley*." You, too, can be THERE with a Crosley when great future events occur.

These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 KC., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:00 E. T.

The CROSLEY line of super-sensitive and ultra-performing radio receiving sets ranges from The CROSLEY "WIGIT," at $39.75, *complete with tubes*, and The CROSLEY "BUDDY BOY," at $59.50, *complete with tubes*, up to The CROSLEY SENIOR SUPERHETERODYNE (PLIODYNATRON) Series of Console models ranging from only $109.50 up, *complete with tubes*.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

You're *THERE* with a Crosley
CROSLEY RADIO

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
TRY IT TODAY!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[MEETING AT MIDNIGHT
Continued from page fifty-one]

orous young man, back from a war (and a year in Paris), used to say, "You are so lovely, so fragile, so golden. I want to run away with you, take you adventuring in all the romantic places of the world."

That was, she had thought, the extravagant speech of a young man in love. So they were married decorously in the church of St. Martin, and went to live in a house with eleven rooms and five baths in Morristown, New Jersey.

She meant to make him happy ever afterward. It wasn't her fault that he was not happy at all. All her relatives told her that a young man was always restless, that eventually he settled down. But he didn't settle down, though she tried to keep the house well run, to have entertaining people at her dinner parties so that he would not be bored. He grew more and more bored. Finally he told her he could not stand the people she had at dinner parties. That was so discouraging she thought of having a child to hold him. But she was afraid to risk that, knowing that if she lost her beauty he might get really bored with her.

He was always good to her. He was always patient. She was hopeful that eventually he would take an interest in gardening, or something—polo, perhaps, if he wanted excitement; they had enough money for him to play polo. It was largely her money, of course, but he could have had all of it if it would have made him contented. Only, he never would take any of it.

Then he had announced that he wanted a year by himself to think, to think what he wanted to do with his life. As if there were any sense thinking or planning what to do with one's life. All anybody did was grow old and die. The point was to fill the days meanwhile as pleasantly, as tranquilly, in as civilized a fashion as possible. Still, she had let him have his year. She had believed he would grow bored quickly enough.

BUT he had not grown bored. He had entangled himself with some absurd expedition, to explore the sources of a South American river with an unpronounceable name. He had gone off on the expedition, actually. All its members cooked from tin cans, as nearly as she could discover. She thought he would be glad to come back. But he came back, bronzed, lean, handsomer than ever, talking of *returning* to South America, and suggesting that she divorce him and marry somebody stable. She temporized on that, feeling that he could be stable himself if he made up his mind.

Then, the next expedition was delayed, and he visited her very often, and seemed to admire her looks more than ever. She let him sleep with her sometimes. Perhaps that had been a mistake. But after he met Cicely, he never asked to any more. . . .

Cicely was thinking, "Nevertheless, I had him for four years after her. Not because he was bound to me, not because any ceremony had tied him, but because he loved me and wanted me. I was his mistress. I would rather have been that." She began to remember things in the four years, and her face softened. There were the evenings when he first came back from South America. He sat in her dressing room until the night watchman put them both out of the theater, telling her fantastic stories of buried cities and forgotten tribes, of the fragrant heat of the jungle, and of a far lost river that flowed over lost Indian gold. He had told her that she was the only woman he ever knew who could understand a man's need sometimes to go alone to places beyond the softness of women's voices.

She had understood so well—and she almost laughed as she remembered—that, next year, he took her with him, and sometimes, now, so long after, in the heat of a Broadway theater, where she braced herself between acts with highballs, and played to the powdered shoulders of soft women and the stiff white shirt fronts of soft men, she remembered the hot stillness of the jungle.

As sometimes, still, she looked across an audience, searching for his face.

IF it had not been for that woman sitting facing her, she might be going home to the gayness of his voice, to the reassurance of his arms, instead of going home to the emptiness of a hotel apartment, to half-packed luggage for a journey that had no more significant goal than the resumption of an empty affair in Paris.

The waitress brought lamb chops and spinach and creamed chicken.

Kathleen thought, "If it had not been for that woman sitting there, I might have gone home tonight to find him, instead of going to a dull life in Connecticut with my stupid sister and her stupid child. Even to the last she held him. Even on the night I came back from Europe, after my divorce—the divorce I had to get to save my pride finally, when she traveled publicly to South America with him—she had to see him."

Cicely thought, "She could not let go. Even after her divorce she insisted on seeing him on the very night she came home from Paris. It was my birthday. We had planned to celebrate it. But when he said he had had a pathetic letter from her, that she felt so lonely, coming home by herself, and would he take her to dinner that night, just to be friendly, just to talk to her, what could I do but acquiesce? He said he could come to see me before midnight, before my birthday was over."

Kathleen thought, "I had such hopes for that dinner. I wore a new dress in a color he used to admire. But he had to leave early. He said he had an appointment with her before midnight. *She brought him to his death.*"

And Cicely thought, "If it were not for her, he would have been with me hours before. If it were not for her, he would be alive today."

For it was indeed true that Kenneth, hurrying from one to the other of the only two women who had ever been important in his life, was severed forever from them both by the intrusion of a third, a woman who drove a car so badly that she could not control her brakes on a wet pavement. They had taken him to a hospital. They had found Kathleen's and Cicely's telephone numbers on his person, and they had telephoned them both. So that they encountered in the hospital corridor outside the room where he died.

Again, Cicely felt, she smelled that strange, unforgettable hospital odor of anæsthetics, of disinfectants, and of drugs. And she thought, "Well, at least, I have gone on. I haven't cried. I haven't let go. I have lived as he would have wanted me to live. And if I drink too much, it is to make it easier to be as gay as he remembered me. If I kiss other men because they find me charming, as he used to find me, still, in essentials, I have been faithful."

And Kathleen thought, "I have gone on. I have been faithful. I have never let another man kiss me. I have lived quietly, remembering him. I shall spend all my life living quietly, remembering him."

The waitress served coffee. The two women finished it quickly, and rose, almost simultaneously, to go. For the last time, they both hoped, in life, they regarded each other—the dark beauty that was a little ravaged, the blonde beauty that was a little withered. They bowed to each other quite formally, and, having paid their separate checks, went opposite ways at the street door.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—The purchase, from Mexico, of a tract of land that is now a part of New Mexico and Arizona.
2—The North American aborigines who inhabited the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers.
3—Two hundred and thirty-one.
4—Theodore Roosevelt.
5—A roofed open gallery.
6—Seasickness.
7—Julia Ward Howe.
8—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2.
9—Measles.
10—The Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot.
11—Alexander Hamilton.
12—A government in which the power is in the hands of a few.
13—The last Aztec emperor of Mexico.
14—Cape Horn.
15—A crevice or chink, as in a wall.
16—Bering Sea.
17—Ten.
18—A sprite or goblin in Irish folklore.
19—A white native of South Africa.
20—Six years.

8 HOURS OF
SOUND SLEEP
WITHOUT DRUGS

All-Day Energy Tomorrow

YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep! The kind of sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling the sleep producing drugs. So you wake up tomorrow morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula
810R

Vox

And If You Just Don't Pay Any Attention to Them, War, Sex, and Drunkenness Will Go Away, Eh?

ROANOKE, VA.—I have been reading your magazine for several years, and like some things about it very much. But, why so much about war when we are striving for perpetual peace? It seems to me that it keeps things stirred up, and tends to create a tolerance, if not a real desire, for this most barbarous custom that has been handed down to us from the dark ages, and I am sure the other mothers must feel as I do about it. It was so long before war stories were tolerated, that I was in hope they never would be.

Give us bright, cheery stories about something beside sex and drunkenness. Go up to the mountain top, instead of into the gutter, and your readers will follow you, and enjoy the purer atmosphere. I wonder if you realize how much good or harm a magazine like yours, that is read by the poorer class of people as well as the rich, can do. Even the poorest workers can afford a nickel for a magazine which they devour as a hungry man would bread.—*Mrs. Eda Hickey.*

You Can't Fool Us, at That. Some of Them Are Hiding

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Ha! Ha! Ha! The joke is on you, Liberty. When you were launched you quite likely thought there were 120 million morons in this country, and now you find, as evidenced by your circulation figures, that there are only two and a half million.—*One of 'Em.*

Recipe for Forgetting All About the Eighteenth Amendment

SWISSVALE, PA.—Upon receiving your weekly magazine I devour it from cover to cover. After reading, my smile is so contagious that even baby seems in a better humor on Fridays. There's just one kick. It should be a daily instead of a weekly. And, fans—if you are troubled with low blood pressure—just read Liberty. You'll forget all about the Eighteenth Amendment.—*Merry Mary.*

Professor Beach, Please Take the Class

BROOKLINE, MASS.—What a man! Rex Beach has out-scintillated himself. To be able to create a character like Florida alone is an achievement. But to surround her so glamorously, so improbably, and yet so actually, with people, situations, and with atmosphere, and yet have her so much like one of us—gentlemen, that is writing!

How to write a good novel

An' Rex ever bare the secrets of being able to wield a pen so prolifically, then shall I be one of his first and most assiduous pupils.

Let us pray all the gods of cinema that whoever has the making of the picture which " Money Mad " is sure to be, does it full justice.—*Don L'Dira.*

All About Our Stories, Good, Clean, and Otherwise

ABILENE, KAN.—Every once in a while in the past, you have published a good story—unintentionally, perhaps.

But when you publish as many good stories as were contained in your April 25 issue, I believe you should be commended.

With the exception of the two serials, they were all good—Max Brand's " Heartbreak " and Llewellyn Hughes' " The Golden Day," especially.

Here's hoping we see more of the writings of Max Brand. Give us good, clean stories like those.—*Ralph Fritts.*

DURHAM, N. C.—A few more stories like some of the ones you've printed, and you may be able to have the Ten Commandments repealed.—*H. E. Spence.*

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Your short short story, " One Shot," by Maristan Chapman, wasn't bad as a story, and if your biographical sketch of the author had merely said she was married in England, the alleged Tennessee mountaineer's dialect could be forgiven.

But when you also say that she was born in Tennessee and has written books about Tennessee mountaineers which have brought her considerable fame, you should have added (for it is obviously true) that she learned the Tennessee mountaineers' dialect while she lived in England.—*A Tennessee Mountaineer.*

A Scared Vox Popper? You Amuse Us, Esther. There Is No Such Animal

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—We want amateur story contests for amateurs only. It nauseates us all to turn to the short short story page and read, " Michell De Nutte wrote this short. He was educated at Yale, Harvard, and ten of our best universities, not to mention the fact that he has traveled around the world three hundred times and owns country houses in practically every large country in the world."

We want you to publish stories by unknown, unsung, *scared* writers—by our own Vox Poppers. Let your other stories be by finished writers, but let me tell you we would all love to read amateurs' shorts. And a sketch that tells the lowdown on the author, as: " Susie Sassafras is the author of this short. She went to the Smallberg high school and once took a trip to Chicago. She has an Airedale dog, and her favorite dish is potato patties."—*Esther Marx Norman.*

From One Who Knows

BOSTON, MASS.—Just a word of praise for your feature, " To the Ladies," by Alexandra Kropotkin. I always thought that Liberty couldn't be improved upon, but I find I am wrong. She is very broad-minded, which, I suppose, comes from her cosmopolitan life—not what is generally associated with a princess.

Her title makes her no better and no worse. Who said that nothing good could come out of Russia?

Having traveled abroad myself I know my onions.—*A. M. K.*

Just Lie Flat and Loosen Your Collar, Mr. Stover, and You'll Probably Feel All Right

GOSHEN, IND.—Here is an idea that would improve considerably on your present system: Print your entire publication in disappearing ink, which would vanish completely in two days; and ask your readers to send their copies back to you. The same week they were distributed, Liberty could print the ensuing number on the blanks provided by its obliging patrons!—*Kenneth Stover.*

What Does the (?) Mean?

DES MOINES, IA.—Thrasher's cover of April 25, showing Gwen drawing that picture of the teacher, is O. K. by me. But the teacher! Oh, my! Yes, the teacher. Please, dearest editor, send me her telephone number and address. School would be paradise with teachers (?) like that. No kidding—I'm interested.—*Ralph Zasnow.*

Pop

Speaking of Contests

URBANA, ILL.—Doggone it, Liberty, why don't you have pity on me, and the other 2,499,999 saps who pretend to read your five-cent mag, huh? Although I am a peace-loving man, after reading fifty pages of your derned ole mag, I'm so het up that I feel like hunting up Capone and taking a sock at him. Everything was going great until I ran into your Name Anagrams contest. Then, whoops, I flew completely off my nut. Of all the fool, crazy, inhuman, silly things to fill a page with! I simply went raving cur-raz-zy every time I looked at it.

Now, Lib., I want you to understand I am not knocking your ole mag. I'm only telling you what I think of it. All the trouble started when I took the names of all my family, and, following your directions under the Name Anagrams, I mixed them around and, zowie—what all I got!—*H. H.*

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Why don't some of you chronic Vox Pop grumblers make up and stop kicking about contests?

I've never won a prize yet, but that only proves to me that there are just a few, perhaps two or three people in the world, smarter than I, so I say: Give me Liberty or give me the sense to keep still. Laugh that off.—*C. M. B.*

PENNSGROVE, N. J.—I want to thank you folks for contributing to my health.

This sounds funny, I know, but I have sent in so many good answers to numerous prize contests among which are a number of Liberty's.

Should I ever get a prize I am sure that I wouldn't be able to stand the shock, so am writing you these few words in appreciation for sparing me this jolt.—*Chas. R. Leonard.*

Wise Crack for the Weak

VINCENNES, IND.—If all the Vox Poppers were laid end to end they would reach—a conclusion.

Now head this: Wise Crack for the Weak.—*Grace Trump.*

This Will Do. Never Mind the Story

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—

When I have scaled the highest peaks
From Maine to Timbuctoo,
Caught a dozen roarin' lions
And give 'em to the zoo,
Flew a fleet of monoplanes
Across the seven seas,
Braved the arctic's frozen breath
In my beeveedees,
Jumped off Gibraltar's highest ledge,
Speared a whale or two,
Tamed a gang of cannibals,
And found a land that's new,
Lived ten years in Africa,
Learned the jungle chant,
Fought a glorious battle
Astride an elephant,
Viewed Davy Jones' locker
From a giant submarine,
Then—I'll try to write a story
For your doggone magazine!
—*Ami A. Nutt.*

Call for a Page of Jokes

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Am the father of three Liberty salesmen—Fred, Roy, and Robert Wieneke, who, together, dispose of 900 Libertys weekly. This week it will be 950.

Every now and then one or the other of the boys will come to me and say, " Pa, I wish Liberty would have a page of jokes such as some of the other magazines have."

I myself enjoy jokes and do believe it would be to your benefit to add such a feature. —*Fred Wieneke.*

The Air-Minded Mr. Clarke

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Cheers for Frank Clarke! This air devil's memories in Liberty sure are interesting and, from twenty minutes of his articles, I've learned more about movie aviation and general aviation than in two hours' reading from any book. His explanations of tricks that he has done and seen done are thrilling and are worth the price of the magazine. The artist who draws for him is no slouch either.—*A Would-be Aviator.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The reminiscences of Frank Clarke, as told to Robert A. Donaldson, are very interesting.

Out of the hundreds of fliers that forfeited their lives for aviation Frank Clarke has probably seen a dozen fall before his eyes, and a great many more where only the ship was wrecked, or a few limbs.

In fact, he saw me spin in one day, much to my embarrassment.

And, say—how that boy could fly!—*Morie Morrison.*

It's a Little Shy on Love Interest

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I want to contest the right of one of your Vox Poppers to declare that he has written the " shortest short " story.

He hasn't read my short story yet, but comparing my story with his, he should have run his story in Liberty as a serial.

My story, which I hereby claim to be the world's shortest, is as follows:

Coughin'!

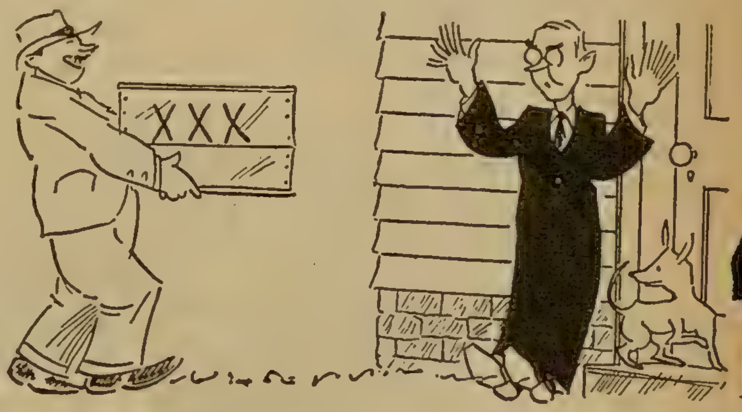
Coffin.—*W. A. Chambers.*

Possibly

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—I wish to express my appreciation of your editorial, " Prohibition Follies of 1931 (New Edition)," in the April 25 issue of Liberty. Possibly the prohibitionists can justify the ruin of the Virgin Islanders on the ground that it is better to die of starvation than to drink or sell rum.—*T. A. O'Connor.*

It Seems to Suggest Complications

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Don't you think, my dear Vox Pop editor, that it would be a perfect idea if all the contributors to your column would be forced to put their street addresses on their communications, so that (for instance) the objectors to prohibition could be called on by the bootleggers and presented with a fine case of wet goods?—*George Baker (not a bootlegger).*



We'll Ask Him. There Might Be Something

COLUMBUS, MISS.—Had paid my nickel for Liberty every week for years, gambling on the fact that some day, perhaps, you would print a story or an article worth the money.

Had almost given up in despair when Elliott White Springs' story, " The Egyptians Played It," fully repaid me for every five cents I have paid for Libertys.

He probably knows his backgammon; I am no judge of that. He certainly knows his ulcers.

If he knows anything more, let's have a story on it.—*J. B. S.*

Sky Larks

As Told to ROBERT A. DONALDSON

By FRANK CLARKE

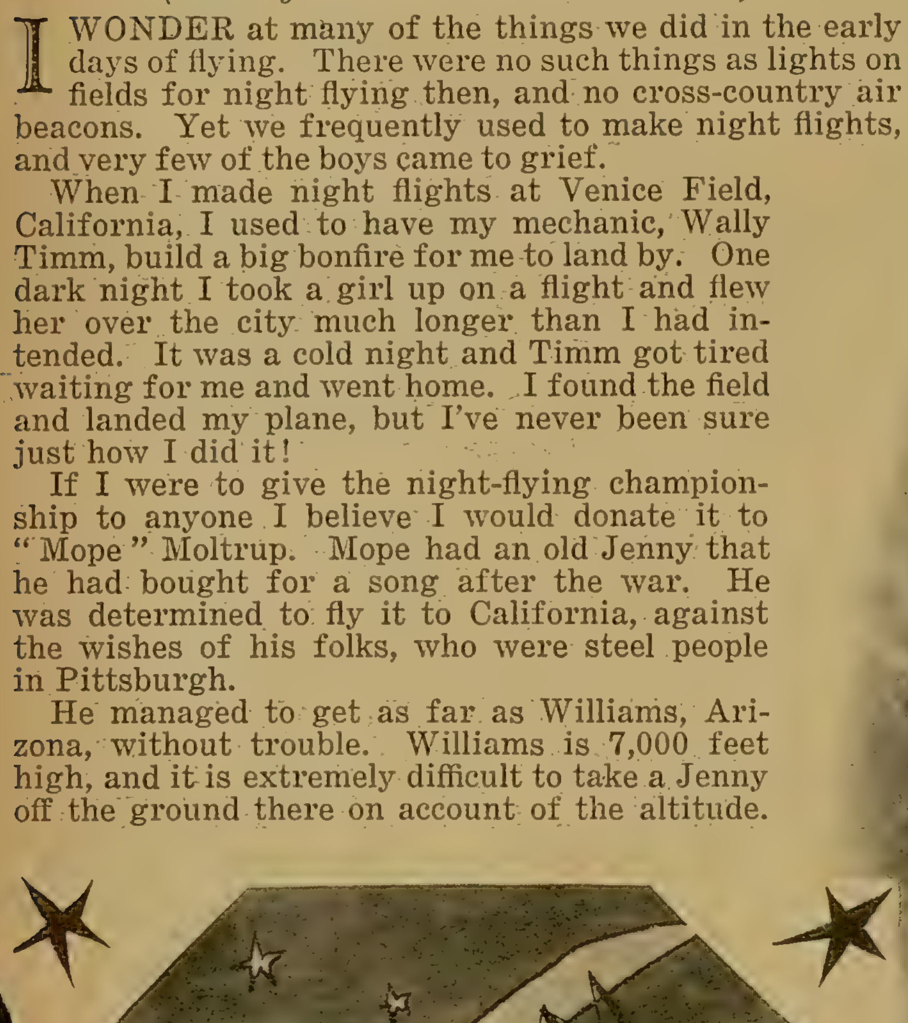
(Reading time: 19 minutes 2 seconds.)

I WONDER at many of the things we did in the early days of flying. There were no such things as lights on fields for night flying then, and no cross-country air beacons. Yet we frequently used to make night flights, and very few of the boys came to grief.

When I made night flights at Venice Field, California, I used to have my mechanic, Wally Timm, build a big bonfire for me to land by. One dark night I took a girl up on a flight and flew her over the city much longer than I had intended. It was a cold night and Timm got tired waiting for me and went home. I found the field and landed my plane, but I've never been sure just how I did it!

If I were to give the night-flying championship to anyone I believe I would donate it to "Mope" Moltrup. Mope had an old Jenny that he had bought for a song after the war. He was determined to fly it to California, against the wishes of his folks, who were steel people in Pittsburgh.

He managed to get as far as Williams, Arizona, without trouble. Williams is 7,000 feet high, and it is extremely difficult to take a Jenny off the ground there on account of the altitude. This is about the only time anyone has tried to fly a Jenny across this route. Usually they take the southern route by El Paso.



Picture by Clayton Knight

I used to have a bonfire to land by.

When Brenon saw me he was so furious that he made it

He spent the night at Williams, and hurried out early the next morning. Much to everyone's surprise, he made a good take-off and was on his way. After he had flown about ten minutes he remembered that he had forgotten to pay his hotel bill, amounting to a few dollars. He had visions of being arrested at his next stop, having his plane attached, and what not. So he turned around and flew back. He went to the hotel and paid the bill. The proprietor was very affable and told him he hadn't worried at all, and that Mope might just as well have gone on and sent the money from his next stop.

Feeling pretty good he went back to the field, got in, and started off. This time he didn't make it. He crashed his plane into some pine trees and cracked it up badly.

He didn't have enough money to get the plane repaired, or enough to get to California on the train. Some local

An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

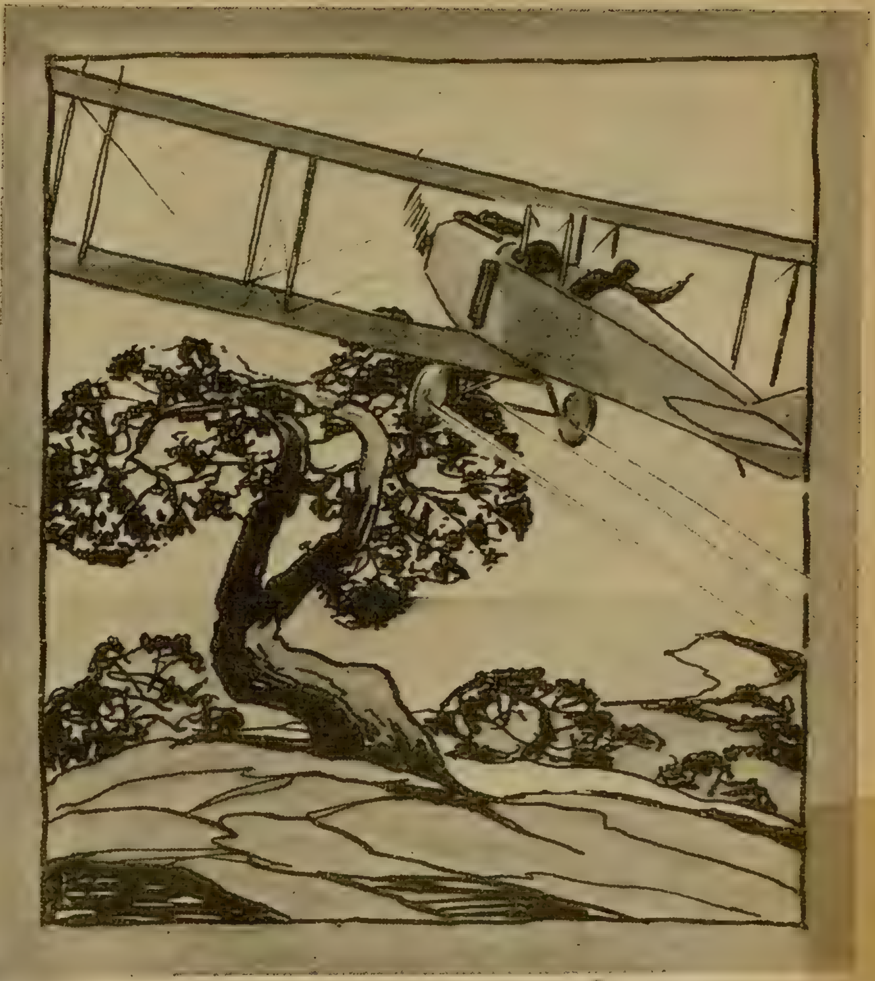
very plain he was disappointed I wasn't a corpse.

people kindly got him a job on a cattle ranch. He didn't know a cow from a horse, but nevertheless he became a cowpuncher, and worked at it several months until he got together enough money to get to Los Angeles.

Eventually he got the money from his people to send to Williams, have the wreckage of his plane put in a freight car and shipped to Los Angeles, where he rebuilt it.

HE kept it at the Rogers Airport, near Los Angeles, but we used to see a good deal of him at Venice because he knew a girl there and used to fly down almost every afternoon to see her. He would leave his plane on the field with the switch on, so that all he had to do when he came back was to kick the propeller over.

He'd generally fly back late at night, and fog or rain meant nothing to him. We'd hear him start his motor on nights when it was pretty foggy, warm it up, and take off. We often wondered how he found Rogers Airport through the fog, but he always did—that is, all except once.



Picture by Clayton Knight

I waved back to Betty. At the same moment there was a terrific crash. I had hit the top of a tree.

Some small boys had evidently been fooling with his plane and opened the throttle. He came back about midnight and kicked the prop over without looking into the cockpit. The plane started with a roar on an open throttle. He caught it by one wing and it kept circling round and round. He was unable to get on it and get in the cockpit. Eventually it nosed over, breaking the propeller. I remember the incident well because it was a propeller that I had loaned him. Incidentally Moltrup today is a prominent air-mail pilot on an eastern run.

I HAVE cracked up various planes for film thrillers, but only twice by accident. Once I was flying in a picture for Famous Players-Lasky, The Woman with Four Faces, which starred Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

I had been making the concluding flying scenes near a grove on the bluffs above Santa Monica, and had landed in a rather short space.

When the final scenes were taken I prepared to fly back to Los Angeles. Betty Compson was an aviation enthusiast and decided she would go back with me. Herbert Brenon, the director, objected strenuously and quite an argument ensued, which Brenon won. So I prepared to take off alone.

Just as my wheels left the ground Betty waved good-by to me, and I turned around and waved back to her. At the same moment there was a terrific crash. I had hit the top of a tree. The plane lit on the ground just over a small hummock and out of view of the company.

I was so disgusted with myself that I simply crawled out, walked off, and sat down under a near-by tree and lit a cigarette. In a couple of minutes the troupe came dashing into the clearing, headed by Brenon, ready to pick up the body. He was terribly excited. Nobody saw me, although I was in plain view, so I just sat there and watched them. They went through the wreckage looking for me, and then ran back and looked in the tree tops.

It was several minutes before Brenon saw me, and when he did he was so furious because I hadn't made myself known that he made it very plain he was disappointed I wasn't a corpse.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SKY LARKS
Continued from page fifty-seven

A short time later I more or less duplicated the stunt in a grove at Beverly Hills for Douglas McLean's picture, Going Up. I brought the plane down, crashed into the tops of several pines, but this time I managed to land it safely, right side up, in an adjoining field. A piece was broken out of my propeller and one wing slightly damaged, but that was all.

Speaking of stunts for film purposes reminds me of one that Al Johnson thought up one day when he was broke. He got a news weekly to agree to pay fifty dollars for it, and then he went to Freddie Hoyt, who had a plane and a little money.

Al had decided that he could strap a parachute on his back and drop on a bicycle from the undercarriage of a plane. All he needed was a bicycle and an airplane. He had the chute. Freddie Hoyt had the plane. Neither had a bicycle, but Freddie had enough money to buy one.

Freddie agreed to go for the stunt. Together they went to a bicycle dealer and made a dicker. Freddie paid a fifteen-dollar deposit on a new bicycle, with the agreement that if the bicycle was undamaged, he could return it and the dealer would simply keep the deposit. Of course if it were smashed up he would have to pay the full price, forty-five dollars. Why they didn't buy an old secondhand bike I don't know.

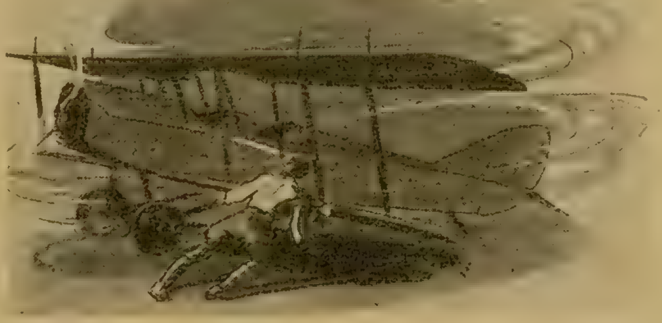
They went out to the field, got the bicycle up on the plane, and went into the air. At about 2,000 feet Al crawled down and mounted the bicycle and shot into space, calmly pedaling away at 2,000 feet. He pulled his ring and his chute opened perfectly.

IT had been agreed between them that when Al got within ten feet of the ground he was to drop the bicycle—so that he wouldn't land on it and break it. Nothing was said about the injury it might do him. But for some reason Al forgot this and landed with a bang on the field still on the bike! It collapsed. The frame was bent, the wheels were broken—it was a wreck.

When Freddie got to the ground and saw the bicycle he was in a rage, and began running after Al across the field, shouting at him. He didn't catch him, but it was a long time before he would speak to him. All the profit was taken out of the stunt. After paying the forty-five dollars for the damaged bicycle, there was exactly five dollars left to split between them!

When I was flying at the old Venice field I made one trip which I have not been anxious to repeat.

It happened that there was an oil well at Point Conception, above Santa Barbara, which had lost some tools in the hole. Fishing for them had proved unsuccessful. The well could not go down until they came out and the only way to get them out was to blow them out with TNT. The drillers were in a hurry to get them out before trouble developed, but the road was impassable. It was a cold, rainy winter day when a powder man came to me at the field and asked me if I would fly a load of TNT up there—for a consideration. I consulted Wally Timm and asked him if he'd go along. We decided to make the trip—for a consideration. By the time they had brought the TNT to the field we had thought it over and weren't so enthusiastic. However, we decided to go through with it. But on account of the cold and the rain, and our open-cockpit job, and a few other good excuses, we decided that it would be best to take a bottle of bourbon along for emergencies. Wally went into Venice and got it.



Picture by Clayton Knight

He caught it by one wing and it kept circling round and round.

WE got into the plane and I placed the box of TNT on his lap, just to make sure that he would go first if anything happened. It was a dull day and we had to fly low. We skirted the ocean along Santa Monica, and followed the coast most of the way up.

The weather was especially thick at Santa Barbara, which is crowded close against a high mountain range that drops abruptly to the sea. It was foggy over the ocean. We couldn't go over the mountains in back of the town. And the ceiling over Santa Barbara was just 300 feet. We flew our load of TNT directly over the town and went on up to the well, making a good landing in a soggy field, although we came perilously close to the derrick.

We delivered the load of TNT okay, and I was never so glad to kiss anything good-by as I was that box. We started back immediately, and we hadn't gone ten miles before my motor sputtered and I had to make a very rough forced landing in a plowed field.

Later I told the powder man about having to fly 300 feet over Santa Barbara. I asked him how much damage the TNT would have done had we fallen in Santa Barbara. He considered a moment and then replied:

"We know that you wouldn't have known anything about it." And it is probable that Santa Barbara wouldn't have, either.

During the four years of the World War aviation really went through what normally would have been

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twenty-five years' growth. Necessity is the mother of invention, and in the war necessity was dire. When you consider the frail ships of 1914 and then compare them with the fighting planes and bombers that were taking the air at the close of the war in 1918, the change was really wonderful. Mechanical changes of every sort came in. Machine guns were mounted to shoot through the propellers, where at first the pilots had fought their air duels with pistols. Motors were vastly improved, speeds were increased.

Aviation during this period was also a great gamble, not alone from enemy fire, but from mechanical defects. Stunt flying was developed as a necessity in maneuvering to fighting position. The men who went into it gambled with their lives.

This spirit of reckless adventure carried over from the air squadrons, who would carouse the night before and then fly at dawn against the enemy, to civilian aviation immediately after the war. It is difficult in these days of air-mail and passenger routes to believe that aviation was, only a few years ago, considered entirely unsafe. The person who took a five-minute ride in a barnstorming plane figured that he had defied death every minute he was in the air.

Pilots were supposed to be a class of irresponsible adventurers who at best had but a few years to live. No parents, with consideration for her welfare, wanted their daughter to marry an aviator, who would probably leave her a widow in a very short time.

This very attitude on the part of the public created a similar attitude in the minds of the vast majority of those who pursued civilian aviation as a profession. A short time ago, when the TAT plane crashed into the mountainside during an Arizona storm, the entire country was shocked at the disaster, and many investigations were held to learn how it could have happened. A few years ago it would have been dismissed with a shrug by the public, who would have looked upon it as the kind of thing likely to happen to airplanes any day. Today the failure of a big commercial ship to come through safely with its passengers is as much a rarity as a train wreck or the sinking of an ocean liner.

IN fact, it is so rare that belief was first advanced that the TAT plane had been struck by lightning. To any experienced flyer such an explanation is silly. Isn't it peculiar, after all these years of flying, that lightning has just been discovered as "causing" airplane disasters? I have heard of only one ship being struck by lightning, and in that case the pilots reported that there was no damage, although threads of sparks ran over the motor. An airplane has no ground connection.

Just as among members of air squadrons during the war, so in the period immediately following there was a good deal of drinking among pilots. It was more or less taken for granted. Today a commercial flyer with a drink on his breath couldn't take his ship off the ground. He would not only be dismissed from the service, but grounded and fined by the Department of Commerce. Even a flyer attempting to take his private plane off an established field would not be allowed to do it if he had been known to be drinking.

That reminds me of an incident which occurred following a banquet to honor Glenn Martin by his home town of Santa Ana, California. A lot of pilots were invited and flew down from various fields around Los Angeles. Several of the boys tucked away "road bottles," or whatever they may be called in the air.

Two of us flew down with a third man in his three-passenger job. When he prepared to take off after the banquet, a flyer who had been in another machine learned that one of the boys in our machine had a bottle. So he insisted on getting in with us, despite the fact that he was overcrowding. When we were up about 5,000 feet the fellow who had the bottle got it out and passed it to me. I took a drink and then crawled out with it from the cockpit to the wing. Immediately the owner of the bottle and the thirsty flyer began shouting to me to come back. I only laughed at them and sat out there. Figuring they were going to go thirsty, they began to crawl out after me—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A pipe is still a man's smoke

A man looks like a man when he smokes a pipe

THERE'S no getting around it—women nowadays are doing everything that men do. Driving our cars, flying our planes, even smoking our cigarettes. But did you ever see a lady smoke a pipe?

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SKY LARKS

Continued from page fifty-nine

although neither of them was a wing walker. In fact, one was a man fifty-four years old.

The pilot of the plane shouted at them to come back, as he was afraid of overloading the right wing, but they paid no attention. As soon as they neared me I crawled down on the undercarriage. When they followed I went up on to the left wing, and finally out to the tip. When they thought they had me and the bottle cornered there, I crawled up to the upper wing, and that proved too much for them. They gave it up, and I sat up there until the ship landed at the Venice field, when I gave them the bottle. It's strange what a man will do 5,000 feet in the air to get another drink—after a party.

Al Johnson preparing to make a parachute jump mounted on a bicycle.

Among other amusing incidents of my barnstorming days was the time Swede Meyerhofer kidnaped a woman passenger. Swede was nothing if not a man of action. He had just dropped down to the field to find a man arguing with his wife, who was standing beside my ship. The man was in the cockpit and the woman wouldn't get in. The husband said he wouldn't fly unless she did.

Swede decided something ought to be done about it, so he simply seized the woman, dropped her in the cockpit of his plane, strapped the belt, and, before her husband could protest, took off. I then took the husband up, wondering what was going to happen when Swede landed. Strangely enough, when they came down she was very pleased over her ride—in fact, quite cocky about it!

WALLY TIMM about this time became noted for having given some bereaved relatives at a cemetery a thrill which they probably haven't yet forgotten.

Lonny Garwood had been killed, and it had been arranged as part of the ceremony for a number of his flyer friends to drop the flowers on his grave.

The flowers were brought to the field, and Wally Timm's plane was first to be loaded. There was some delay, and although the bunch had planned to fly over together, Wally decided to take off ahead of them. When he reached the cemetery he saw a funeral party, swooped low just over their heads, and threw out the flowers on to the grave.

When he got back to the field he found everything was all right except he had picked the wrong funeral! And he has never since been anxious to find out whose it was!

In picture work we began to seek more and more sensational stuff. We figured out one stunt for a picture that hadn't been tried before. We decided to try to change a man from the wing of one plane to the tail skid of another.

Al Johnson agreed to try to make the change. Meanwhile we had had an assistant director on this picture who had been bothering the life out of us to take him up for a ride. This was one of the last shots of the picture, so the pilot of the other plane agreed to take him up on this flight.

"BY the way," he said to the assistant, more as a joke than anything else, "when Al catches on to my tail it may overbalance the plane. So if I motion you to do it, I want you to crawl out and stand on top of the motor cowl until we land."

They took off, with a rope about four feet long dangling from the tail skid. It was doubled and knotted about every eight inches for handholds.

I flew Al Johnson up in my plane. At the proper height he crawled out on the wing and I moved up under the tail of the first ship. Al caught the rope and began to pull himself up. I backed off to watch him.

Al put his foot through the rope at the first knot and got his hand on the stabilizer. Then his foot slipped through the knotted rope, and his leg slipped through until the rope was tight around his leg just above the knee. Not having a good handhold he couldn't pull himself up without foot purchase, and swinging there he had no way to yank his leg out.

Meanwhile the pilot of the plane began to wonder why he didn't come up. He began motioning me to tell Al to come up. I did so before I saw what was the matter. The tail of the first plane began to sag, and the pilot turned to the assistant director and motioned him to get out on top of the motor—and he really meant it. It was no joke!

That assistant director dived into the cockpit and never did come up. He was so scared that we had to haul him out after we landed.

Finally I motioned Al to pull his chute. He got panicky and thought there must be something the matter with the ship. So, without making any effort to loosen the rope around his leg, he pulled his ring. The pilot chute shot out, and then the main chute opened. It suddenly yanked taut, and for a minute it looked to me as if the other plane had stopped in midair. It seemed to hang there for a minute. Something had to give way, and it appeared probable at that time that it would be Al's leg. Just then, with a mighty jerk, his leg tore loose from the encircling loop, and he started down. He was in such pain from the jerk that he was in a hurry to get to the ground, and slipped his chute so much that for a time we believed he was falling. He landed and was uninjured, except that one leg was longer than the other for a while.

Al Johnson was always having weird escapes. I recall one Christmas Eve when he volunteered to perform a stunt for the benefit of the inmates of the County Poor Farm. He dressed as Santa Claus and was taken up in a plane with a big sack. Then he jumped in a parachute and landed in the yard of the Poor Farm, where he distributed gifts.

Al had an old Ford and afterward he got into it and started back to town. It was raining heavily and about halfway in he met at an intersection a big Buick whose occupants were celebrating the day alcoholically. It hit him broadside and simply demolished his flivver. The two occupants of the Buick were taken to the hospital with fractured skulls. Al stood there in the middle of the wreckage with nothing but a steering wheel in his hand. He never went back for the flivver; it wasn't worth it!

HE walked a few blocks and hailed a bus. It was full inside, so Al had to ride in the rain on the roof. When the bus got into town the crowd thinned out and the conductor came up the steps and suggested to Al, the only passenger left there, that he come down inside, out of the rain.

"I won't bother," replied Al. "I get off in a few blocks, anyhow."

The next block a big sand truck got out of control on a hill—came careening down the street, and hit the bus amidships, toppling it over and injuring those inside. Al was thrown clear and lit on an adjoining lawn.

He came home quite disgusted.

"One of these days I'm going to stand in front of a street car and watch it jump the track," he said.

AND he probably would have had the nerve to do it! He had about the coolest head I have ever seen. He certainly proved it in one picture.

He was flying an old ship 5,000 feet above Inglewood. The plane was saturated with kerosene and Al had a switch he was supposed to throw just as he bailed out.

When everything was ready he got partway out of the cockpit, pulled the fuse, and prepared to jump. As he did so a snap from his chute caught on one of the brace wires. He was halfway out, and pinned to a burning ship that was going into a dive!

I was flying the camera ship, and I certainly thought it was good night for Al. To my amazement, instead of losing his head, he calmly climbed back into the cockpit, unsnapped the chute, and jumped. While he was doing this the flames were shooting nearly 100 feet high from the diving plane.

Al found himself falling through space from a height of 5,000 feet. He didn't dare pull his ring and open the chute for fear it would tangle with the burning ship. They came down side by side. I followed them in a dive with the camera ship.

They stayed that way to within 400 feet of the ground. Then the plane, for some reason, shot away at an angle. Al pulled his ring and the chute opened at 300 feet.

I breathed a sigh of relief when the chute opened. But Al's troubles weren't over yet. He struck the ground so hard that his knee came up, hit him on the chin, and knocked him out cold!

Some further reminiscences by Mr. Clarke will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

"Tall Oaks from Little Acorns"

Evelyn is always talking about her new baby sister. Meeting her playmate, Doris, she announced:

"We got a baby."

"We had a baby," said Doris.

Then Evelyn's aunt asked:

"What did you do with your baby, Doris?"

"We made Jimmy out of him," she replied.—Mrs. W. H. Gilks, Big Bay, Mich.

* * *

He Said a Mouthful

A guest at the family luncheon table asked Warren a question.

Warren, with his mouth full of food, swallowed visibly, passed his napkin to his lips, and after a long pause, said in his soft baby voice:

"Excuse me, please, but my muvver doesn't allow me to talk with meals in my mouth."—Mrs. Esther Chase, 44 Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass.

* * *

Truth a Liability

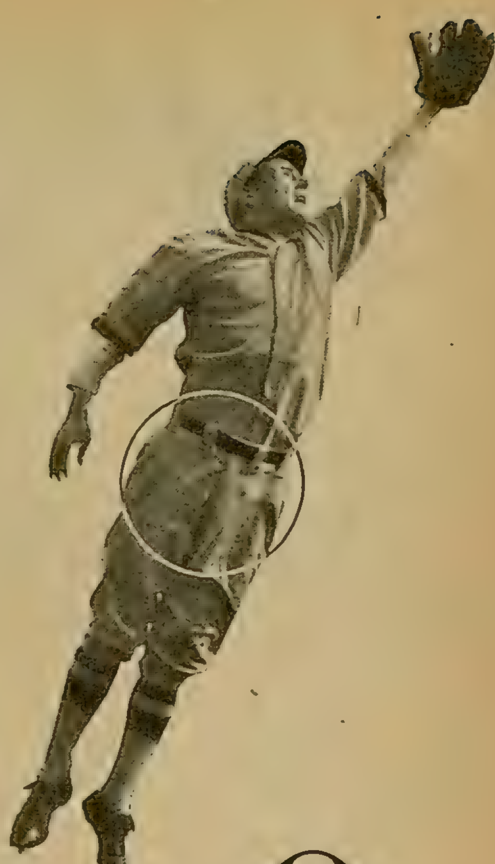
William and Ann were playing with Ann's blocks. They fussed a good deal, and finally Ann complainingly said to William's mother:

"Yes, and he stole some of my blocks, too."

Whereupon his mother asked William:

"Son, did you take Ann's blocks? Tell mother the truth."

"I'm not going to do it," answered William, "because I want to play with the blocks again."—Nan Davis Gerow, Lakewood, Norfolk, Va.



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A History of

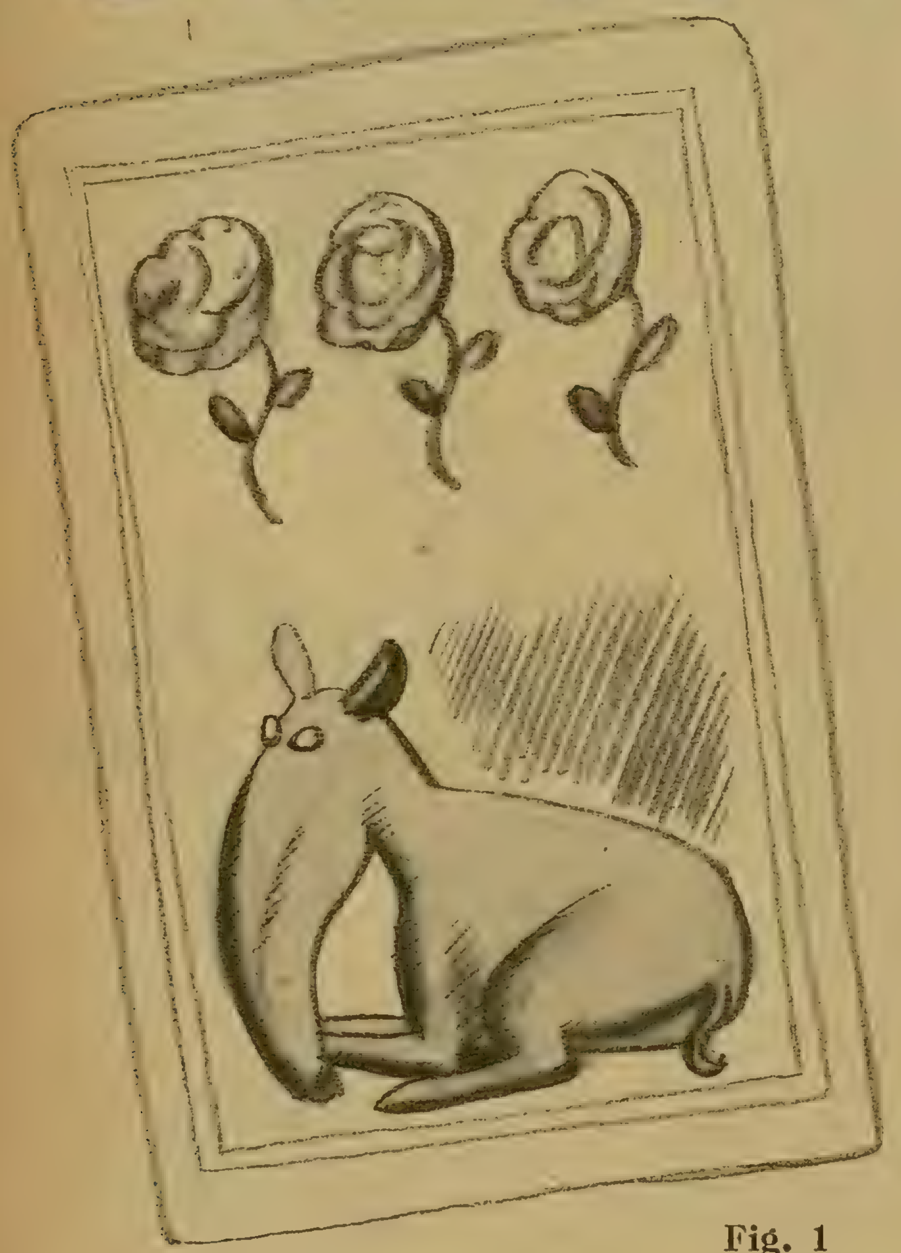

Fig. 1

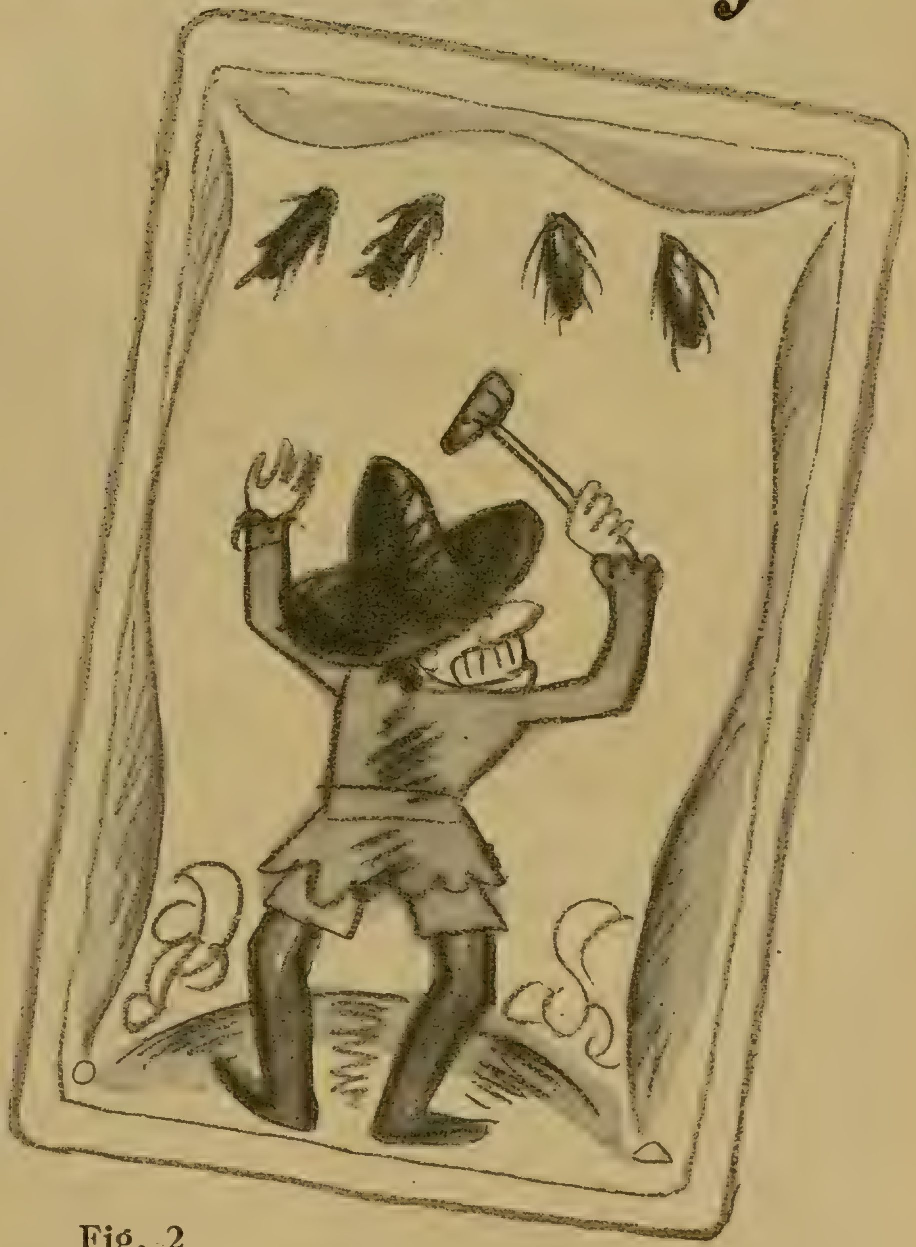

Fig. 2

By ROBERT

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

NOT many of you little rascals who employ playing cards for your own diversion or for the diversion of your funds know how playing cards were first used. And I venture to say that not many of you care. So here we are, off on a voyage of exploration into the History of the Playing Card, or Where Did All That Money Go Last Week?

The oldest existing playing cards, aside from those which I keep in the back of my desk for Canfield, are in the Staatliches Museum in Berlin and are Chinese. Don't ask me how Chinese playing cards got into Berlin. Do I know *every*thing? Suffice it to say that they are a thousand years old, which gives them perhaps twelve or fifteen years on my Canfield pack. My Canfield pack, however, has more thumb marks.

These thousand-year-old Chinese cards would be practically no good for anyone today who wanted to sit down for a good game of rhummy. What corresponds to our ace (I am told there is such a card in our pack—I have never seen one myself except once when drawing to a 5-9 straight) is a handful of scorpions, and the king and queen are not like our kings and queens but more like dragons with beards and headdresses. A gentleman who had been playing bridge with a ginger-ale highball at his elbow for two hours would never get around to bidding if he found one of those kings or queens in his hand. It would undermine his confidence in himself.

Authorities differ on the point of the invention of playing cards. Some say that it was the Egyptians, some the Arabs, while others maintain that it was part of an old Phœnician torture system by which a victim was handed thirteen cards and made to lay them down, one by one, in the proper sequence, the proper sequence being known only to an inquisitor known as the partner. If the cards were not laid down in the sequence prescribed by the inquisitor, the victim was strung up by the thumbs and glared at until he was dead of mortification. I rather incline to this last theory of the origin of the playing card. But that may be because I am bitter.

There is also a theory that playing cards and chess were originally the same game. This might very well be, although I don't see where card players would get the chance to sleep that chess players do. A good chess player can tear off anywhere from forty to sixty-five winks a move, if he is clever at it and hides his eyes with his hand, but a card player has at least got to sit up straight and do *something.* It may not be the thing to do, but he has got to do something.

I have often wished, as a matter of fact, that bridge plays could be handled in the same way as chess moves, for if I were given time and a good excuse for covering my face, I could do an awful lot better at bridge than I do. If, when my partner led out with a four of clubs, I could cup my hand over my brow and ponder, let us say for two minutes and a half, I might figure out what the hell it was she meant by her lead.

Whether or not chessmen and playing cards were once all a part of the same great big game, the fact remains that a lot of the old playing cards look as if they belonged to some other game than bridge or poker.

For example, take the card which is shown in Fig. 1—the one involving the services of what seems to be an old

Playing Cards

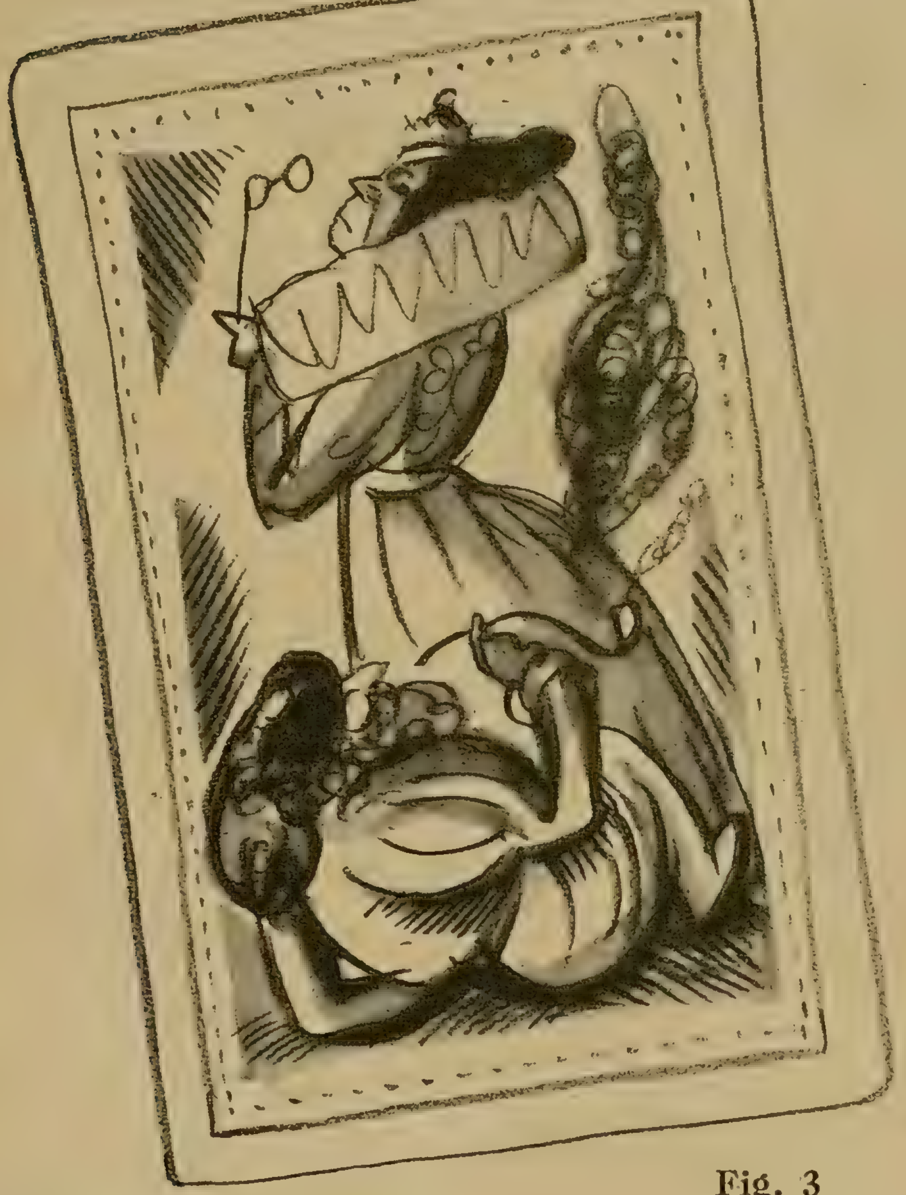

Fig. 3

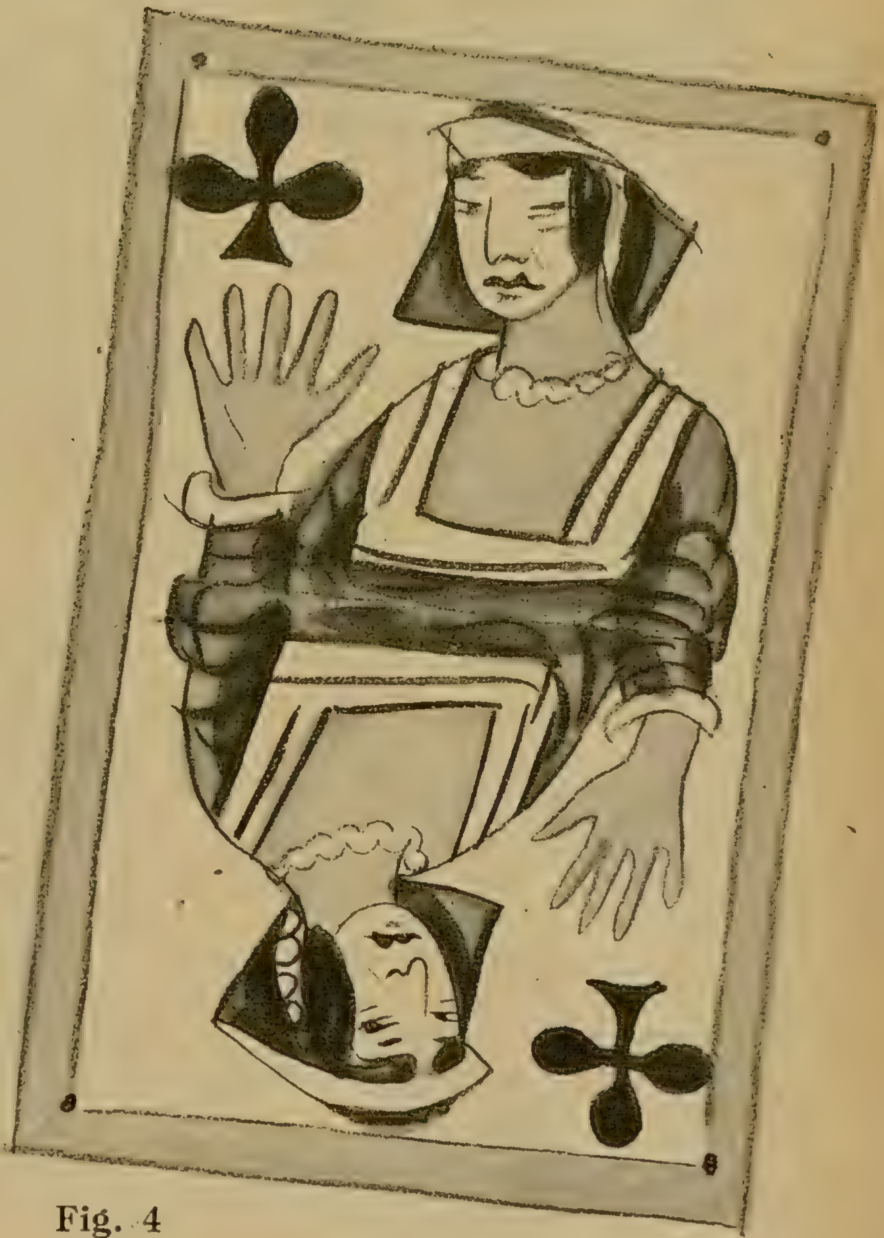

Fig. 4

BENCHLEY

Pictures by
PETER ARNO

anteater and three nasturtiums. I can't quite figure out what the game would be which could possibly make it desirable to draw one of these. Perhaps three of such cards as this and two of another kind showing a crane and some lily pads would be as good as a full house—but I doubt it. I can't imagine thrilling to a draw which resulted in two such cards as that shown in Fig. 2, in which a gentleman seems to be slapping down cockroaches. I would much rather see a simple little four spot (if I already held a five, six, seven, and eight) than any number of political cartoons like those in Fig. 3, showing the Duke of Marlborough setting Queen Anne on fire.

IN the old days cards were apparently designed to fill in those intervals in a game during which the player was bored with looking at his partner (I can understand that all right) and just wanted to while away the time by looking at pictures.

Even when they got to putting pictures that one can understand on playing cards—kings, queens, jacks, etc.—it was a long time before they made them look like anything at all. If you will take a look at the queen shown in playing card number 4 you will see that she looks so much like a jack that there is no fun in it. Furthermore, she has a very unpleasant expression on her face and I'll bet that she sings soprano without being asked. If I were to draw her, together with a jack, ten, nine, and three (as I *would*, you may be sure), I would discard both her and the three in the wild hope of filling to both ends rather than hold a hand with such an unpleasant-looking old girl in it. Anyway, I would probably think that she was a jack and keep the two for a possible five of a kind. (I don't play poker very well.)

My theory about the origin of the people shown on playing cards is this—

Oh, well, if you don't care, I certainly don't.

It has always seemed to me that the king and queen in an ordinary pack were based on real characters in history, a king and a queen who never got along very well together and wanted to separate. If the king saw the queen coming (in *my* hand, at any rate), he ducked up an alley and said to the jack: "Listen, son, you go that way and I'll go this, and I'll meet you when the game is over at Tony's. Don't let the Old Lady get in touch with you. She'll only make trouble." So the king goes one way and the jack goes another, and I am stuck with the queen and an eight-four-two, with (in case of bridge) a six spot of some other suit, and others to match.

This, according to my theory, is the real history of the characters in our playing cards. They were the most unhappy royal family in any of the old-time chronicles, and somebody thought that it would be a good idea to put them on playing cards just to torture me personally. I don't know about the early cards, with the duck shooters and anteater stalkers on them. But I venture to say that if I were playing the game, they would all be in the conspiracy, too. For this I have a very simple solution: I stick to Canfield, where a man has at least a fighting chance to cheat.

Mr. Benchley will speak his mind again about something or other in an early issue of Liberty.

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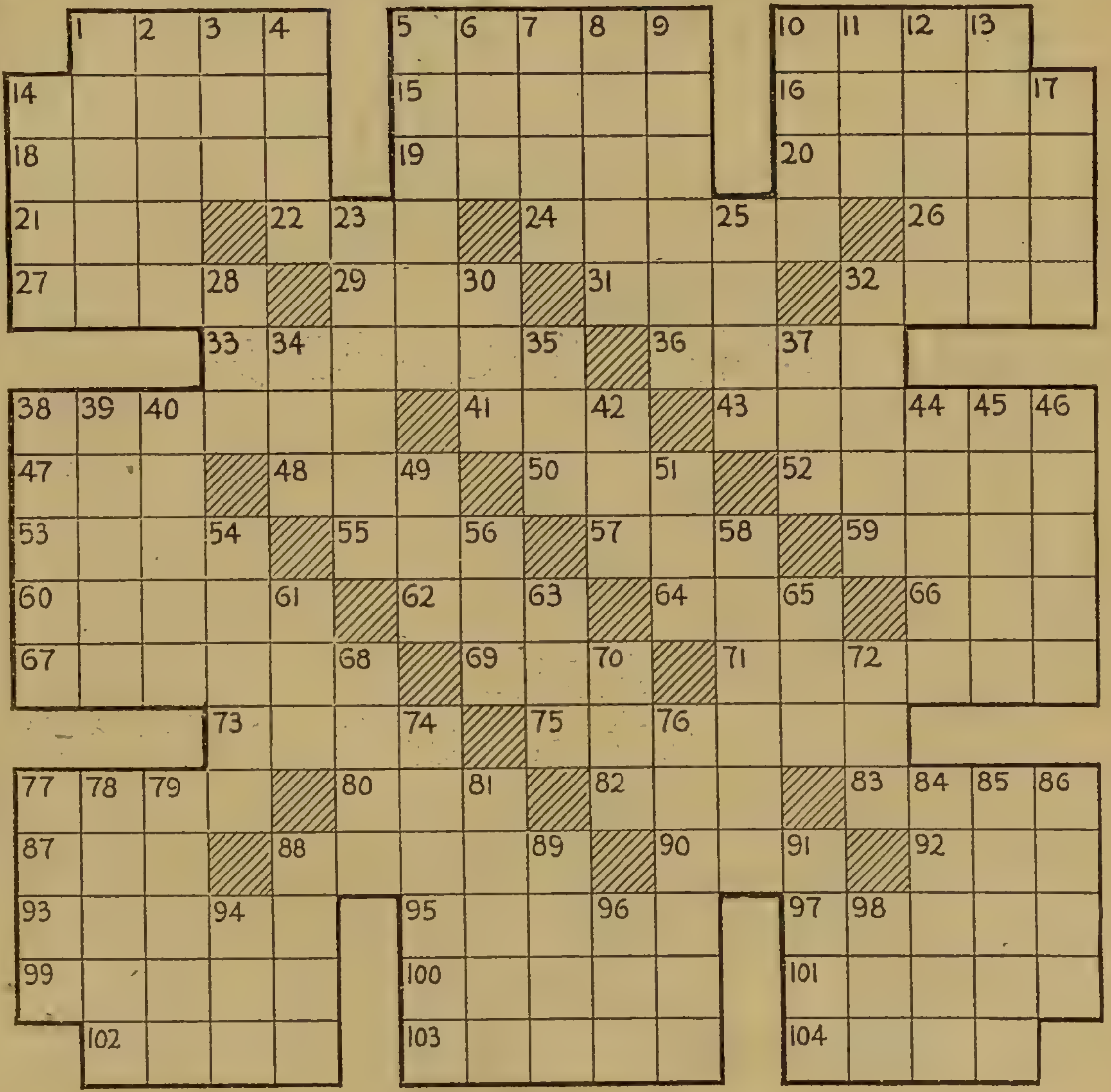
Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

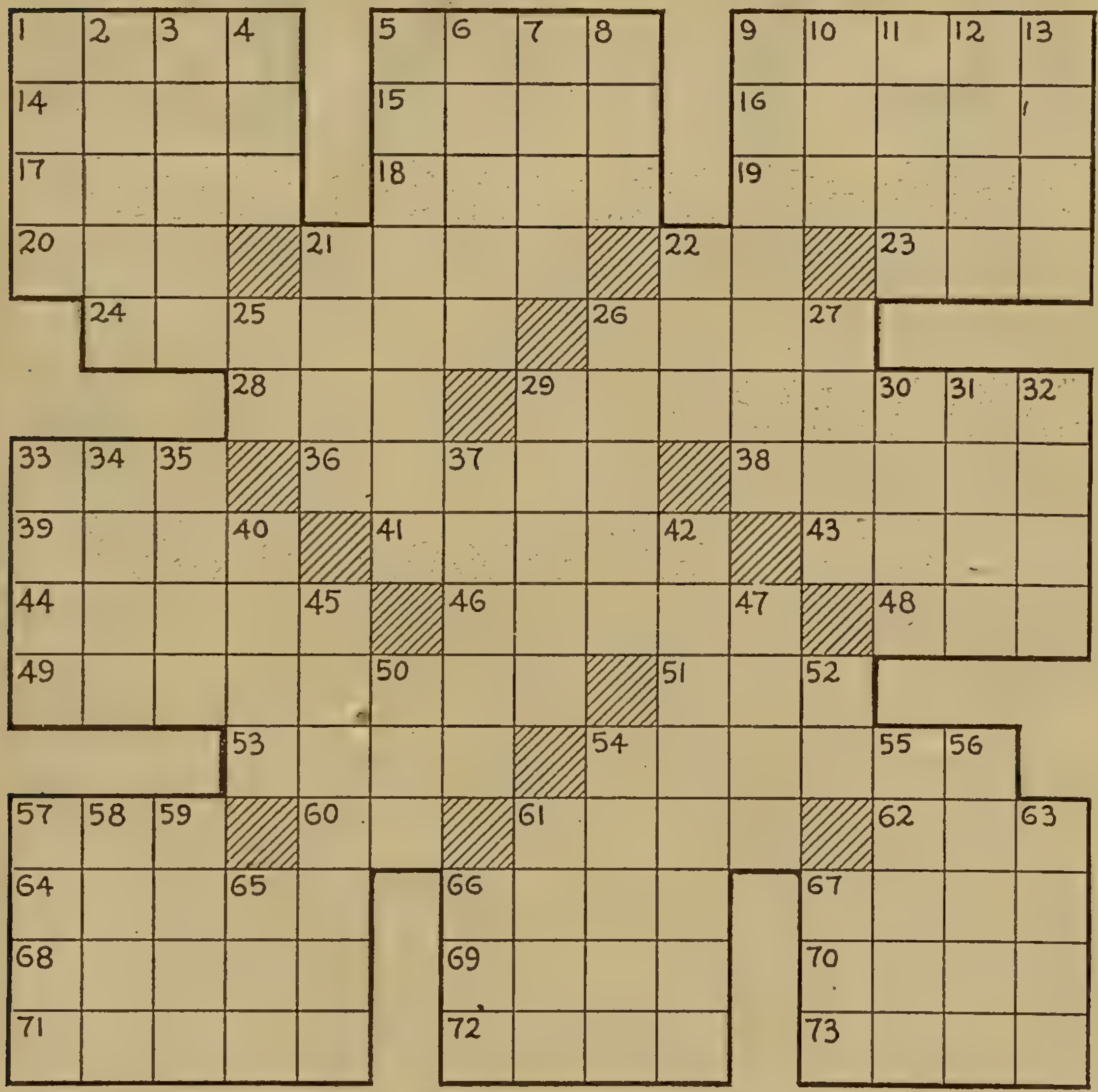
1 Snare
5 East Indian measure
10 Free from irregularity
14 Declaim
15 American aloe
16 Courage
18 Characters in an old Germanic alphabet
19 Device for transmitting force
20 Growing out
21 Deed
22 Beverage
24 Misplay
26 Cardinal number
27 Minus
29 Playing card
31 Combining form: three or thrice
32 Cozy abode
33 Progenitor
36 Roman emperor
38 Strain
41 Fitting
43 Man of learning
47 Pastry
48 Joined
50 Sleep
52 General tendency or direction
53 A float
55 Small mark
57 Unrefined
59 Solitary
60 Close by (poetic)
62 The throat, gullet, or jaws
64 Edible tuberous root
66 Place of evil resort
67 The trunk of a human body (plural)
69 Invalids' food
71 Most recent
73 Rend
75 Tidier
77 Rodents
80 Kind of muffin
82 Character in an Ibsen poem
83 In old time
87 Constellation
88 Pertaining to the character of sound
90 Call out
92 Title of respect
93 Ship's burden
95 Wear away
97 The poplar
99 Short jackets formerly worn by women
100 Give greater breadth to
101 Rants
102 Australian birds
103 Scythe handle
104 Ceases to exist

VERTICAL

1 Armistice
2 Raves
3 Corroded
4 Nuisance
5 Sovereign's residence
6 Period of time
7 Rant
8 Avoid
9 Sirs (German)
10 Always
11 A conveyance
12 Puff up
13 Notices
14 Of the mouth
17 Torn
23 Gained by labor
25 Crude metal (pl.)
28 Spring
30 Termination
32 New; strange
34 Point
35 Large cask
37 Musteline animal
38 European herring
39 Stringed instrument
40 Allude
42 Attention
44 Positive terminal of an electric source
45 Day in the ancient Roman calendar
46 River in England
49 Man's nickname
51 Compensate
54 Gustation
56 Spigot
58 Man's name
61 Deer
63 Pallid
65 Woman's name
68 A starch obtained from a palm
70 Edible seed
72 Test
74 Restores to freshness or vigor
76 Go up
77 A club
78 Ill tempered
79 Billiard shot
81 County in California
84 American Indian
85 Versifies
86 Greek deity
88 Pitch
89 Vein of ore
91 Measure of length
94 Antelope
96 River in England and Wales
98 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Slightly turned or opened
5 Seaport town in Austria
9 Member of a brown race of the Orient
14 Panel
15 Old Hebrew name for a month in the Jewish calendar
16 A size of type
17 Wild goat
18 The card of a mariner's compass
19 Restore to freshness
20 Heavenly body
21 Term used by proof readers
22 Exclamation
23 Being, in its most abstract sense
24 Cuts for insertion into a mortise
26 Biblical name (Numbers xxxi)
28 Metal in its crude state
29 A fruit beverage
33 Appropriate
36 That which is drawn along in the rear of something
38 Beneath
39 Created a false impression
41 Stains
43 Suffers illness
44 Mimics
46 A genus of geese
48 Mound
49 Legislators
51 Extending upward relatively little
53 To swallow hastily or without chewing
54 Takes intense delight in
57 Masculine personal name
60 Alleged force or natural power
61 Step
62 Over
64 Small detached piece
66 Breathe quickly or spasmodically
67 Woman's name
68 The author of Age of Reason
69 Press upon attention
70 That on which anything leans for support
71 To support one's self on the feet
72 Indigence
73 On the ocean

VERTICAL

1 Genus including the honeybees
2 A trimming worn down the front of a dress
3 To anoint
4 King (Latin)
5 Either of a couple who dance together (plural)
6 Wind instruments
7 Roster
8 Man's nickname
9 Large stork
10 Period of time
11 Narrow road
12 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
13 European taxaceous trees
21 Arrange according to characteristics
22 Border of a garment
25 Not
26 Torn places
27 Woman's name
29 Animals of the genus Felis
30 Mine entrance
31 Mark for omission; cancel
32 Language of Scotch Highlanders
33 Exclamation
34 Tube
35 Suffix denoting the addition of ten
37 Separate
40 Brownish yellow
42 Chosen
45 Bent forward and downward
47 Plow into ridges
50 Aged
52 Pronoun
54 A series of things in a line
55 Veins of ore
56 Perception through the intellect
57 Small venomous snake (plural)
58 Begone!
59 Elaborate accompanied melody
61 Shave off the superficial substance of
63 A timber tree of New Zealand
65 Woman's name
66 A play on words
67 Period

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

A drop stops PAIN then

CORN
LIFTS OFF

A-ah! The first cool drop of SAFE Freezone relieves all ache and pain. Then before you know it that nasty corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily, painlessly. No pain, no corns—if you use Freezone. Good for warts too. Costs only a few cents.

FREEZONE
ALL DRUGGISTS

Money Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

THESE are the adventures of Florida Morgan, whose father, a former bank official, was imprisoned. She entered a Wall Street firm, hoping to pay his debts. Her work succeeded, but her emotions were in a tumult. For the wealthy Wilmer Worth was in love with her, while Wanda, Wilmer's wife, was her devoted friend. Florida stuck to her job. When she accepted an invitation from Horace Snow, a banker, to go with him to his country place, it was for business advice only.

PART TWELVE—HER DIFFICULT HOUR

FLORIDA met the banker as agreed, but without any real expectation that the other members of the party would appear. Their failure to do so did not deter her from going, however, nor was she surprised to discover that her companion had engaged a drawing-room. Poor Mr. Snow! How clever he considered himself. Well, twenty-two thousand dollars entitled him to something. He was as conceited as the average man.

That intimate three-hour journey was none too long to suit the girl's purpose. Horace Snow was the one person she knew who could give her the financial guidance which she needed at this time and she considered it imperative to enlist not his mere casual interest but his earnest and honest coöperation. Under the circumstances, that was not easy. It proved something of a task to hold the conversation down to money matters, but she managed it pretty well.

Six months earlier Florida would have placed her funds in this man's hands and trusted blindly in his discretion—it was what he expected her to do, of course—but she had ideas of her own now, and before long her shrewdness, her intelligence, and her market wisdom excited his surprise and his admiration. The discovery that this immature person knew an asset from a liability and could actually interpret a quarterly statement pleased him and put him on his mettle. He expanded, he discussed investment problems, market trends, financial set-ups and situations as if he were talking to a man.

"How you have developed," he told her finally. "I had no idea you were so smart."

"I've been through a year of intensive schooling," she informed him. "I'm in this business to win, and I've done nothing but work and study. You're a terrible disappointment to me."

"I?" Snow's heavy-lidded eyes widened. "That's not very flattering."

"Well, you're the head of a huge bank; you're on the inside of everything; you've made an enormous amount of money and are making more. You know more about what's actually going on behind the scenes than any of the men I meet and I expected to hear words of caution from your lips. I was ready to write down a hundred don'ts and profit by them. But, my goodness, you're the biggest bull on the Street. You're as money drunk as all the rest."

"I *am* a bull," he admitted.

"You don't agree that the market is overbought?"

"Bosh! People have been saying that for the past year, but they keep on buying just the same and prices keep getting better—I mean prices of good stocks. The poor ones don't move and never will. Nobody who picks a good one can lose in this market; nothing can stop this avalanche of prosperity. And there are plenty of sure winners to select from."

In order to prove his contention the speaker recited some of his own experiences and of course they fascinated his hearer. To her his stories of success were more exciting than the most romantic or adventurous fiction. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes. She learned, by the time the porter had brought Snow his second bottle of mineral water and highball glass, that he was worth perhaps forty million dollars and proposed to quadruple it within the next twelve months. Under the warming influence of the Scotch he assured her that she could multiply her own capital four times by following his advice.

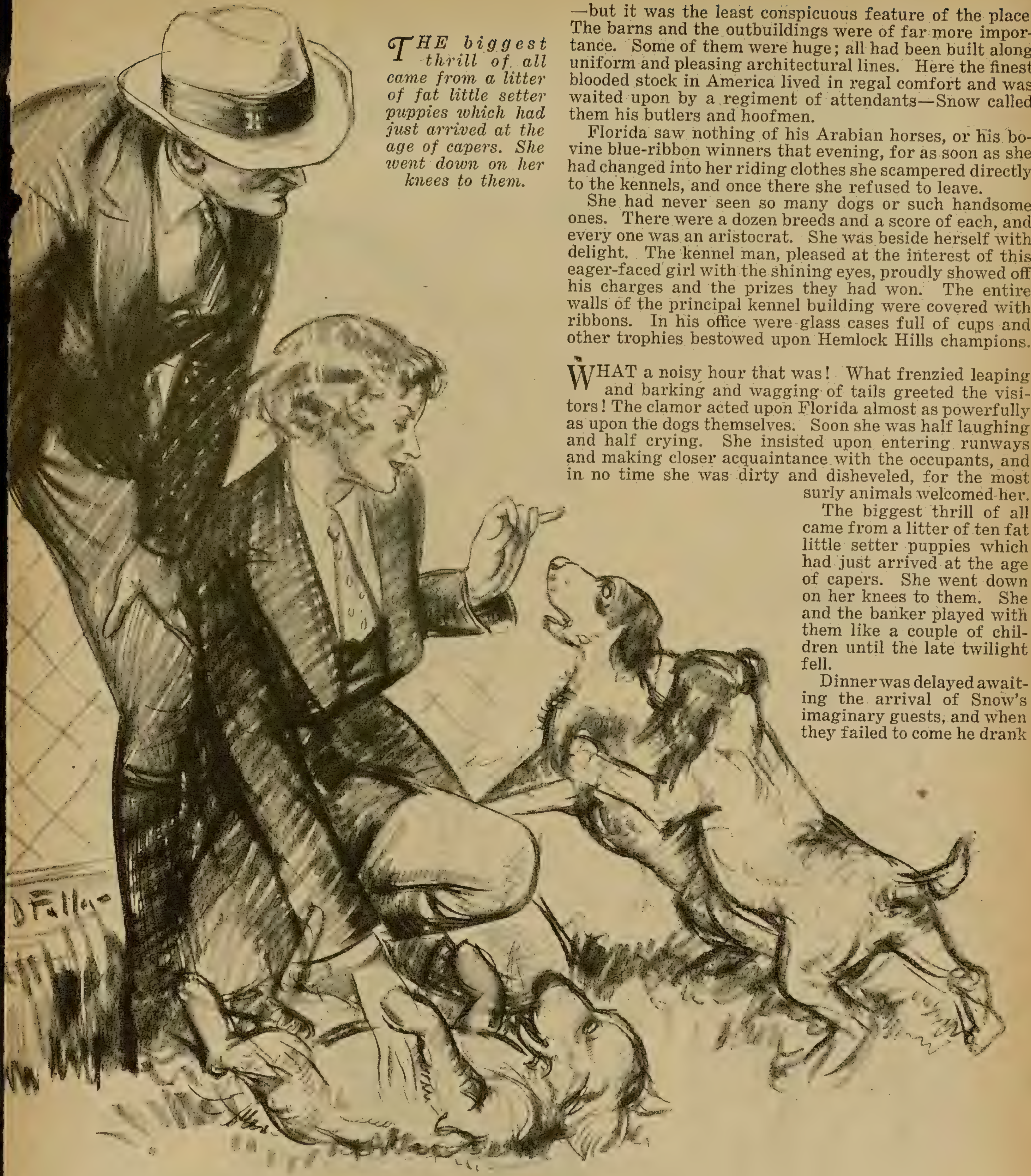
HIS position made him reluctant to counsel her, but she could not do better than buy Liberty Light and Power common. He knew the company's earnings, its present position, and its future prospects. He was carrying twenty thousand shares and steadily increasing his account. The stock was selling around par, it was certain to rise another fifty points within a few months and the interests back of it proposed to run it even higher.

All this was in the strictest confidence, of course. He advised Florida to put her twenty-two thousand dollars into the stock without delay and pyramid it as the market rose.

Inexperienced as she was, the girl could appreciate the hazards of such a course, but Snow undoubtedly was sincere and knew what he was talking about. Here was the very information she had been looking for; this was the opportunity which would make her rich if she were bold enough to seize it.

She knew something about Liberty Light. Snow's bank had done its financing. He was in the know and he wouldn't fool her. She was glad, now, that those "other people" had not come along.

What rewards the New York banks and bankers were reaping, she told herself. And the old Merchants and Growers closed! Her father had never carried any stocks



THE biggest thrill of all came from a litter of fat little setter puppies which had just arrived at the age of capers. She went down on her knees to them.

on margin, but he was in the Atlanta penitentiary because he was—unsafe! It made her wince. She wondered what the good citizens of Claiborne would think of Horace Snow.

II

HEMLOCK HILLS, the Snow stock farm, was a rich man's hobby and everything about it advertised that fact. The house was built of field stone and made for entertaining—it contained perhaps a dozen guest rooms—but it was the least conspicuous feature of the place. The barns and the outbuildings were of far more importance. Some of them were huge; all had been built along uniform and pleasing architectural lines. Here the finest blooded stock in America lived in regal comfort and was waited upon by a regiment of attendants—Snow called them his butlers and hoofmen.

Florida saw nothing of his Arabian horses, or his bovine blue-ribbon winners that evening, for as soon as she had changed into her riding clothes she scampered directly to the kennels, and once there she refused to leave.

She had never seen so many dogs or such handsome ones. There were a dozen breeds and a score of each, and every one was an aristocrat. She was beside herself with delight. The kennel man, pleased at the interest of this eager-faced girl with the shining eyes, proudly showed off his charges and the prizes they had won. The entire walls of the principal kennel building were covered with ribbons. In his office were glass cases full of cups and other trophies bestowed upon Hemlock Hills champions.

WHAT a noisy hour that was! What frenzied leaping and barking and wagging of tails greeted the visitors! The clamor acted upon Florida almost as powerfully as upon the dogs themselves. Soon she was half laughing and half crying. She insisted upon entering runways and making closer acquaintance with the occupants, and in no time she was dirty and disheveled, for the most surly animals welcomed her.

The biggest thrill of all came from a litter of ten fat little setter puppies which had just arrived at the age of capers. She went down on her knees to them. She and the banker played with them like a couple of children until the late twilight fell.

Dinner was delayed awaiting the arrival of Snow's imaginary guests, and when they failed to come he drank their cocktails. During the evening he continued to drink sufficiently to keep himself in high gear, and finally he tried, a trifle awkwardly, to kiss Florida.

"Please don't spoil a perfectly dandy day," she told him quietly.

Followed an argument along lines all too familiar to her, but the host was a determined man and accustomed to having his way in most things.

"As I live, you're trying to 'how dare' me," he

[CONTINUED

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-seven

chuckled. "I'm too old for that." With the words he endeavored to take forcible possession of her, but she disengaged herself.

"No, indeed! I've watched this coming on, but—it's as tedious as a bad cold."

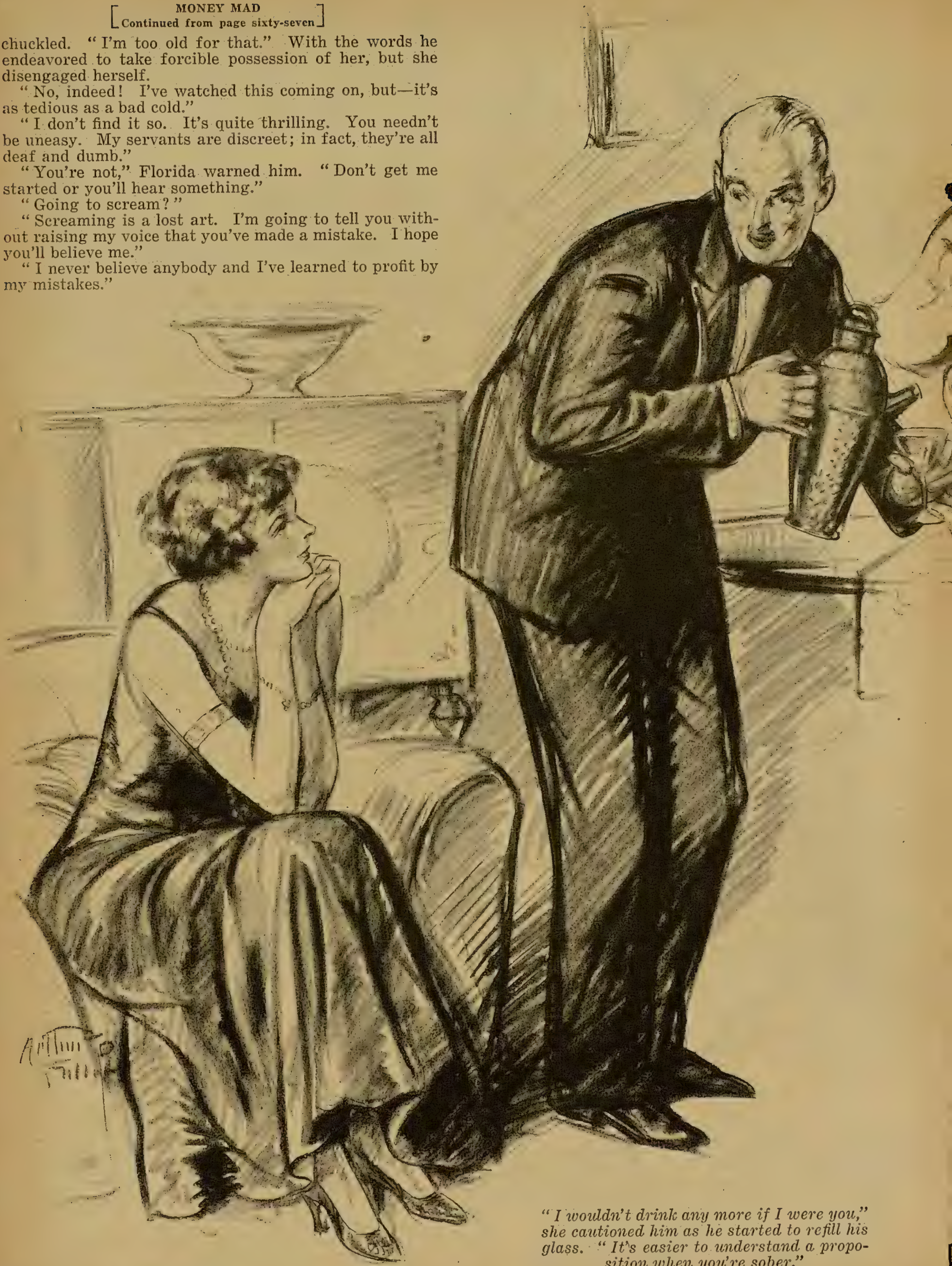
"I don't find it so. It's quite thrilling. You needn't be uneasy. My servants are discreet; in fact, they're all deaf and dumb."

"You're not," Florida warned him. "Don't get me started or you'll hear something."

"Going to scream?"

"Screaming is a lost art. I'm going to tell you without raising my voice that you've made a mistake. I hope you'll believe me."

"I never believe anybody and I've learned to profit by my mistakes."



"I wouldn't drink any more if I were you," she cautioned him as he started to refill his glass. "It's easier to understand a proposition when you're sober."

"I wouldn't drink any more if I were you," she cautioned him as he started to refill his glass. "It's easier to understand a proposition when you're sober."

"Proposition, eh? You're all business, aren't you? Very well, terms first."

"There aren't any terms, Mr. Snow."

"Oh, you're expensive, I know, but I can afford luxuries! I'm not so attractive as Ralph Bronson, but I can do more—"

"Would you care to know how I happened to be on his yacht that night?"

"No."

"We had been fishing with Mr. Breckenridge off Montauk and got in late. I was due at the office Monday morning, so I came back with Ralph."

"Well, you don't have to be at the office tomorrow. Let's settle the sordid details. I dare say you'd like an apartment and a car—a town car with a chauffeur."

"No, thank you! I have a furnished room on Columbus Avenue and it suits me. I don't run to jewelry and sables, either. It so happens that I'm my own mistress and prefer to continue to be, if that means anything to you. If I had a place to keep a dog I'd hint around for one of those lovely setters of yours, but aside from that and your advice on the market there's nothing at all you can do for me. How about another subject? Do you think Electric Bond and Share is a good buy?"

But Horace Snow did not care to change the subject. In spite of all that Florida could say or do, he became more insistent. Never a handsome man, he was not a pleasant sight in his present mood. He seized her finally and devoured her with kisses.

"I'm wild about you!" he cried thickly. "I'm out of my head—"

"No, you're not. . . . Let me go, please. Bankers don't lose their heads over women. No banker ever had but two genuine emotions—fear and greed."

Impatiently he persisted. "What did you expect when you came up here?"

"I expected this." Mechanically the speaker gave a touch to her hair, as a ruffled bird smooths its feathers. "Gee, how I hate you masterful men, with a two-seventy-five alcoholic content. I can't understand how you can be so stupid—"

"I may be stupid, but I'm liberal. Write your own ticket, my dear." Again the man pawed at her, but she avoided him.

THE timbre of her voice had changed when she cried, "You're writing a ticket to Auburn. Your address will be 'care of the warden.' Wouldn't that be terrible, with the market going up and no ticker in your cell?"

"I don't follow you."

"Do you know what state you're in?"

"I presume the answer is Intoxication."

"No. Connecticut. Let's forget my predicament and think of yours." When he blinked in some bewilderment, she inquired, "Did you ever hear of the Mann Act?"

"Why—you little devil!" he sputtered. "What do you know about it?"

"Enough to protect myself. It's a lovely law for a girl to know about when an ardent gentleman like you transports her from one state to another for—no good. If she's commercially minded it puts him completely in her power. Take our case, for instance. Can you imagine the indignation of a judge and jury, presumably respect-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Lose 4 to 7 Pounds in one week

Yet Never Suffer a Hungry Moment

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

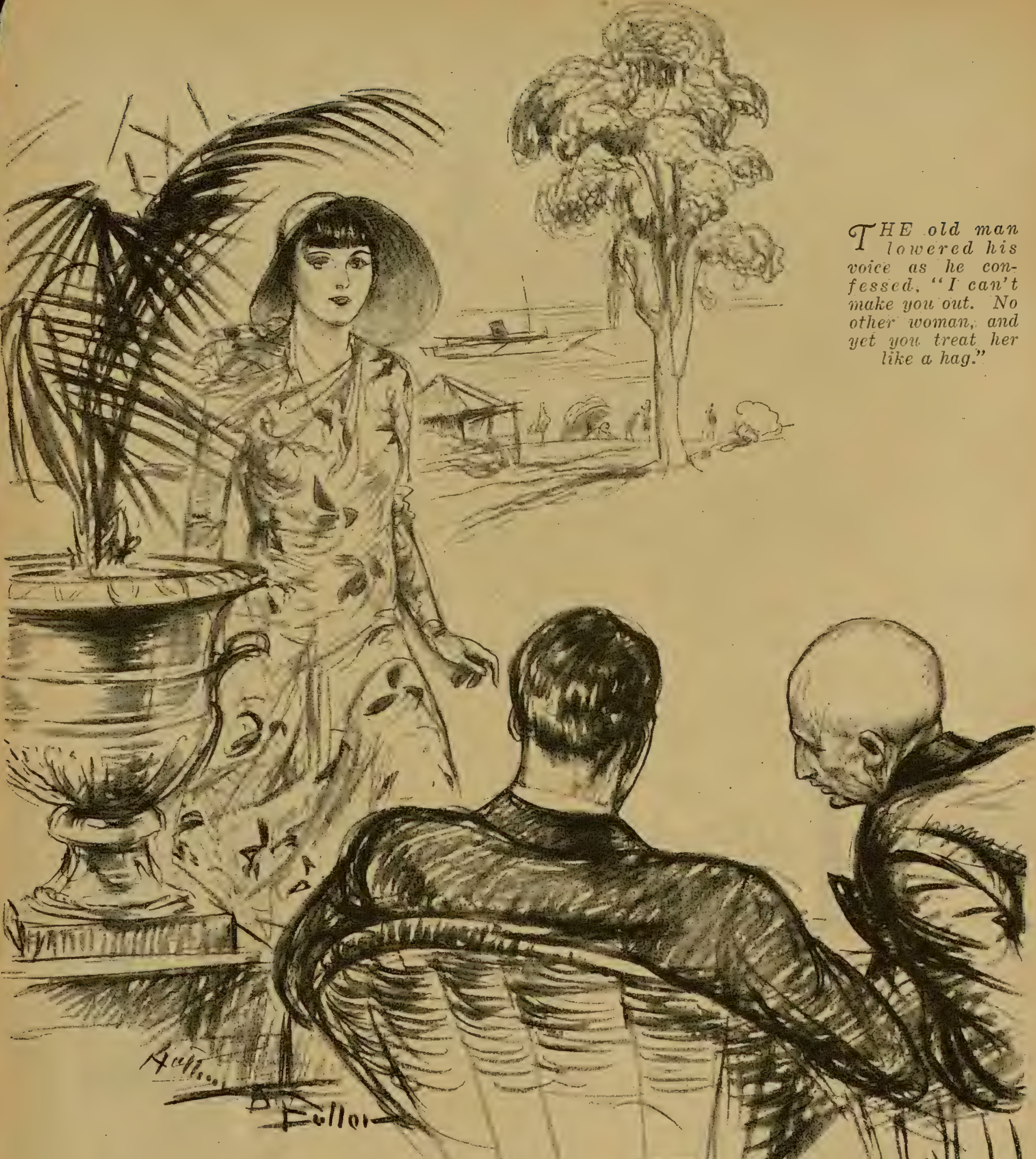
Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. T change in food does the work.



THE old man lowered his voice as he confessed, "I can't make you out. No other woman, and yet you treat her like a hag."

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-nine

able family men, if I told them in a faint, quavering voice how you deceived me about those other guests, how you hired a drawing-room on the train, and— But I wouldn't have to go beyond that drawing-room. My shudders, my poor, pinched, stricken face would tell the rest. Cruel Mr. Snow! Dastardly Mr. Snow! Ten years at least!"

The banker's features had begun to work peculiarly. "Are you in earnest?" he inquired.

"What do *you* think?" A moment, then the trace of a smile curled Florida's lips. "I dare say you could accomplish your hellish purpose—gosh, how I love expressions like that!—but you'd have to dispose of my body, and bodies are so hard to hide on a nice, tidy estate like this. You'd be sure to leave a telltale bloodstain in the bathtub wisp of hair on the hammer."

Without warning, her host burst into a hearty laugh. He laughed until he shook.

"That's fine!" the girl exclaimed and her smile widened, her dimples appeared. "You didn't really frighten me. Anybody who can play with puppies the way you did this afternoon is a nice person. We can be awfully good friends if you'll allow it, Mr. Snow."

"Lord! You're the greatest kid I ever knew. I'm crazy about you and that's a fact." Again Snow laughed, harder than ever; his fleshy face grew apoplectic. "The Mann Act! Fear and greed! I've got to tell that. It's too good to keep. And after all the trouble I went to. What a lovely, lovely racket!" Doubtless the Scotch he had imbibed was in some measure responsible for his exaggerated merriment. He rocked, he slapped his thigh, tears moistened his large, protuberant eyes. It was a drunken man's glee. He held out both hands finally and cried, "Shake! I can take a joke. You can have all my dogs and horses. And that apartment, too, if you want it. I apologize. This house is yours and I won't annoy you."

"Thanks!" Florida laid her hands in his. "Are we—friends?" she inquired.

"*Brothers!*" Snow declared whole-heartedly and crushed her fingers in his grasp. "I've got to have a drink on this."

"If you really mean it, you can pour me a teeny one, just to seal the pledge."

"Good! And I meant every word I said about Liberty Light. I'll guarantee that you clean up." He moved toward the table where bottles and a siphon stood, then over his shoulder he said, "I'll open some ginger ale for you, Florida. I don't like to see a nice girl drink."

III

"HOW is your Claiborne bank deal coming along?" Solomon Worth inquired of his son.

"Slowly."

"You spent enough time on it," the former said sourly.

Wilmer made no answer, for he saw that his father was in a fault-finding mood.

It was a sultry September afternoon. The senior Worth had motored out to Paradise Harbor with the complaint that he was dying for a comfortable night's sleep. He and Wilmer were seated, now, on a terrace shaded from the afternoon sun. As usual, the house was full of guests. At this hour they were bathing and from the beach came the faint sounds of their laughter. Through the foliage could be seen the splashy colors of the *cabanas* where they amused themselves.

"You remember I turned it down," Solomon resumed.

"Yes. But the bank will work itself out, and somebody had to make a move. I'm really helping a friend—man named Morgan."

"His lawyer came to see me. The proposition smelled bad."

"That wasn't him you smelled; it was his associates. They've beaten the game, by the way. They managed to delay trial until the Statute of Limitations ran out. The indictments against them have been dismissed."

"All winter you were running over there—"

"Morgan's in the penitentiary. That's where the others ought to be."

"Humph! You didn't spend a week at a time in Palm Beach. One day you were in Claiborne, the next you were leaving for New York or Havana or some other place. Is that any way to treat your wife?"

"She didn't miss me."

Solomon eyed his son sharply, his brows drew together in a frown. "Answer me one question: are you having an affair with another woman?"

"I can answer that truthfully. No."

"All right. If you say so, I believe you. I don't see how you *could* look at any other woman, but—you certainly don't behave like a husband."

"It strikes me that I'm a pretty generous, indulgent, and self-effacing husband. Precisely the sort of husband for Wanda."

"Ach! You're an ox. I never saw her so gracious, so attentive, so affectionate; and you? Like an iceberg! In heaven's name, what ails you? Have you taken some prejudice?"

"I'd rather not discuss it, father."

"Indeed! Well, I choose to talk about it. Oh, fidget if you please! Since when do you tell me what I shall discuss?"

"Very well. We quarreled before she went to Europe."

"Husbands and wives are always quarreling. What of it? Are you an Apache? She has forgiven you; meet her halfway. She tells me you ignore her."

"I treat her with the strictest courtesy."

"Courtesy!" exploded the older man. "She doesn't want courtesy; she wants affection. Either you're a sick man, or—abnormal. In either event you should see a doctor."

"That's for me to decide."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

. . . . . Life has its incidental pleasures, MILLIONS get a lot out of WRIGLEY'S. .
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
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Agnes Sorel Skin Tonic
Agnes Sorel Face Powder
Agnes Sorel Facial Astringent
Agnes Sorel Cleansing Cream
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'TIS LOVELINESS THAT MEN ADORE

AGNÈS SOREL

Hold fast the loveliness of your youth with these six Agnes Sorel beauty-retaining preparations. For fascination does not fade as years pass if the right care is given the skin. From France, the land of ageless women, comes this complete treatment. Make it yours for beauty's sake.

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Your NYAL Druggist is efficient, courteous—
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These *typify* Liberty's editorial policy

WEEK in, week out, fifty-two times a year, two and a half million nickels are drawn from pockets and purses—drawn irresistibly by the magnetic pull of stories and articles by the world's foremost writers.

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John Monk Saunders

Cosmo Hamilton

Warwick Deeping

Jim Tully

MONEY MAD
Continued from page seventy-one

"There! You have taken offense at her and you resent my interference. You're as vengeful as a Sicilian. Tse! Tse! It's because you occupy separate rooms. Twin beds are the cause of half our divorces. Remember she's a Saniecka; our people stood uncovered when her fathers passed."

"Sure! But I can't share your reverence for high hats."

"No? That's because you're one of the bootleg nobility. You sprouted from a dunghill and money has spoiled you. My money. Brains don't mind who has them, but it takes twenty generations to make a real aristocrat."

"Has Wanda complained to you about my indifference?"

"Complain? *She?* You're conceited. But look at her. There are ghosts in her eyes. She's withered with thirst. Incredible as it seems, she loves you."

"We'd better change the subject. She's coming," Wilmer cautioned.

The old man lowered his voice as he confessed, "I can't make you out. No other woman, and yet you treat her like a hag. Doesn't her beauty stir you? Suppose all royal husbands were as temperamental as you? There would be no little princes and princesses. Be a man and live up to your obligations as a husband. If you can't give her the love and the companionship she deserves, at least don't rob her of a child."

IV

IN one letter from her father Florida read something that caused her considerable uneasiness. He began as usual with an expression of his distress over the fact that she felt put to the necessity of paying his debts.

"You can't imagine how it humiliates me, my dear child, when I should be providing for you. I appreciate the spirit that prompts you, but the family name isn't worth the sacrifice and I certainly don't deserve it. I'm paying my score, as the law provides, and I'd rather serve seventy years than shift any part of my burden to your shoulders. It's too heavy. You're not called upon to carry it and it breaks my heart to see you try."

There was a page or more in this vein, for the writer's mortification appeared to deepen with every account of his daughter's success, and his solicitude for her increased constantly. It was what followed which aroused her serious misgivings.

"I'm thinking only of you, Florida, when I say that you're risking altogether too much. It would kill me if you lost what you've made in trying to help me, and I'm afraid that's precisely what will happen if you don't look out. This market can't last much longer. I read the papers and I have plenty of time to think. I honestly believe I'm thinking more clearly now than I ever did. The whole country is in a fever, but these stone walls have kept me cool. I'm the only sane and conservative man in America, or so it seems to me.

"It's more than a hunch that prompts me to warn you, dear. Consider the brokers' loans, for one thing. Do you realize what they mean? You're used to the figures and they probably don't spell anything, but they should.

"THOSE fellows have borrowed eight and a half billion dollars to carry the stock purchases of their customers. That's awful. Look at the rate for call money. It's fifteen per cent and there's talk of it going to twenty. No business can stand such a strain. The 'kitty' in a poker game isn't half that. And who ever heard of stocks selling for forty times their earnings? A man can't live long enough to get a return on his investment. Expectations! Sure. But in the meantime who'll buy the grits and gravy?

"We went through the very same thing in our Florida boom. Easy profits, inflated values, quick turnovers, high-pressure salesmen, customers' men and customers' women. Real estate on margin. Nobody bought land to hold but merely to pass along, like a hot plate.

"The government has issued repeated warnings, the Federal Reserve keeps raising the rediscount rate to curb speculation. What will happen when the buying slacks off and the next fellow refuses to take that plate? Who's going to hold it?

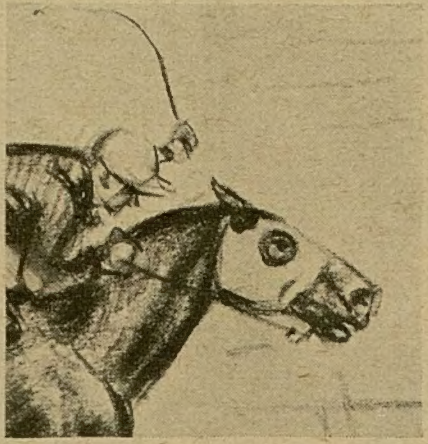
"I'll be an old man when I come out and I'm afraid I won't be able to care for you the way I should. For God's sake, take your profits while you can! Put them away. Don't think of me."

There followed a report upon the writer's health which, it appeared, was not too good. He was losing weight, but that was nothing to worry about. As a whole, the letter was an earnest, unselfish appeal for Florida to think less about him and more about herself. It was a bitter self-reproach, a cry of chagrin.

She laid it away along with his other letters. Poor pappy! Of course he was humiliated. But her pride was as stiff as Babaloo's. Naturally he was concerned. So was she when she took time to figure out her position, for she had more than a hundred thousand dollars now. But she had pyramided her profits until they were as thin as the paper upon which she figured them.

Her Liberty Light and Power holding was an example. Acting promptly upon Horace Snow's advice she had bought a thousand shares at 99, and inside of three weeks the stock had risen twenty points and she had made twenty-five thousand dollars. How was this possible? How could she more than double her investment so quickly?

Stock trading on margin is as simple as any gambling game, and although the hazards are great, the action, in a vigorous market, is swift. The margin requirement of twenty per cent enabled her to carry eighty per cent of every purchase on credit, therefore each time the stock rose a point her profit rose five points.



But there was more to the pyramiding program than this. Her brokers were instructed to buy more shares on every ten-point rise—as many additional shares as the account would carry—each purchase being accompanied by a stop-loss order to sell if or when the stock sold off five points from the price she had paid. When Liberty Light crossed 109, Florida's ten-thousand-dollar profit enabled the brokers to add five hundred shares to her account. When it passed 119, it gave her a twenty-thousand-dollar profit on her first thousand shares and five thousand dollars on her second block.

There was nothing unusual in this method of operation. As a matter of fact, Florida had successfully pyramided two other stocks and both showed a handsome gain.

IN the uncertainty of mind provoked by her father's letter she consulted Breckenridge about selling.

"Don't let him throw you into a tail spin," he told her. "You're sitting pretty."

"There's something almost dishonest about making money this fast."

"You should worry. Your money is all in three stocks now—"

She nodded. "Aluminum Products, Columbian Oil, and Liberty Light."

"All good. All due for a big rise. If I had any money, I'd ride with you on Liberty, but I'm borrowed out; stretched tight. By the way, Snow told me how you broke up the game on him, stole the ball, ran the length of the field for a touchdown, and then kicked goal. He's advertising you."

"I wish he wouldn't."

"Suppose you sell out now. You'll only cripple yourself. Those debts can wait. How are you going to take care of your father when he's released? You've got a chance to make a killing. Don't weaken."

"I presume you're right, but—his letter frightens me."

"Bosh!" In a kindly tone the broker announced, "You've done a lot to strengthen my belief in human beings, Florida, especially the new crop. I read and hear so many disagreeable things about you young people that I sometimes think I must be a sentimental old Pollyandrew. It's one of the tragedies of middle age that we lose touch with the youngsters. We live in a walled garden, all to ourselves. We hear their voices outside, but they never come in where we can watch them play. In spite of the dramas and the novels, you've convinced me that they're not all hell bent."

Breckenridge's advice to hold on was undoubtedly sound and it greatly relieved the girl's mind. She would indeed be insane to let go when Liberty Light was scheduled for 200 and her other stocks were getting a similar play. Two hundred! She estimated her possible profits on that one speculation and they made her gasp.

YES, and if she followed her father's advice, she would likely have to come in contact with Wilmer Worth. The very thought dismayed her, for the memory of their last meeting was fresh in her mind: she could still feel his arms around her, and hear his voice in her ears. That experience had taught her how weak, how disloyal she could be. Wasn't it her luck to love another woman's husband, a man like that? Too bad she hadn't picked the Prince of Wales! Well, she had no time for sentiment now. She was playing something bigger than kissing games, speculating in something more important than love or marriage. She would be an old maid—a rich old maid.

Daily the market strengthened. In August Liberty Light and Power broke through 129 and Florida's brokers added to her account. With the price at this level they exacted a twenty-five per cent margin, but, even so, her total of shares was more than twenty-five hundred. Soon thereafter Columbian Oil announced plans for a pipe line to market its product of natural gas, and that stock soared.

Florida had lost weight these last few weeks. She slept badly, she felt mentally exhausted, and there were times when she wanted to cry over nothing. This making of money was not half the fun it should have been.

SHE startled Breckenridge one day by announcing:

"I've decided to sell."

"Sell what?"

"My Columbian Oil and Aluminum Products."

"Don't be a goop. I won't let you."

"I—had a dream last night about pappy. I'd rather be safe than sorry."

"Isn't that like a woman? *You had a dream!*"

"Anyhow, he'll be able to hold up his head when he goes back to Claiborne."

"You make me sick! Of course, if

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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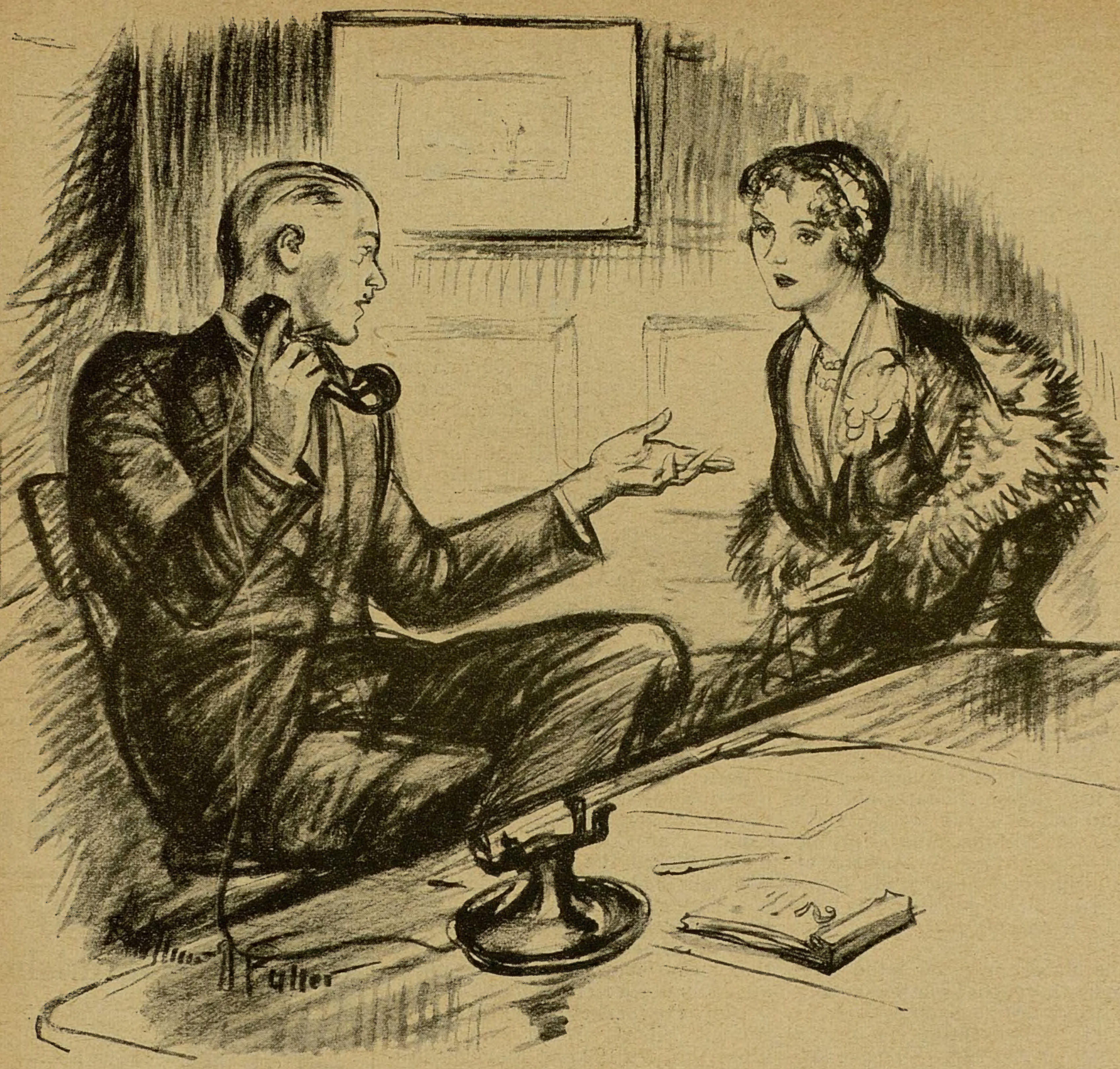

Breckenridge snorted. He seized his telephone to call Bronson. "Something has happened: you've lost your mind."

MONEY MAD
Continued from page seventy-three

you want to be a damned fool— Have you talked to Bronson? He knows more about the Columbian situation than anybody."

Florida shook her head. " It's just a hunch. I can't sleep, thinking what would happen if—if something happened."

Breckenridge snorted. He seized his telephone to call Bronson. " Something *has* happened: you've lost your mind. . . . Hello, Ralph! Florida's got cold feet on Columbian Oil and wants to sell. . . . That's what I tell her. . . . I don't know. She's just gone haywire. Maybe it's her liver. . . . Certainly. It's a cinch, with that new pipe line. I'll tell her. . . . He says you're an idiot."

Breckenridge slammed the receiver into place.

" Don't get me mad! " the girl exclaimed. " I guess I can be an idiot if I want to."

" Sure. You've proved that."

" It will put pappy in the clear and that's all I came here for. I'll still have my Liberty Light—"

" All right! All right! But I'm through! My God! Throwing a hundred thousand dollars away; pouring it into a rat hole. It would serve you right if Liberty Light went to hell."

" But it won't go to hell, Pappy-Two. It's going to two hundred."

That day she closed out two of her three accounts, and within a week the money had gone to Worth and Son. She wired her father, and that night she slept soundly for the first time in ages. What a relief, she told herself. She owed nothing to Wilmer Worth. She was free now to go back home and lend Uncle Joe Coates a hand. Between them they could surely stir her father's friends to action. Wouldn't it be a triumph to return, a success?

Of course, paying up debts wasn't making good in a very big way. She couldn't go back broke, but Liberty Light and Power would see to that. Bound for 200, eh? All right, her money was all on one horse now. Come on, Liberty! Faster! Faster! Give him the whip, jockey! Oh, you Liberty Light!

In next week's installment of Money Mad you'll see what happened to Florida Morgan during the wildest stock-market panic in the nation's history.

	T	R	A	P		P	A	R	A	H		E	V	E	N	
O	R	A	T	E		A	G	A	V	E		V	A	L	O	R
R	U	N	E	S		L	E	V	E	R		E	N	A	T	E
A	C	T	■	T	E	A	■	E	R	R	O	R	■	T	E	N
L	E	S	S	■	A	C	E	■	T	E	R	■	N	E	S	T
			P	A	R	E	N	T	■	N	E	R	O			
S	P	R	A	I	N	■	D	U	E	■	S	A	V	A	N	T
P	I	E	■	M	E	T	■	N	A	P	■	T	E	N	O	R
R	A	F	T	■	D	O	T	■	R	A	W	■	L	O	N	E
A	N	E	A	R	■	M	A	W	■	Y	A	M	■	D	E	N
T	O	R	S	O	S	■	P	A	P	■	L	A	T	E	S	T
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M	I	C	E	■	G	E	M	■	A	S	E	■	Y	O	R	E
A	R	A	■	T	O	N	A	L	■	C	R	Y	■	S	I	R
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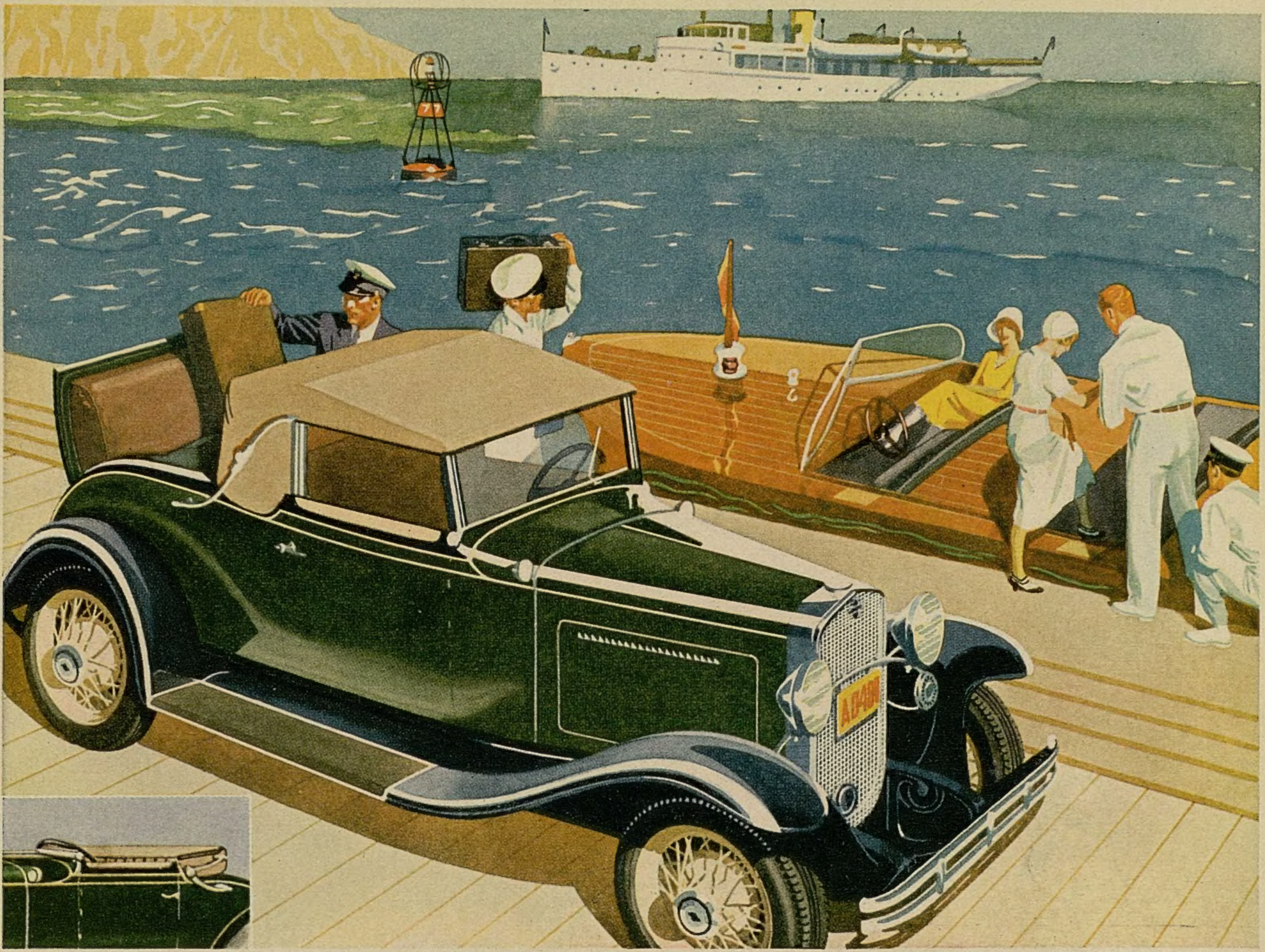
	E	M	U	S		S	N	E	E	D		D	I	E	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 64

A	J	A	R		P	O	L	A		M	A	L	A	Y
P	A	N	E		A	B	I	B		A	G	A	T	E
I	B	E	X		R	O	S	E		R	E	N	E	W
S	O	L	■	S	T	E	T	■	H	A	■	E	N	S
	T	E	N	O	N	S	■	R	E	B	A			
			O	R	E	■	L	E	M	O	N	A	D	E
A	P	T	■	T	R	A	I	N	■	U	N	D	E	R
L	I	E	D	■	S	P	O	T	S	■	A	I	L	S
A	P	E	R	S	■	A	N	S	E	R	■	T	E	E
S	E	N	A	T	O	R	S	■	L	O	W			
			B	O	L	T	■	R	E	V	E	L	S	
A	S	A	■	O	D	■	P	A	C	E	■	O	E	R
S	C	R	A	P		P	A	N	T		E	D	N	A
P	A	I	N	E		U	R	G	E		R	E	S	T
S	T	A	N	D		N	E	E	D		A	S	E	A

Answer to the puzzle on page 65



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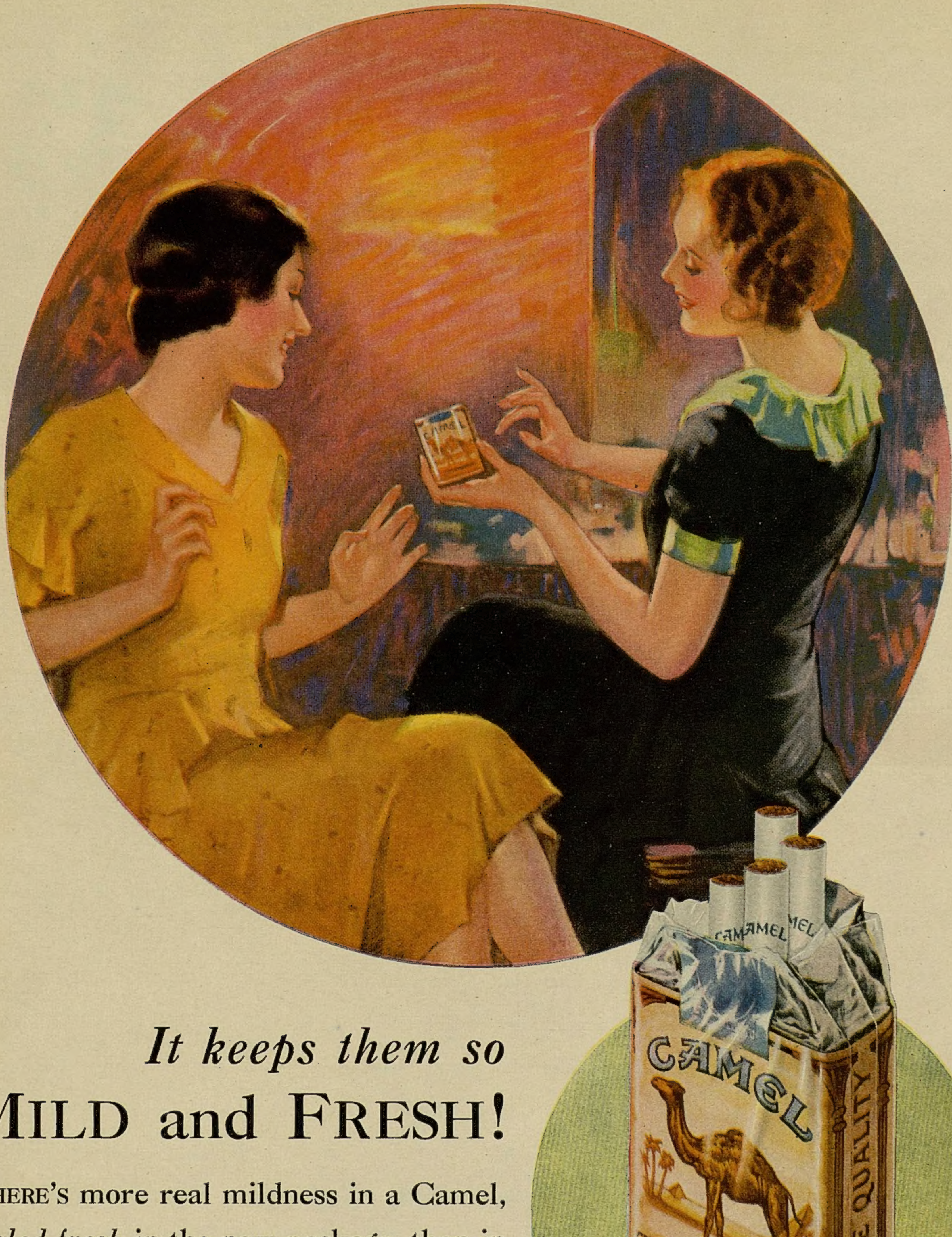
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